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FORD MADOX BROWN.

[*From Painting by himself.*

FORD MADOX BROWN AND MANCHESTER

By Walter Butterworth, M.A.

IT is a hundred years since the birth of Ford Madox Brown. He laboured long for and in Manchester. He painted a series of twelve great pictures for the Town Hall as a splendid decoration to the organ chamber, and cudgelled his brain to make each of these mural paintings an illustration of some outstanding episode in the growth of the city.

His youth had been spent in Belgium and France; his middle age in London; then came the commission from the Manchester Corporation, and thenceforth he was in great measure, engrossed by this big task. It grew upon his hands. It led to much reading and research, experiments, cartoons, replicas; those were unavoidable; meetings, interviews, correspondence, arrangements for models and properties; busy Manchester took possession of him and kept him preoccupied until the closing years of his life.

Certainly he left in the Town Hall paintings the impress of his sturdy, independent nature and endowed the city with works of art of a high order: original, alive with humour and dramatic force, fine and sometimes noble in colour. They are in these respects the best scheme of mural decoration in the country, and the name Ford Madox Brown is indissolubly linked with that of the city.

We may well take the centenary as a reminder to reflect upon this remarkable painter and his works.

Probably few of the citizens know how many of his paintings, representing his ideas and methods from youth to age, are now to be enjoyed in our public buildings.

It may be useful to record them here, for they are distributed in different institutions,—galleries, colleges, schools and the Town Hall.

Manchester :

University (Owens College). Twelve Cartoons, "Great Men": Homer, Cicero, Dante, M. Angelo, Chaucer, R. Bacon, Shakespeare, F. Bacon, Columbus, Joan of Arc, Beethoven, Newton.

School of Art. 3 Facsimiles of "Saint Edwyn."

Whitworth Institute (Water-colour). Romeo and Juliet.
Byron and Mary Chanarth.
Drawing. Finding the Body of Don Juan.

Town Hall. 12 Mural Paintings.

City Art Gallery.

"Work" (water-colour).
"Work" (oil).
"Cromwell, Protector of the Vaudois."
"Wilhelmus Conquistator."
Portrait of F. H. S. Pendleton.
"Prisoner of Chillon."
"Stages of Cruelty."
"Manfred on the Jungfrau."
"Christ Washing Peter's Feet."
"Shakespeare."
Dr. Primrose and His Daughters.
16 Cartoons for Spandrils done for 1887 Exhibition (at present in School of Art).

MURAL PAINTINGS IN THE TOWN HALL.

Order in situ.	Order in date.	
1.	1880.	"The Romans building Manchester."
2.	1879.	"The Baptism of Edwin."
3.	1881.	"Expulsion of the Danes from Manchester."
4.	1888.	"Flemish Weavers."
5.	1883-4.	"Weights and Measures."
6.	1885-6.	"Wickliffe on Trial."
7.	1882-3.	"Crabtree watching transit of Venus."
8.	1885-6.	"Chetham's Life-Dream."
9.	1888-90.	"John Kay."
10.	1892-3.	"First blood of the Civil War (Bradshaw)."

11. 1890-1. "Bridgewater Canal."
12. 1886. "John Dalton."

The first eight were executed in a modified Gambier Parry process. The last four were not frescoes, but toiles marouflecs.

Our city fathers have, from time to time, suffered abuse for alleged shabbiness in their dealings with Ford Madox Brown, usually from irresponsible and careless critics. I say "suffered," but it is hardly the apt word, for our counsellors and aldermen are not remarkable for sensitiveness to criticism from ill-informed "high-brows." They have paid scant attention to such diatribes.

The Corporation dealt with the artist rather parsimoniously, but not unjustly. They commissioned him to paint six frescoes for £250 each. As it happened Madox Brown, a disinterested artist, put almost incalculable labour into his task. It was labour of love. He would never leave a work until he was thoroughly satisfied with it, no mater what pains, thought, expense and time he might spend upon it. The consequence was that when the six panels were completed, he found himself ill-paid, so far as cash was concerned.

Thereupon the Corporation paid him about fifty per cent. extra for the six panels already accomplished, viz., roughly £375 each, and commissioned him to paint the remaining six panels at £375 each.

The terms were not generous, though the value of money at the time must be borne in mind. But the action of our city leaders was not lacking in public spirit; and many artists of repute would have embraced such an opportunity with ardour. Madox Brown did not hesitate.

Certain incidental advantages accrued to him through his work in Manchester. A number of citizens became purchasers of his canvases and some sat to him. His designs found resting places in Owens College and the School of Art. The Corporation bought his "Work" for the permanent collection. Among purchasers were

members of this Club; Messrs. C. P. Scott, Kendrick Pyne, Charles Rowley, J. Gresham, T. Brockbank, Henry Boddington, Fred Shields were included among his friends and patrons. He frequently sold in the Manchester neighbourhood his cartoons and studies for the frescoes, and all these circumstances helped to widen his reputation.

Perhaps such incidental happenings should not be reckoned to the credit of the Manchester Corporation, but they can hardly be ignored when considering the latter part of Brown's life, engrossed as it was in the mural paintings for the Town Hall.

I have recalled these facts because a grandson of the artist, Mr. Ford Hueffer, has indulged himself in indiscriminate contempt for the Mayor and Corporation of Manchester, regarding their dealings with his grandfather.

Mr. Hueffer wrote a good life of Ford Madox Brown, shortly after his death. Its tone was just, moderate and careful. In fact this biography is the standing authority upon the painter's career.

Later in life, in 1911, he published an amusing volume, "Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections," and tried to improve upon his youthful and more faithful work, in his references to Brown and Manchester.

In this book he exhibits a fine scorn for the "bourgeoisie" of Manchester, and invents new details both about the Corporation and the illness and death of his grandfather. Witness his outburst about Madox Brown's gratuitously imagined dislike for Manchester people:—

> The bourgeoisie returned his hatred to more purpose, for, just before his death, the Town Council of Manchester, with the Lord Mayor at its head, sitting in private, put forward a resolution that his frescoes in the Town Hall should be whitewashed out and their places taken by advertisments of the wares of the aldermen and the councillors.

> Thus perished Ford Madox Brown—for this resolution, which was forwarded to him, gave him his fatal attack of apoplexy. The bourgeoisie had triumphed.

And again :—

> The twelve frescoes in the Town Hall—frescoes which were of great size, each of which occupied him a year and were paid for very insignificantly—the frescoes which the Manchester Town Council afterwards desired to whitewash out.

It is needless to waste much ink over Mr. Hueffer's misrepresentations. The dedication of his book is explanatory :—

> This book consists of impressions. This book, in short, is full of inaccuracies as to facts, but its accuracy as to impressions is absolute. My business in life, in short, is to attempt to discover and to try to let you see where we stand. I don't really deal in facts, I have for facts a most profound contempt. I try to give you what I see to be the spirit of an age, of a town, of a movement. This can not be done with facts.

Perhaps it is waste of time to recall these "absolutely accurate impressions" from the limbo of ill-natured, unregarded things. Apparently it amused Mr. Hueffer to ignore what he calls facts and to sail vaingloriously on the wings of fantasy. Those who sniff at the "bourgeoisie" are generally indulging their egotism and by implication declaring how exceptional and unconventional they are. Perhaps there was no more in it, plus a little ill-temper.

But in printing these "impressions" he chose to depart from his own narrative of his grandfather's career and to traduce those leaders of the city who gave the artist an unexampled opportunity to make manifest his genius and to endow his country with some of his noblest works.

Manchester was the gainer and is permanently richer by the happy event. Few of our city possessions are so rich as these frescoes in thought and feeling, in oberva-

tion of life, in skilful delineation and in the language of colour charged with emotion. Madox Brown enriched us, and we should hold him in grateful memory.

But our civic governors are also to be commended for their part in bringing about this happy consummation.

There are few successful frescoes and mural decorations in this country. Since the destruction and disappearance of the splendid Gothic work which once glowed upon the walls of our churches, British painters have not been fortunate in their attempts. Madox Brown was a splendid exception, and it is a feather in the cap of Manchester that so notable a scheme of decoration should have been piloted through the storms and mischances of municipal procedure.

Brown was an intellectual painter, deeply interested in human character. His great quality, on the mental side, was an inexhaustible interest in his fellow-creatures; and it impelled him to think out his subjects, in dramatic action, with innumerable ramifications exhibiting great resources of humour, energy and sympathy. He was a strong man, with strong idiosyncrasies, and "his queer, knotted, English mind" expresses itself in no uncertain fashion in his words. He sturdily set himself against the Royal Academy and exhibiting societies generally, disliking advertising, log-rolling and mutual admiration coteries. Upright and conscientious, he was touchy and too easily made enemies. But he was a devoted friend, and inspired deep responsive friendship in a few chosen spirits. A precursor of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, he kept a little aloof from them, as from all other societies. Yet he was an enthusiastic and devoted friend of the members generally.

He had a particular affection for Dante Rossetti, who had been his pupil, and amply and tenderly testified this when Rossetti, in an unhappy period, was under a black cloud, mentally and physically prostrate. They helped each other whole-heartedly, as regards drawing attention

to the fine qualities of each other's paintings. After a time, Rossetti drew far ahead of Brown in popularity and could easily sell pot-boilers at high prices. It did not spoil him; he was ever eager to proclaim the sterling qualities of his friend Brown's work.

Madox Brown never relaxed in his extreme independence, he not infrequently alienated strangers and possible purchasers by his irritability. Where he saw good work he championed it through thick and thin. Take a characteristic appreciation of Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat," which we have in our Gallery:—

> Hunt's "Scapegoat" requires to be seen to be believed in. Only then can it be understood how, by the might of genius, out of an old goat, and some saline incrustations, can be made one of the most tragic and impressive works in the annals of art.

So it was with the splendid succession of Pre-Raphaelite paintings, strong in their sincerity, glow and technical skill. He generously acclaimed Hunt, Millais, Rossetti and the rest of them, all somewhat younger than himself, he meantime suffering cold neglect. At thirty years of age his entire sales had barely totalled £200.

When Ruskin became the eloquent defender and advocate of the Pre-Raphaelites he ignored Madox Brown and never mentioned his name. The reason is unknown; Brown believed it to be a "purely personal" one. The misfortune was serious, for Ruskin at that time could almost conjure fame and fortune from the lucky-bag. His intimate friends were bound to him by the closest ties, but they had little financial influence. There is a droll picture of him and his bohemian companions. For a period he had a laudable desire to redeem certain poets from dipsomania and was in the habit of providing them with labels inscribed with his name and address. In case they were found in a helpless condition, cabmen would drive them to Brown's house in Fitzroy Square. On arrival they would be laid in the

bath and presently reduced to sobriety by means of strong coffee. The bath was selected because the inebriate poets could not easily roll out of it. Then they were lectured and given lemonade.

Mr. Hueffer makes us his debtors by lively anecdotes of this kind. Perhaps the very forcefulness and originality of Brown's invention helped to delay the recognition of his great gifts. He would not compromise. He would make no allowance for the habits of the public. As he saw life, so he painted it. Its whole gamut fascinated him and tempted him to record it, even to the utmost eccentricities, regardless of conventions.

Let us look at some of his earlier paintings, in our City Gallery and see how early in his life these characteristics manifested themselves.

The most immature of his paintings in the City Gallery is "The Prisoner of Chillon." It is not worthy of its place there, except that all stages of Madox Brown's art should be shown in Manchester, where alone he can be fully studied. The learner is evident in this canvas; it shows defects in design and lighting and contrasts unfavourably with his later book-design for the same subject, which he did for Dalziel. Yet that also is defective.

Another Byronic subject, "Manfred on the Jungfrau" at once strikes the bizarre note which remained with him permanently. As we now see it, the strength and play of colour, especially of the lovely sky, lift it into a thing of splendour. But he added this quality after many years. As he first designed the picture, he challenged the taste of the time with his strange dramatic figures, his fantastic peaks and icicles, and a general air of eccentricity. He tells us how he painted the picture, and afterwards worked upon it, for he was systematic in describing and annotating most of his principal paintings:—

This work, composed in 1840, when I was nineteen, and painted in Paris, belongs to the period of my art-studentship in Belgium and Paris. In this instance, however, the picture has been much touched

"THE ROMANS BUILDING MANCHESTER." (Mural Painting in the Manchester Town Hall.)

upon as recently as 1861, so that the original scheme of colour is obliterated, little more than the dramatic sentiment and effect of black and white remaining. Such as it is, it was a first, though not very recognisable, attempt at outdoor effect of light. The work is intended for consideration merely on the human and dramatic side, glaciers not having formed part of my scheme of study in those days.

Three years later, in 1843, he designed his cartoon, "The Body of Harold brought before William the Conqueror," for the Westminster Hall competition. It was not accepted, for the artist had yet to strive for many years before recognition came. This was a wonderful composition for a man of twenty-two, and it announced pretty fully the peculiar personality of Madox Brown. It is grimly grotesque, reminiscent of Ugolino. It blends humour with the fierce and terrible. This vein of humour never failed him. The conception is vigorous and the numerous figures are well characterised. Much careful reading had evidently preceded the composition, yet the strong individuality of the artist is manifest and stamps the design with originality. The cartoon is in the Westminster Technical Institute. In 1861 he thinly painted a replica and renamed it "Wilhelmus Conquistator." This is the Manchester version, now in the City Gallery.

Madox Brown was little given to generalizations. Like Dante and Wm. Blake, he loved the definite. But for once he was attracted by the idea of painting a portrait of Shakespeare which should be a synthesis of the most convincing qualities of the existing portraits. William Blake set himself the same task a century ago, and it is most interesting to compare the two reconstructions. Brown's is a large work of great dignity, very expressive, full of interesting detail, intended to reinforce the artist's conception of the poet. The dress, the flowers, the books, the furniture, are delightfully painted. The whole canvas is in full, rich, harmonious colour. Possibly Madox Brown recalled that brusque remark of

Gainsborough, when looking at a Shakespeare portrait: "It is as damned stupid a head as ever I saw." At any rate, he undertook to paint yet another version, which he explained, was "carefully collated from the different known portraits, and more than any other, from the bust at Stratford. The picture is the attempt to supply the want of a credible likeness of our national poet, as a historian recasts some tale told long since, in many fragments by old chroniclers." Those traits are selected in which there is agreement among the more authentic portraits, or which seemed truest to nature. He began to paint it in the latter part of 1849 and finished it the following January.

It was during a visit to Stratford while preparing this work that he met Emma Hall, then fifteen years old, and eloped with her,—the strange, vehement prelude to a happy marriage. Her appearance is well known to us as Cordelia, Juliet, the woman in "Take your son, sir," and the wife in "The Last of England."

No canvas of Madox Brown cost him so much travail as his "Work." He began it in 1852, and, after many interruptions, only finished it in 1863. He records:—

> I have worked about two months at the background of a picture put by for next year,—a twenty figure affair. This I painted in Heath Street here (it being 6½ feet long), on a truck fitted up by myself for the occasion, to the astonishment of all well-regulated people.

The little boys "wondered if he stopped there all night and how he got his victuals." On wet days he worked in an unhorsed cab.

The Pre-Raphaelites had now begun to make a stir in the English art world, and had scandalised academic painters in high places. People lost their heads in the most amazing way. Generous-hearted notabilities like Charles Dickens butted into the controversy and became hopelessly entangled in a question they did not under-

stand. Conventional professors wagged their beards in sorrow *and* in anger. Ruskin, the great panjandrum, eloquent, generous, uplifted in the high ethic vein, thundered out his judgments and indeed won the day among the critics for the hardy young reformers.

Madox Brown watched the comedy and worked on. He had already, for years, almost unnoticed, worked upon the principles of the much trumpeted and much maligned Pre-Raphaelites. He had worked in the open air; he had scrupulously observed the laws of light, shade and colour under natural conditions; he had meticulously rendered the smallest details by drawing with almost incredible care, patience and thoroughness; he had worked in a spirit of reverence for all created things, painting, as it were, for the glory of the Creator. Also he had read much and had, like the Pre-Raphaelites, impregnated his compositions with literary allusions, until he shared the reproach that their "painting was literature."

His last work, the portrait of Shakespeare, offers evidence of the Pre-Raphaelite manner, but the next, which he decided to call "Work," upon which he was to labour for ten years, comes more fully under that category, always however with the peculiar difference which is obvious in all Brown's works.

Apparently his idea sprang from watching some navvies at work at Hampstead. He admired the strength, energy and dignity of their labour, their "manly and picturesque costume," the rich glow of colour on their skin. He esteemed them "at least as worthy of the powers of an English painter as the fisherman of the Adriatic, the peasant of the Campagna, or the Neapolitan lazzarone." Gradually the idea developed itself into that of work in its fullest sense, and the canvas depicts for us the workers, the workless, the work-shy, the brain-worker. He tells us how "the effect of hot July sunlight, attempted in this picture, has been introduced because it seems peculiarly fitted to display work in all its severity."

The artist brooded year after year upon his subject—work, the gospel of work. He read Carlyle's turbulent fulminations, ultimately putting him in his picture along with Maurice, as representatives of intellectual workers. He crowded his canvas, in the Pre-Raphelite manner, with more and more figures, as he became fascinated with the self-imposed task of depicting many types of workers. Sometimes he became weary and put the picture aside. Anon fresh ideas would stir him into renewed activity.

Mr. Plint, who commissioned the picture, was no less zealous. As it proceeded to embody so many illustrations,—a kind of philosophy of work,—he came to regard it with religious fervour. He wrote to the artist, November 24th, 1856:—

> Could you introduce *both* Carlyle and Kingsley and change one of the four fashionable young ladies into a quiet, earnest, holy-looking one, with a book or two and tracts?

What a request! What a picture of the time and of the supposed nature of art!

And the irascible Madox Brown *did* make one of the young ladies "holy-looking," in the act of distributing tracts. He crammed his space with allusions to politics, "law and order," advertisements, beer, mischievous youngsters, rogues, hawkers, rich ladies and gentlemen, industrious and idlers, dogs that echoed the human types, low and high. The allusiveness is bewildering. We may study it many times and ever find something not previously observed. Exuberance, power, energy are lavished over every inch of the canvas. To many it is a phantasmagoria, a restless, disturbing thing. And, indeed, there is no "point of rest" to calm and soothe the spirit. There is the making of a score of pictures in it, so far as mental ferment is concerned. Like some of the early authors, Brown fell into the habit of putting everything that interested him into his magnum opus.

He saw lusty, muscular navvies and he recorded their fine actions. He fell in with an Irishman, wife and baby, and painted them in. He witnessed the arrest of a coster, and worked in the incident, with policeman, cart and falling oranges. His wife wore a pretty dress and figured in the picture as "the beauteous tripping dame with bell-like skirts." Martineau, the artist, having an aristocratic bearing, rides through the picture on horseback. A slatternly, kindly, orphan Cockney girl is painted in the most genial manner, nursing a baby and vigorously correcting her naughty brother. The philosophic baby is Brown's own baby boy. This group is most delightful, and has all Brown's humour, sympathy and cordial feeling for the poor.

A small water-colour study made by Brown hangs by the big picture, and it well repays study to note which parts of the composition remained permanently in the painter's mind and which details and fresh ideas he added. Many of the added incidents play satirically upon the principal theme : the work-avoiding wastrel, the party election, the police notices, the errant hawker, the dogs. We can in this way see the growth and enrichment of the artist's idea. The drama of life unfolds before him. He is vastly interested. He shares in all its racy details and puts it down, oddities and all, in downright fashion. It is a work which offends many standards. It shocks the purists, the academists, the theorists. But it is a great work, pregnant with feeling and reflection. It has the honesty, sturdiness and independence of Hogarth, beyond whom it is impossible to go, for these qualities, in the history of painting. And its feeling and dramatic force are expressed not only in design and draughtsmanship, but also in the rich, resourceful scheme of colour.

Madox Brown's favourite sources for the subjects of pictures were the work of Shakespeare and Byron, but most of all the Bible. And our City Gallery has one picture of which he painted versions again and again.

"Christ Washing Peter's Feet." He followed tradition in this instance perhaps more than in any other; the youth of John, the red hair of Judas, the nimbus, which, as he explained, is "a supernatural and Christianic idea, and appeals out of the picture to the beholder, not to the other characters in the picture."

Those who posed for the characters form a most interesting group: Jesus—F. G. Stephens; and the disciples, omitting Judas, were William M. Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Holman Hunt's father, C. B. Cayley, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Christina Rossetti (or Walter Deveral).

The passage illustrated is:—

> Jesus—laid aside His garments and took a towel and girded Himself, poured water into a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded.

No doubt a certain characteristic strangeness of treatment repels many to begin with, but it presently becomes clear that "the soul of the picture is its reverent concentration." Frederic Shields summed up its qualities, both technical and spiritual:

> Large and simple in the composition of its masses as Giotto, brilliant and forcible, yet true and refined in its colour and lighting and wonderful for its grasp of human character and passion.

Our Manchester version is, however, not so rich in colour as the one in the Tate Gallery.

The most Pre-Raphaelite in technique of all Brown's paintings is that which he entitled "The Stages of Cruelty." He began it in 1856, but it remained incomplete until 1891. Strange how often he kept his pictures on the stocks. In this case his child "Cathie" was the model for the girl. She became Mrs. Hueffer, and eventually *her* daughter became the model for the same figure. Woolner's brother posed for the lover.

The subject is unpleasant and the picture is unpleasant. The colour is harsh, as the incidents are harsh. No doubt there is, as always with this artist, impregnable intellectual honesty. But it makes a painful impression. The cruel faces of the woman and child are repellant in their truthfulness. The suffering beings,—the man and the dog,—make us feel unhappy, the love-lies-bleeding, exquisitely painted, reminds us again of cruelty. Not all the skill and patience in painting and drawing the lilac leaves, the flowers, the dress, the figures can make amends. We may coldly admire the minute finish. We cannot like the picture.

"Cromwell, Protector of the Vaudois," is the final picture in the Art Gallery to be mentioned in this paper. Here again great mental energy is evident. The intellectual interest comes foremost. It is in scheme and manner closely related to the Manchester mural paintings which were to follow, historical in the best and truest sense. His illustrations of historical and literary events were never trivial, but flowed from a vigorous, masculine, original mind.

The subject of Cromwell recurred to him two or three times, always felicitously. He journeyed to Cromwell's own country to study the locality. He used a life-mask of the great man, and depicts him in his prime, bluff, active, decisive, powerful, energetic in gesture, warlike in armour. With his habitual relish of dramatic contrasts, he gives us the fascinating figure of John Milton, intellectually alert, translating into Latin the peremptory words of the Protector. The poet is tranquil, delicate, precise, with that withdrawn, touching expression usual with the blind. He sits in slippered ease, before an organ, the carving of which suggests a laurel wreath above his head. At the table sits the poet Marvell, writing down the Latin sentences, an excellent study of the wit, satirist, and scholar, obviously attentive and efficient. As usual with Brown, there are interesting

accessory details, such as political allusions, a proclamation, the map of Europe.

It is not practicable, in this paper, to make detailed reference to Madox Brown's virile cartoons of great men at the University, or the ecclesiastical cartoons at the School of Art. Nor again to the vast designs which he made for the spandrils of the dome at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition of 1887, when he had to be hauled up by ropes to a dizzy height and work upon a swinging platform. These still await a suitable abiding-place where they may be seen. Nor again the water-colours at the Whitworth Institute, though it may be remarked, in passing, that Brown was as nearly identical in method working in oil-paints as in water-colours, as the different media permitted. The strength of oil-painting suited him well; the delicacy of transparent water-colour was not so well suited to his methods.

There is one important phase of his art which is not quite satisfactorily represented in Manchester. From about the time of finishing "Work," say, from about 1865 to 1880, he began to feel more deeply the sensuous or æsthetic appeal. His pictures became more decorative, less realistic. The intellectual quality gave place, in some degree, to the sensuous. Probably his "Entombment" is the most deeply-felt expression of this phase of his career. It glows with a solemn splendour of colour which intensifies the emotion and sad thought conveyed from artist to spectator.

It is to be hoped that Manchester may yet acquire a work of this character, to complete and make fully representative her collection of works by Madox Brown.

The way in which Ford Madox Brown came to be commissioned to paint the Town Hall frescoes was rather peculiar. On the completion of the new building a "Committee of Decoration" was formed, which considered various plans for decoration, not only of the organ chamber, but also of other ceremonial and enter-

taining rooms. There was a proposal to employ Messrs. Guffens and Schwartz, of Belgium, who had gained some reputation for work done at Courtrai and elsewhere. But a movement of local patriotism intervened and defeated the proposal. Then certain Royal Academicians were consulted, and later it was decided to employ Frederic Shields, Ford Madox Brown and three of the members of the Royal Academy. This arrangement also fell through, and a commission was given to Shields and to Brown, each to paint six panels. All this time Shields, who was a devoted friend of Madox Brown's, was steadfast in his determination that Brown should paint the entire series. He himself never began. He watched his friend accomplish his task and then announced that he would not undertake the work, but urged that the whole scheme should be carried to completion by Brown, and the Corporation concurred. It was a fine act of friendship, and, as it turned out, was fortunate in its results for the city.

A list of the mural paintings has been given to which Brown devoted himself, in large measure, from 1878 until the last year of his life,—1893. The first seven were painted upon a plaster surface *in situ,* the remaining five were painted upon canvas, sometimes in London. These canvases had to be cemented on to the wall, with white lead. It is therefore not strictly correct to call them frescoes, though the first seven approximate to that method. According to Mr. Hueffer, "it was F. M. Brown's practice to begin a painting by putting in the eyes of the central figure. This, he considered, gave him the requisite strength of tone that would be applied to the whole canvas. He would have made a great number of studies before commencing the picture itself. Usually there was an exceedingly minute and conscientious pencil drawing, then a large cartoon and after that, for the sake of the colour scheme, a version in water-colour, in pastels and generally one in oil. In the case

of the Manchester frescoes almost every one was preceded by a small version painted in oil upon a panel."

On another occasion it will perhaps be acceptable to write a separate paper on these twelve Town Hall paintings. It certainly requires another paper to trace the ideas and to enter into the qualities of works so pregnant and significant.

Meantime it may not be amiss to add a few memoranda upon them. The general scheme as regards subjects was to paint episodes connected with the growth and development of the town, so that they might become, in pictorial language, a compendium of Manchester history. Brown was asked to prepare a list of such subjects, and he decided to treat Manchester as a *type* of modern industrial town, and even with this modification the association of ideas is rather loose and easygoing.

One subject he intended to include was the Peterloo incident, but party difficulties arose and the artist was requested to substitute the celebration of the opening of the Bridgewater Canal. He recorded this change of plan a little mordantly :—

> Thompson gave the strongest reason in favour of the subject, for he said that a quarter of a share in the same canal had recently fetched £8,000 in the market at Liverpool. This was unanswerable.

Madox Brown laboured for much of his lifetime in enthusiastic endeavour to render open-air effects of light. He was a pioneer in this. When he came to paint in the Town Hall organ chamber, this pursuit was extremely difficult, for it is ill-lighted by day and the cross lights from the windows are baffling. For "light all round" on dull days he used to place his models beneath an arrangement of oiled paper which diffused the light.

Mr. Hall Caine tells of the bugle which figures in the noble "Romans building the Manchester Fort." Brown was anxious to study it in the open air, but could not find a spot without shadows or reflections of buildings. At

length he thought of the great bell-tower, and up he climbed, with horn and painting tackle, to do his work high above the obstacles and din of the city.

He had to consider carefully this question of light in another sense, viz., the degree of light to admit in each panel, from the point of view of the decorative effect of the entire series. When he was painting "Crabtree Watching the Transit of Venus" he pondered for awhile whether to produce a strong Rembrandt effect. Finally, he decided against this, as if this panel presented a dark space at one end of the hall, the tone and balance of the whole scheme would have been disturbed. He accordingly introduced light, apart from the disk, and this complicated the scheme, adding to its difficulties cross lights.

Another of his difficulties was to secure privacy while at work. He fixed up a wooden booth, in which to work, at a convenient height, enclosed and secluded from spectators. Once he slipped between the platform and the wall, and was wedged for a time. The custodian looked through the glass doors, and as nobody was visible he put out the lights. When Brown extricated himself he groped about through the hall and corridors, up and down staircases, trying keyholes, for he then lodged in the Town Hall. Those who know the place will realise the unpleasantness of this experience.

It is perhaps interesting to recall the friends whom he induced to pose as models in these frescoes. Probably Dr. Kendrick Pyne and Mr. Charles Rowley were most in requisition, for they were frequently in the hall. Sometimes he used his models merely for suggestions, sometimes for completely wrought portraits. Mr. Rowley posed for Edwin, and again for a blonde Dane. In the "Trial of Wycliff" the Bishop is Ford Madox Brown himself, an admirable likeness. John of Gaunt is his pupil, Mr. Harold Rathbone. Wycliff is Frederic Shields. In the Crabtree panel, C. B. Cayley, translator of Homer,

and brother of the mathematician, sat for Crabtree's head and hands—a most judicious choice of model. Brown's grandson, Oliver, also appears in this panel.

Humour is an abounding quality in this Town Hall series, as very generally in Brown's work. It begans with the patrician Roman boy and his nurse; reappears among the irreverant acolytes at the Baptism of King Edwin; is seen in fact among the children throughout the series.

He loved children and animals, especially dogs, and this helps to give geniality to his inventions, for he never hesitated to mingle comicality with tragedy, taking a hint from Shakespeare, or, to speak more exactly, from his own nature. So his most heroic subjects are brightened by fun. It will be remembered that he introduced pigs into his "Expulsion of the Danes" in this whimsical vein, and he in after times greatly relished to tell how one of his porker models got mixed up with him in his booth, almost realising the fresco details and disturbing an organ recital by Dr. Kendrick Pyne which was proceeding meanwhile. He liked to dilate on this story, and as he was an unusually good raconteur, his auditors could image a lively scene of the squealing pig, the embarrassed painter and the scandalised lovers of organ music.

But it is fully time to draw these comments to a close. We Manchester people should know our famous frescoes more intimately. They are fine intellectually, dramatically and æsthetically. They contain undimmed almost all the painter's qualities: virility, independence of mind, freedom from clogging, moribund conventions, courage, humour, catholic sympathy, fidelity to things seen, grip of character, dramatic power, invention, technical skill and a noble sense of colour which reinforced his thoughts and designs.

The twelve great panels were a splendid achievement for a man to enter upon at fifty-eight and to finish at

seventy-two. Only towards the end was there any decline of power. The Bridgewater Canal panel displayed more than his usual oddity and love of the bizarre, though it has plenty of verve and shows his usual naïve directness. It was ill-received. When placed in position is was greeted with derision and hostile criticism. The Committee of Decoration requested that the last panel should be submitted before installation. The mortified artist was with difficulty dissuaded from selling the last panel to a private purchaser.

The last panel painted was "Bradshaw's Defence of Manchester." It is the weakest of the series and clearly proved that the powers of Ford Madox Brown were on the wane, lusty as he was. Time devours all. To the very end he gave of his best to our city, very generously, and we reaped a rich harvest.

Now, a hundred years from the date of his birth, we yield him respect, admiration and homage.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS.

By Rev. William C. Hall, M.A.

FOR a very slight disquisition which, nevertheless, has the potency of great controversy, I have chosen a mighty title. "The Development of Literary Forms" would cover many volumes of literary history and criticism; but one may sometimes do swiftly by suggestion what for its proper treatment would require long years of elaboration.

Literature, or the making of letters, begins with the alphabet; the end of it is the use of letters in the representation of what is highest in the mind and deepest in the soul of man. Its function is to pourtray the world as a material and spiritual fact recorded and reflected in the spirit of man, to delineate the receptions, reactions, and inventions of that spirit, and to do these two things in strict accordance with the genius of language. Whether it assume the general form of prose or of verse, it must conform to laws that are innate in language and embedded in its sounds and signs. Neither prose nor verse can a man write as it liketh him; and the difference between mere writing and literature is the difference between man born free to use words as he wills and man disciplined in the exercise of words through study of their values in themselves and in their relations. Literature is the choice of the true word, the structure of the complete sentence,—the period that is neither more nor less than the measure of a fact, a truth, or an emotion—and the combination of such sentences into a whole, a complex that ministers to the full range of man's intellectual and emotional faculties. That is a broad defini-

tion, or rather description. To state particularly what is literature is beyond my present purpose; but it is to my purpose to assume the obvious truth that it is concerned with and dependent upon form: whether prose or verse, it can survive only as it has form, by which, of course, I mean easily-recognised outline and distinct features, seen in what has come down to us in mass from generation and generation and in the work of particular authors. We speak of the mode of an age and the style of a writer. They are individual; but they are individual not as they are eccentric, swinging away from all earlier practice, but as they conserve old rule and habit with whatever of newness the genius of the age or of the man has discovered or invented; in short, as they are developments.

From this point a more ambitious man than myself will begin the history of English literature. He will show how from the earliest bow-wow of his ancestors, if he can get so far back, form follows form and style is evolved from style in ordered sequence.

I notice among recent publications "English Prose," chosen and arranged by W. Peacock, Sir Henry Newbolt's "English Anthology of Prose and Poetry," and D. C. Somervell's "Selections from Wordsworth,"—books intended not only to provide good eclectic reading, but also to represent literary development, that he who reads may read with the sense of something naturally evolving.

Now, in literature, so far as we turn to its criticism (and I use the word in its proper sense, of judgment), we look not so much to subject, the matter and content of prose or verse, as to the objective form in which any subject is enclosed, or, in other words, to the kind of vehicle or medium used to convey it. Prose, when it is literature,—that is, really good straightforward writing, not indefinite scribble—has its distinctive measures and peculiar rhythms. It goes without saying that verse

has them in abundance. All these have come to be through experiment with language, through the practice of writers generation after generation, as it were, in collaboration, working, let it be thought, towards the discovery of what variety of expression language is capable and the forms in which it can be most satisfactorily used. And so it is that there is a body of instruction to which he who would be an author can go, certainly for elementary training, and not less certainly for progressive work.

I have no sympathy with those who talk about forming style through the studious imitation of authors whose writings are accepted as classical; but no man is likely to become a good writer who supposes it is entirely needless to get acquaintance with what these writers have practised and achieved, with the rules they have observed and the effects they have produced. It is true that "style is the man himself," but it is the man not as he has behaved like a libertine, but as he has retained individuality whilst schooling himself in the influence of writers of recognised greatness. To get to their spirit is to get to their manners, and it is to get to their forms without becoming enslaved to them. If a man has the stuff of poetry in him, he can find in the verse-forms they have used the forms or modifications of forms that will be adequate to his purposes; he will not need to invent new forms—indeed, to do so will be to invite disaster. Or if he has the stuff of thought that is capable of expression in literary prose, he will not have to go far to discover a vehicle that will happily convey it; he will not invent a prose that disregards all the few rules which even the writer of a decent letter is expected to observe.

I am not pleading for a slavish conformity; I am pleading for a sound individuality in literature, under the conviction that this can be attained only where a writer is willing to recognise what in the history of literature has already been evolved, and is anxious not

to break with but to carry down the tradition further developed. Keats, whose name we have lately celebrated and whose poetry we shall honour more and more, brought something new to both the heroic couplet and blank verse, but he still observed the rules of the game as he played to our delight in both.

As I am proceeding, at least in my intention, not through a treatise, but by the way of suggestion, let me digress for a moment. We shall find in the study of great prose that in its rhythms it preserves the proper sound and inflexion of words; indeed, we find in our own writing that there are words that will not sit comfortably here or there, and something in our ear tells us they must stand down. We shall find in the study of good verse that in its forms, in the prescribed structure of its lines, it tends to keep language pure; and if we want a confirmation of this simple truth, we shall turn to the study of verse that is patently bad.

I come now to what has been at the back of my mind all along. We have two great media of literary expression, developing from age to age and evolving form and forms. They are clearly enough differentiated from each other, so clearly that we see between them a gap, but whether it is great or small I will not venture to say. The problem is whether this can be bridged or filled with our invention, whether we can call into existence a new medium. There is something in the thought of every one of us that at some time or other gets beyond the range of prose but hardly into the scope of verse, and we hanker then after what may satisfactorily convey it. We have much to say, it may be of love in our first letter. Or it may be we are Walt Whitman, full of human sap, with a big heart throbbing to the universe; something is in us that must be pressed out, and it must have new wine-skins, for all the old would burst. We may do that which shall strikingly manifest our individuality, but in doing it we may take on manners, or

mannerisms, that will prove the sure damnation of all who would follow after us. The idea is prevalent that in what is called free verse, which equally reasonably, for want of all definition, might be called free prose, the new medium is provided. But if you ask me what are likely to be its developments, I can only refer you to its parodists. In literature, as in human life, nothing good can permanently be turned to ridicule; it can only be a little perverted for our momentary laughter.

The practice of free verse naturally covers a very wide range. So far as it produces what really is rhythmical prose one cannot quarrel with it; and I could give you specimens which I am certain would delight you. For example, Prof. J. E. McFadyen has used it to give us a faithful translation of several books of the Old Testament, as he says, in modern speech and rhythmical form. I take his rendering of Psalm 23, not, however, as the best instance of his work, but because this psalm is probably deepest in our memory :—

The Lord is my Shepherd : no want have I.
  He layeth me down in pastures green.
To waters of rest He gently leads me,
  Refreshing my soul.
He guideth me ever in paths that are straight
  For His own name's sake.

And when my way lies through a valley of gloom,
  I fear no evil, for Thou art with me.
Thy rod and Thy staff—in them is my comfort.

Thou settest a table before me
  In face of my foes;
With oil Thou anointest my head,
  And my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and love shall pursue me
  All the days of my life.
In the house of the Lord I shall dwell
  Through the length of the days.

I prefer the old rendering, itself rhythmical prose of the highest order; but while McFadyen's version is not an improvement, it cannot be said to fail in giving us both the meaning and the poetical sense of the original.

But when free verse gets into the hands of the imagist, and others whose pretty names I have forgotten, that happens at which the Muses hold their breath painfully. I have read a good number of their productions, but have not yet found anything that presents any image or calls up any thought to my mind without making brutal demands upon my subconsciousness. This avoidance of forms which have royally descended to us involves, as all such heterodoxy must, the disregard of whatever is beautiful in language: the resounding line, the choice phrase, the lovely word—all these with their lasting joys. And if anyone asks me what about accurate description and potent suggestion found here and there, where I may have read and understood, I can only say that accurate description may be as ugly as sin and potent suggestion as evil as the temptation that led, so I am told, to the downfall of man. But as I would not blast with a witticism any honest attempt to extend literary expression, I turn to what has been reprinted as a fair specimen of the kind of work I have in mind, to ask whether it represents what can be a permanent contribution to our literature. Here is part of a poem entitled "The Parrot."

The parrot's voice snaps out—
No good to contradict—
What he says he'll say again:
Dry facts, like biscuits,—

His voice and vivid colours
Of his breast and wings
Are immemoriably old;
Old dowagers dressed in crimpèd satin,
Boxed in their rooms
Like specimens beneath a glass

Inviolate—and never changing,
Their memory of emotions dead;
The ardour of their summers
Sprayed like camphor
On their silken parasols
Intissued in a cupboard.

That is not the worst that can be done in verse that is free and imagery that lacks not faithfulness; but what better can be done? And if no better can be done, but most doing is likely to be worse, will it not be well to turn away from free verse and return to the verse that is bound by ancient law, that has its forms largely prescribed, that is captive to the genius of our language, but has this freedom and this power, to sing as Shakespeare sung, and to fling the beauty of our speech high over the tongues of all the world?

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CHARLES SWAIN.

Some Unpublished Letters.*

By J. Cuming Walters, M.A.

ABOUT the second decade of the nineteenth century the vogue was the sentimental drawing-room ballad. It was eminently and characteristically early-Victorian. The moral was trite and the theme gushy. But the words were guileless and sometimes "improving"; and to the accompaniment of simple melodies tinkled out on weak pianos they exactly suited the taste of the times. As we think of these effusions we conjure up a vision of artless damsels in muslin frocks warbling gently, "I'd be a Butterfly," or "The Soldier's Tear," the while young gentlemen with drooping side-whiskers leaned in elegant attitudes over the instrument and turned the leaves of the music.

It is the easiest thing in the world to ridicule the whole performance; Thackeray burlesqued it mercilessly in his verses of Jeames, and even George Eliot gently satirised it in her early stories. The favourite composer of the period was Thomas Haynes Bayly, who sang of troubadours touching the guitar, or tore a passion to tatters by relating:

> We met—'twas in a crowd—and I thought he would shun me.

These ballad-mongers were neither great nor distinguished; yet, when the worst is said, we are bound, in justice, to admit that their verses had a sort of spontaneous charm, and they possessed some peculiar and

* The Unpublished Letters referred to in this article were the property of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hill, of Weston-super-Mare, who have kindly presented them to the Literary Club.

scarcely explicable capacity for touching the heart. Probably they appealed—and appealed for good—to the masses far more than all the philosophic poems of a Wordsworth or the sublime outpourings of a Shelley have ever done. They were for the many: they were innocent: and they "got home." This to their credit.

There was living in Manchester somewhere about 1820 a young man, twenty-six years of age, who, after some vicissitudes, had decided to turn ballad-monger. His father was a native of Knutsford; his mother was a Tavaré, member of a family noted for its artistic and poetic tendencies. He passed his early working years in a dye-house in a very dingy Ancoats quarter. George Milner rather touchingly wrote, on the occasion of Swain's death:—

> In past years I have often stood for a moment at the building—a long, low mass of dirty brickwork—and, looking through the holes which served for windows at the wilderness of vats and presses, straps and pulleys, have thought what strange and incongruous surroundings for a young poet were those; and how many minds would have been dwarfed and stunted for ever by such a mean beginning. His, however, was the "vision and the faculty divine"; and, according to his measure, he, too, had seen the "light that never was on sea or land."

The dyeworks, at which he was engaged as a clerk when a boy of fifteen, belonged to his mother's brother, Charles Tavaré. We may assume that this early employment was uncongenial; at the end of two years it was abandoned, and for some time Swain's course of life was uncertain. He started for himself as a copper-plate printer and lithographer, in an old building near the Poet's Corner, 26, Fennel Stret. It was probably at this period he met Henry Liverseege, whose close friend he became, and whose biographer he was to be. It is doubtful if the business was a success. This is the most obscure period of Swain's life, and the biographers have left it blank. Between the age of 19 and 25 Charles

Swain is the unknown. But this empty space can now be filled by certain "trivial fond records" which the fourteen Letters, in the possession of Mr. Walter Hill, and now to become the possession of the Club, are found to contain. They show at least that Swain's youth was more adventurous than has hitherto been suspected.

Nearly all the Letters are addressed to "Mr. John Beaumont, cabinet maker, Bond Street," who, I learn on enquiry, was the grandfather of the wife of Mr. Hill, the donor of the letters. Beaumont and Swain were foster-brothers, and were upon the most intimate terms. We get our first glimpse of the lad under peculiar circumstances. On Feb. 6, 1820, John Beaumont wrote to his brother-in-law and his sister, then in very distressed circumstances, to condole with them on the fact that "Our father has positively refused to send a shilling to you; but, thank God," he added, "it is in my power to make my father assist you without him knowing it"; and he sent them some tea, coffee, and brandy. Evidently he had asked Charles Swain to cheer the hapless couple with a few lines, for we find the following written on the sheet that had been left blank:—

> Here I am, well and who are you? Me? why, I'm Charles Swain, son to Mrs. Swain who lives in Bradford lane, new Islington, Manchester. Well, and Mr. Charles Swain, son of Mrs. Swain, &c., what do you want? Why I want to speak to you, I want to know how you are, and I want to know if you recollect those days when you and I use to romp and play, but I suppose you have forgot all that and are now as cross and as peevish as my Mamy used to be to me when I was a Shrieker. But stay I'm galloping away and that crazy, peevish, Jack has only left me a skinny half sheet. And would you think it he's kept me two hours and a half and he'd neither let me see what he wrote nor tell me what he was writing and be hang'd to him. I think he's used me very ill. Lord in heaven, why I've only an inch of paper left. God bless thee Charlotte, and may thy life pass in the sweet bliss of motherly happiness.
>
> May thy children spring to thy honour and may thy Henry wear thee in his heart till the cold grave receive your bodies.
>
> God bless you! C. S.

The boyish epistle is worth having as a proof of a blithe and sympathising nature.*

After this there is an interval; but in 1821 we find that Swain visited Ripon and York in connection with some acting and dancing engagements, and he seems to have had serious designs on the stage as a career. The following letter (with the capricious punctuation) tells its own story :—

Addressed—
" Master J. Beaumont
To be left
at George Horrocks & Co.
Dyers
New Islington
Manchester."

York, May 7th, 1821.

Dear Jack,

I got here at seven o'clock on Thursday evening heartily tired, and in the morning I call'd upon Mrs. Fitzgerald she was out of Town, But Miss F. very kindly invited me to spend the day there. I was introduced to a very handsome Lady Miss Nall, she has received a very elegant education, plays on the piano, and paints delightfully, upon the whole she is as fascinating a lass as I ever had the pleasure of knowing—in the afternoon we went to the Nunnery. heard their service, saw the Nuns, etc.—as pretty a Pantomime as you ever saw—beats Robinson Crusoe to nothing—and I should have no objetion to a second sight but my knees loudly complain against a renewal of the injustice they have received (namely getting their skin rubbed off) without any apparent reason. The Organ and Choir is delightful—and the Nuns are good singers—but their priest is a wretched stick—we walk'd by the river Ouse which for near ¾ of a mile is planted with Trees, a pretty walk. I past the day very pleasantly, they were very kind, and did their best to entertain me—the next day I saw Mrs. Fitzgerald and this is what she says, next Saturday this Theatre closes, she therefore wishes me to make my first appearance at Northallerton where they are going. Miss Fitzgerald made her first appearance a few days before I arrived—and was well received, of course she will continue in the Profession, I have been introduced to a great many of the actors

* The punctuation and spelling in the originals have been retained.

and I would say the(y) are *Gentlemen.* They dress remarkably gay here much more so than in Manchester. Miss F. has gone to Northallerton this morning and I should have accompanied her, but Mrs. F. requested me to dance lapoole to-morrow evening, which evening is under the patronage of Lord and Lady Dundas, and Mayor and Lady Mayoress of this City. of course I could not refuse but my name is not to be in the bills. Those to whom I have spouted are loud in their approbation and have no doubt but I shall succeed. have the goodness to tell my Uncle I have been introduced to Mr. (?) Twelliway and his Mother is the lady he is acquainted with, he made his appearance here but is not much liked. Let our Tom read this. I will write again when I reach Northallerton.

Give my best love to my Mother and Uncle, and with every wish for Tom's and thy prosperity,

Believe me to be,
Thy friend,
CHAS. SWAIN.

I will write to Tom from Northallerton.

Tell my Mamma I desire she'll pay for the (?) doctor for I'm too poor.

The next letter is from Ripon, Feb. 23, 1822, and unfolds the passing romance of a love-sick and disappointed young man, who had almost been reduced to the bitter state of a Locksley Hall hero by an inconstant mistress. The address of Mr. John Beaumont is by this time changed to 10, Upper Brook Street, Salford, and the letter opens in melancholy strain :—

Ripon, 23rd Feby. 1822.

Dear Jack,

And so I never mention or write those things which you most wish to know, in the first place say you what have you been doing this month or two? I might fill half a score letters and yet leave you in the dark, where I've been and what I've been doing these two months past must be the sum of many tales and perilous accounts I shall have to tell when I see you; for the lass I think I can tell you something, you must know our love meetings were very romantic; I frequently had to go to Bedale about 8 miles from Richmond to perform, the next morning I got up early and walk'd to Richmond

passed their house which is situated a little out of Richmond and made a X with chalk signifying I was in town, and which was likewise a signal that we should meet on the Castle Walk at 7 o'clock, these love meetings were often. One morning I set off from Beadle [*sic*] rained in torrents; but what is rain to true lovers, forward I came made my X and was at the usual place of rendezvous an hour before my time, it still rain'd and I was wet thro', the Castle bell chim'd half past 7—and she did not make her appearance the next half hour I spent in raving and cursing, there had I come in spite of the Elements 8 long miles, careless of everything except the pleasure of seeing her, and now forsooth because there was a little wet on the ground she would neither come nor send, I was determined to know the meaning of this walk'd to the house in a fever, clim'd the garden wall and march'd strait into the kitchen, how the devel I got this assurance I can't tell, but I was in that state of mind I believe I should have walk'd into the drawing room had I not seen her, but there she was. I spoke so low I am sure none could have heard, but she was so alarm'd, so agitated, so this and so the other, that I wish'd her an eternal farewell. Walk'd back to Bedale in a rage and forswore the whole sex—I have not seen her since, indeed I could not. We went further off, but I saw the maid by accident, and she explained the business, and that's more than I can now for want of room, however, I'll inform you of all when I see you which will now be very soon. My uncle sent me money but owing to a circumstance so long now to tell you it has proved insufficient; if you can send me £1 without inconveniencing yourself I can only say I shall thank you; and I think soon to return your kindness. This is rather a barren letter, but love affairs as you will know, are more entertaining to the parties concerned than any others; but still I knew you would and will take a little interest in. Give best respects to Sister Su.

Your friend

C. SWAIN.

P.S.—Need I request you to write me very soon, call upon my Mother if you please say she may expect *me very soon*, perhaps next week, and write me word how she is, hoping soon to see you in health and spirits I bid you, Adieu.

Direct to Mrs. Cregg—near the Theatre, Ripon.

To this period probably belongs a poem, not published and not known until now, which may well have been the first offspring of Swain's muse. It is in the same

hand, on the same sort of paper, and in the same faded ink as the letter :—

Betray thee—nay thou need'st not fear
Falsehood from passion so sincere;
Who love like me will ne'er reveal
One word—one thought—of what they feel.

Never was woman lov'd by man
  As thou art lov'd, adored by me;
Affection never did—nor can
  Equal the love I bear to thee.

In every place—at every hour
My heart avows thy ceaseless power,
Near thee or from thee, every sense
Retains thy maddening influence!
And when thy eyes have met with mine—
Thy soft warm hand been pressed to mine,
And when I've been so blessed to move you
To speak those thrilling words—I love you
Oh scarce could Reason's strength control
The wild fierce storms that shook my soul,
And think'st thou love like this could find
Reception in so mean a mind
So base a heart as to make known
Kindness thy confidence has shewn.
No! never, never, thought so base
Within my mind has found a place—
Trust me my breast does not enfold
A heart that's cast in such a mould.

Believe me, without cause thou fearest
  Think'st thou I e'er could injure thee?
Thee—who art first, best, fairest, dearest—
  Thee who art all in all to me?

No, rather would a heart like mine
Its last life drop of blood resign—
See its last pulses pass away
Than prove so base as to betray.
If but one word—one look—one thought
Should ever be with falsehood fraught,

If ever, ever you should find
Feelings so mean, defile my mind—
Then spurn me as a wretch—whose vain
Whose grovelling soul deserves disdain.
But if I always always be
Faithful to love, to truth, to thee,
Spare me the bitter pain I pray thee;
  To see thee doubt and disbelieve,
To think that I should e'er betray thee
  To fear that I should e'er deceive.

The value of lovers' vows, whether in prose or verse, has passed into a proverb. Swain's case was no exception. The flame was extinguished by the Sunday shower for ever. In place of love we now begin to find debts the more frequent and pressing subject for discussion. Here is a page which might have been torn from many a poor stroller's diary; there is almost a touch of Fielding in the recital of the crude facts and the conjuring up of a young man's plight with obdurate landladies who preferred payment to promise:—

Addressed to
  Mr. Beaumont
    Cabinet Maker
      Bond St.

Dear John,

If ever I wrote to you with wounded and unhappy feelings it is at this moment—these are the particulars—I owed two accounts one to Mrs. Mason, and another to Mrs. Tattersall—as Mrs. T. always professed friendship—and Mrs. Mason's was the largest account I paid Mrs. M. the first *which was the account I show'd you when I told you I had paid £10—to the Butcher.* In the meantime, Mrs. T's account amounted to £7—she wrote saying if convenient, she would be glad if I could pay her. I answer'd it was then inconvenient, I would pay her in a fortnight. (I was at that time preparing for the account). She wrote again, saying she was sorry I could not pay her &c. in a sneering sort of a manner as I conceived and therefore wrote a very sharp reply. I told her to make the whole account out and I would pay her directly—*that was last night.* Now comes the distressing part of the Business. I was £3 short—and

I requested my Uncle to advance me the money. He did not refuse—but he reproach'd me with spending in so severe a manner and indeed so unjustly—that I left him weeping. He was my only relation—to whom I had be(en) taught to look up as my friend in every adversity—my . . . no matter—I was heartbroken and would not receive the £3 when he offer'd it. Would you have received what was offer'd so reluctantly. No—I can answer for you. Now I appeal to you—your answer I know will be different, for if you do not lend it me 'twill be that you have not it to lend. If you can do it, *I will pay you in a fortnight*—as I should have paid my Uncle. If not I must be condemn't to endure the torment of being indebted to a person, whom I despise—I mean Mrs. T. If you can do it send word by Boy, and call this afternoon, *do not give it him.*

Thine,

Burn this. C. SWAIN.

There seems to have been a happy issue out of this suffering, for I find next a brief letter which sounds like the jubilate of the relieved debtor :—

Dear Jack,

I thank you—if you want it before quarter day—speak—and I'll fight for it.

As always,

Thine,

January 7th. C. SWAIN.

On the principle that one good turn deserves another, Swain, with his cordiality of feeling, did his utmost to be of service to the foster-brother who had proved himself a friend in need. There are no dates to the following letters, and therefore I give them simply as proofs of the pleasant feeling existing between the two men :—

Addressed—"Mr. Beaumont."

Dear John,

As I told you last night I have had a joiner making here at the Works an escrutoire (*sic*) or something of that sort, of deal, it is finished all but veneering which he could not do. Keniston (the man who made it was in his employ) says he will finish it for me.

I had rather you had it than him, if you can do with it. Veneer is bought—it is therefore a devil of a profitable job. You said you had not much to do. Here's a chance for you. Step up here and look at it.

Yours,

C. SWAIN.

Addressed to Mr. J. Beaumont.

Thursday evening.

Dear John,

I had only to mention to Miss G—— what you had *said*, and what I *felt*, to make her agree to the proposition WITH PLEASURE; thou art therefore regularly installed in office.

Now to business—there will want, Linen blinds to the sitting room, and back bed-room, which I shall want you to get for me *complete*—Linen, making, and all :—also finger plates to the parlour door.

Thine as always,

C. SWAIN.

Addressed to Mr. J. Beaumont.

Dear John,

The chairs I am well pleased with at 10/- each. I shall consider they cost you and write myself debtor £3 for them.

Thine as always,

C. SWAIN.

Still more considerate is this next letter, which shows that Swain did not wait to be appealed to when his friend was in trouble, but, having discovered the truth, hastened to the rescue :—

Addressed to Mr. J. Beaumont.

Dear J——

From what Bradbury said last night—I have fancied you must be rather fast for money; if this is the case, write me word by bearer, and I will get you two or three pounds some way or another.

Why did not you slip down yourself and tell me how the land lay—if it is as I imagine that you have been much inconvenienced by my not procuring you the money.

Yours in haste,

C. SWAIN.

P.S. Two or three words will do, you need not mind how written.

Swain meant what he said, as the next letter attests :—

Addressed to Mr. J. Beaumont.

Dear John,

I am sincerely sorry for the distress you mention—God knows how I must assist you, My only chance is to try my Uncle; surely he will not deny me on this occasion. Come down if you can at 5 o'clock to our house. My Uncle does not come home until ½ pt 5 o'clock.

Yours faithfully, C. SWAIN.

At any rate you can have my watch, though that may not produce more than £2. we must try something however.

C.S.

It is not necessary for me to comment upon these epistles; they are self-revealing; but two small items in proof of the closeness of the tie between these two men may be added :—

Addressed to Mr. J. Beaumont.

Dear John,

I may probably go to Brinksway to-morrow with Mr. Horrocks, chiefly on business; if not I will step up to bring you and Mrs. B. along with young Master Handsome-legs back to Tea—if I am not with you by ½ pt 2 o'clock, you will guess I am gone with Mr. H., in which case hold yourself engaged for the following Sunday—should you be asked by any one else, say No! no! no! or Boh! boh! boh!—as the Editor of the Literary says.

I am, Your friend,

Saturday morning. C. SWAIN.

Addressed to Mr. J. Beaumont,

Bond St. Saturday Afternoon.

Dear John,

Every Sunday I have expected you and been disappointed. What *are* you at? My mother thinks you dead, and unless you come up to-morrow to Dinner, and prove by bringing a good appetite, that you are both alive and hearty, I shall forthwith order a suit of mourning upon this melancholy occasion.

Thy friend as always,

C. SWAIN.

Come up soon to walk if fine. Of course I am booked after 4 o'clock.

Last of all we come to a letter, dated April 11, 1826, which once more exhibits Swain himself in misfortune, and almost desperate :—

Addressed—Mr. J. Beaumont,
Bond St.
And signed in corner "C. S——n."

Dear John,

I inclose you a Letter by which you will see how distressed I am at present, Mr. Oakdene's acct is £20—I am aware it is not in your power to do much for me, but do *all that you can.* I will venture to promise you repayment in a month or 6 weeks through *the medium* I mentioned to you in the Theatre. I cling to you as my last hope.—(for Bradbury I tried about a 9 days ago—his note was full of *regrets,* &c. but he could (would) do nothing. I am only sorry that you whom I would rather wish to serve—it is my lot to prove but a burthen to—

Say something by bearer, anticipation is worse to me than reality.

I am thy friend,

April 11th, 1826. C. SWAIN.

This date is significant, for it brings us, by the series of connecting letters covering the six years' period—a period not before elucidated—to the time when Swain returned to Manchester. The actor, reciter, and dancer, ceased to be; his first passion had faded into nothingness; he had come home and was settling down. In the course of the next year he married Annie Glover, of Ardwick, the grand-daughter of the Rev. W. Sedgwick, of Mossley, and soon after Swain took a partner named Dewhurst, and turned bookseller and publisher—"house 3, Union Street, Ardwick," as Pigot's 1830 Directory has it. But it was another phase of literary life which had already fired his ambition. There was an honoured institution in our old-time newspapers known as the Poet's Corner. Thomas Moore, L. E. L., and others of that rank did not despise it; and it was in that niche that Eliza Cook shone with a lustre all her own. To an aspiring young poet like Swain it offered an irresistible

attraction. In April 1822 he burst into the effulgence of publicity, in the *Manchester Iris*, with a poem "To Thalia," which may be quoted for two reasons—its personal interest as his first published composition, and its evidence of the style he had chosen :—

TO THALIA.

Goddess of the dimpled smile,
  In sweet laughter's robe array'd;
Whose fond charms so soft beguile
  Thoughts that oft our spirits jade—
Tripping light the plain along—
Hark! I hear thy pleasing song.

Ye who slaves to cold care made,
  Direful ills and woes produce;
Ye with hands to forehead laid
  Vexing brains to little use;
Come, from all your sorrows flee,
Come, and laugh away with me.

Come, we'll skip the verdant ground,
  While the stream sweet music breathes,
In the fairy dance we'll bound,
  By the white-moon bind our wreaths;
By the broad leaf'd trees we'll sing,
Pale care flies on outstretch'd wing.

Or upon the sea-beat shore
  Let us run the sportive maze,
While the waves with sullen roar
  On our joyous pastimes gaze:
All among the yellow sand,
Side by side, and hand in hand.

We'll not seek the black wood's shade—
  Thither grief, deep-brooding, glides;
We'll not seek the dreary glade,
  Thither madness, shrieking, strides:
But upon the beach, along,
There we'll tune the merry song.

When the white moon rises high,
  When her shade at last shall go,
First in frolic chace we fly,
  Then we sing the vespers low;
Then we swift prepare for flight,
Part, to meet again at night.

I offer no criticism of these lines beyond pointing out that they accord with the pattern style of an artificial school, when "smile and beguile," "breathes and wreaths," "shade and glade" were the most favoured rhymes; when inevitable reference was made to the "sportive maze," the "verdant ground," and the "frolic chase";—in short, when every convention was slavishly followed, and the reader was left in some uncertainty what and whom it was all about. To be fair to these ballad-makers and album writers we must also say they were quite unpretentious. They did not aim high; they made no boast.

Charles Swain, definitely turning author at the age of 26, joined the band of ballad-makers, and secured almost immediate attention. He adopted an easy course. His themes were obvious. You were to be brave, honest, noble, good; if you were in love you were to be true, or somebody's heart might be broken; if you were betrayed you were to forgive; and in any case you were to make the best of life and its opportunities. You may still occasionally come across a set of his verses in an album or a school-book; and at least two of his songs—"When the heart is young," and "O, if I had Aladdin's lamp," can be found in modern concert programmes.

The stories told or suggested were always the same—a poor girl looks out of a window or stands at the garden gate—to rhyme with "late," "wait," "fate"—and she expects someone. If he comes there is universal joy—rhyming with "boy"; if he comes not, there is eternal woe—rhyming with "flow," "foe," "slow"; and the intermediate stages are filled up with "heart"

and "part," "distant shore" and "evermore" or "nevermore" according to the happy or unhappy ending. It may be assumed that a human chord is touched, for thousands like it and respond; and Swain could play on the single string quite deftly.

I take a few specimen verses, at random, from his volumes of popular songs:—

> Be kind to each other!
> The night's coming on!
> When friend and when brother
> Perchance may be gone—

quite unexceptionable, but scarcely justifying the daring designation of his being, as one critic said, "the sweetest singer of the day."

I find the following singled out for special commendation by Mr. Nodal in the course of a review:—

> I had a dreadful dream, mother,
> 'Twas of a ship at sea,
> I saw a form amidst the storm,
> I heard him call on me.
> I heard him call on me, mother,
> As plain as now I speak,
> I thought my brain would burst, mother,
> I thought my heart would break

Another of Mr. Nodal's favourites was a series of verses with the refrain—"Do you really think he did?" one verse of which may suffice:—

> When who should come behind me
> But him I would have chid,
> He said he came to find me—
> Do you really think he did?

Moral exhortations may be found in abundance:—

> Let us love one another—not long may we stay
> In this bleak world of mourning, some droop while 'tis day,
> Others fade in their noon, and few linger till eve,
> Oh! there beats not a heart but leaves someone to grieve!

Such an undisputed fact scarcely seems to be worth stating, but Swain was full of these precious sentiments:

> Alas, how neglectful,
> Unfeeling, we tread,
> How careless, forgetful,
> Of benefits fled!

His best bit of verse was probably that favourite Sunday School recitation "What is noble?" Scores of his songs were set to music—"When the heart is young," "I cannot mind my wheel," "Somebody's waiting for somebody," "Tapping at the window," "I waited in the twilight," "Beautiful moon," "The whisper," "The days gone by," "Do something for each other"; and as we read them now we feel the justice, as well as the kindliness, of George Milner's verdict that "Swain's gold, for gold it is, has been beaten out a little too thin." Yet he was a wonderfully lucky man.

In 1852 his friends raised a sum of money which was invested in the purchase of a house in Prestwich Park, and here, with the assistance of an annual grant from the Crown, he lived in perfect serenity, and was visited by admirers from many parts of the country and from America. One of these was Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote in his English Note-book:—

> Mr. Swain, the poet, is not a man of fluent conversation; he said, indeed, very little, but gave me the impression of amiability and simplicity of character, with much feeling.

Another was Henry T. Tackerman, the American man of letters, who, in the course of an account of a visit to Swain, wrote:—

> I determined to seek the dwelling of a poet whose very name was a refreshment to the mind in this sooty hive of prosperous activity. It was with a feeling of infinite relief that I rode forth from those dusky and crowded streets and entered the lane wherein stands the cottage of Charles Swain. Many of his songs, wedded to

music by a tasteful composer who once dwelt in Manchester, had been wafted by their own aerial sweetness across the sea; and his felicitous description of Scott's funeral, attended by a procession of the romancer's immortal characters is too graphic a tribute to genius not to be recalled with delight.

I entered the family circle—thoroughly English in its geniality—just as they had assembled for lunch. The house is bounded by a snug garden of trees and flowers; the rooms are hung with choice engravings; all around and within indicated comfort and taste; and when I met the dark eye of my friend, I imagined myself in the villa of a cordial Tuscan. . . . . I was conscious of a peculiar satisfaction at the thought that a poetic instinct could isolate a man of soul whose lot was cast amid the most utilitarian scenes. It was a cheering reflection that, at evening, this brave aspirant could leave behind him the turbid city, and here yield himself to letters, love, and song. . . . I could readily believe the poet's assertion that the mass of his neighbours had no idea of spirituality except as technically associated with religion, and I honoured all the more the enlightened will that led him thus to dedicate his leisure to his friends, nature, and the muses. That hour's talk with Swain was a memorable episode in the dreary journey, and I parted with him at the gate with my latent enthusiasm carried far above the degree then indicated by the Manchester thermometer.

A complimentary dinner was given to Swain in the Queen's Hotel, Nov. 30, 1850, on which occasion a writer in the *Athenæum* said:—

Charles Swain has walked the busy streets of Manchester for twenty years,—years during which his name was a spell in many hearts and his words were familiar in many homes in many parts of England, and Manchester knew it not.

A local journal also declared, when Swain died, that "it was long before his graceful and unambitious muse was recognisable amidst the roar of its machinery"—the reflection being upon Manchester, which had failed to detect the genius in its midst although the rest of the world gazed and wondered. This reproach seems to have been utterly undeserved. It was surely something for a poet to be presented with a house; and it was

something—indeed too much—for Brierley to acclaim him as "The Lancashire Tennyson," and for others to echo the words. If, however, any injustice were done to Swain among his fellow-citizens, he received abundant compensation in other quarters. Robert Southey's flattering assertion was that "if Manchester is not proud of him now, the time will come when it will be." While there is no reason why Manchester should not be proud of the writer of "The Mind" and "Dryburgh Abbey," if Southey meant that Swain's fame would be permanent or widespread he over-estimated his merit. Every generation produces its poets of an acceptable type. In their time, pleasing the taste of the age, they deservedly enjoy a certain eminence. But time exacts the severest of tests, and few men there are who get a second lease or survive to another period. They become interesting specimens of the past, but not living influences for the future. They are, in short, strictly "for an age." They do not perish, but they wane; they are not entirely forgotten, but they have to be recalled with an effort. They are phantoms, not realities, and their name is legion. With all our admiration of Charles Swain we must relegate him to this category. He has no prominence amid the crowd of second-rate poets who enjoyed their sunlit day a century ago. The night comes, and they are obscured. This is not to dispraise them, or in any way to depreciate their actual achievements; it is simply to view the truth in its proper perspective. Undoubtedly Swain had gifts, and we gladly acknowledge them; he cultivated his natural faculties to good purpose; but this is not enough. The poet who lives is he who has originality and strength, who brings mankind a new message, and who fills the world with trumpet tones. But an age which knows Arnold, Tennyson, Meredith and Browning is compelled to reconsider the exuberant praise which had been lavished on "The Mind," Swain's most ambitious work. It is ponderous

and platitudinous, its philosophy is obvious without being profound, and it is ejaculatory rather than explanatory. Pyrotechnics are seldom illuminating. Our forefathers liked these oppressive works on abstract themes. They mistook abundance of vocabulary for profundity of thought. So "The Mind" passed as a masterpiece not only of composition but of exposition, whereas it is merely cumbersome; and I fear it has added its heap to the world's accumulation of literary lumber. Yet Swain fondly hoped it would be the real basis of his fame. Addressing the Spirit of Song, he said:—

> Let this seed of Verse, if deemed of worth,
> Bloom forth to other days, and other eyes,
> A flower to grace my grave: when mute in earth
> Let me not leave an unrecorded birth.
> But should this theme of Mind prove worthy thee,
> If its immortal visions shadow forth
> A power, a presence of divinity,
> Then yield me yet a name, that Time may love to see.

It is with sadness we realise that such a hope cannot be fulfilled, in spite of the fact that critics of the period described it as "embodying in graceful verse the highest thoughts and aspirations," "really fine and vigorous, remarkably spirited, and not less remarkably beautiful," "loftily harmonious and characterised by a Miltonic roll of rhythm." When we read these tributes, and realise what the facts are and how these judgments have been revised or reversed, we cannot help thinking of Wordsworth's commentary in similar circumstances when he referred to the unjust neglect or the unjust overpraise of men of the past. "So strange," said he, "are the obliquities of admiration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that there are no fixed principles in human nature for this art to rest upon." And, without wishing to be too severe upon Swain, may I also quote Wordsworth further when he referred to some poetasters

of the past who had been hailed as prodigies as "writers in metre utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likings and fortunes of the day."

In his lifetime, Swain's decline had already set in; the spell he had exercised upon the heart of the masses was losing its potence; and the critics who had likened him, sometimes to Herrick and sometimes to Milton—neither of whom he in the slightest degree resembled, except that Herrick sang and Milton preached—these critics began to explain their enthusiasm in such fashion as to suggest that they regretted it. Without begrudging him the praise that was his due, they very gently but fitly declined to award him the over-praise to which he had never been entitled, and Mr. Milner, ever the kindest of souls, felt impelled to say in the end: "We demand nowadays that our poetical work should be before all things genuine—not a mere simulacrum; we ask that the stream shall be 'a fountain's not a pump's.'"

There is a portrait of Charles Swain in the Art Gallery, another at Salford Museum, and a marble bust in Queen's Park Art Gallery. His refined, eager face may be seen in a Club photograph of 1867-8, in which Sam Bamford is the predominating figure. John Mortimer, who read one of his most felicitous papers to the Club in 1902, described the various members in this historic group, and coming to Swain spoke of him as "a voluminous and popular song writer, and contributor of elegant verses to the Annuals, whose poems were to be found in richly-bound covers on drawing-room tables, more widely known perhaps at this time than any of his fellow members—an ideal poet in appearance, with his ardent face, fine-phrenzied eyes, and flowing locks, whose tall form, in its street garb, one vaguely associated with a cloak of the

Tennyson pattern, and who seemed still to be in company with the muses as he sat in that dusky engraving office of his in Cannon Street. He had fine susceptibilities and a delicate grace of expression. . . . ."

In September 1874 Charles Swain passed away, and the multitude of mourners sufficed to prove how strong and deep a hold he then had on the public heart. His grave at Prestwich is still something of a shrine. He is the subject of the first memorial notice in this Literary Club's printed Annals. His poems, filling some dozen volumes, are now an unfrequented byway in the vast domain. That byway may be worth an occasional glimpse. There you may find some pleasant wayside flowers, there may you breathe a pure and healthful air, and there may you find simple refreshment and shady ease. And meanwhile we have the man—a man of whom not one harsh word has ever been spoken, a man who is invariably represented as pure and high-souled, a delightful companion of sweet and sunny nature, a man of wholly beneficent intent and goodwill. His memory is worth recalling if only for this.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

By W. D. Cobley.

OUR captains of industry have changed much of late years. Within the memory of many persons now living they were, as a class, rough and unpolished; shrewd and capable adventurers in business, but in other matters narrow, ignorant and afraid; generous givers on occasion, especially if a little local rivalry could be introduced, apt to return from pompous ceremonies to the comfort of shirt-sleeves in the kitchen; living simply in a rude abundance and only making a lavish display when desirous of depressing trade friends and rivals.

Of this type, though carrying the keen economy of business more into private life than most, were the brothers James and Joseph Hulton. From small beginnings as shipowners they were within measurable reach of becoming a "Line." They had arrived at middle-age without marrying, and lived together in Lark Lane, on the south side of Liverpool, in a house which nowadays would be disdained by a superior mechanic. Their household staff consisted of an old housekeeper and one young maid—the latter a passing phenomenon of highly irregular orbit.

It was the brothers' custom to celebrate an especially good day's business by sending round to a local hostelry for a couple of cheap cigars and a supply of ale, each paying in turn.

On this particular evening their small maid met them at the door with the announcement that the old housekeeper had retired to bed with a severe attack of neuralgia, but everything was ready and in order for

them; and soon the brothers were seated at high tea, which meant in plain English a heavy meal of meat washed down by several cups of strong tea.

They spoke little until James pushed back his chair, and, peering over the top of his glasses, said: "I bought yon 500 ton of coal off old Jabez."

"What price did you give?" asked Joseph.

"Th' old fellow asked 8/6 a ton, but I knew he was a bit pressed for money like, so I stuck to 7/9 and got it. It'll do for the 'Seamew' when she's ready. 7/9 a ton delivered alongside. Cheap I call it."

"Ay, it's cheap enough," said Joseph. "I feel a bit sorry for th' old chap, he's had a bit above his share of bad luck, but of course business is business."

About half-past nine James laid down his newspaper and rang the bell. "Here, Jinny, step across and get us a couple of cigars and a drop of beer. It's thy turn, Joe."

While James was fumbling in his pockets for the necessary coins the maid passed into the kitchen, and returned with a couple of cigars which she laid on the table. Joseph picked up one of these and began idly to crackle it between finger and thumb. Absent-mindedly he held out a coin to the waiting girl.

"But here, where did you get these?" he said suddenly, holding up the cigar.

"Out of Mr. James's box," said the girl, startled out of her few wits by the sudden question.

And then silence fell in the small room. So still it grew that the only sounds came from the ticking of the cheap clock on the mantelpiece and the ashes falling in the grate.

"Ay? Well, Jinny, let me have a look at this precious box?" said Joseph at length.

During the girl's absence neither of the men spoke. She returned, and handed a cigar box to Joseph. It was nearly empty, half-a-dozen cigars lay at the bottom

only, along with some shillings worth of copper and small silver.

Joseph looked first at the box and then at his brother, whose expression was an extraordinary mixture of bravado and confusion.

"Well, I'm damned, Jim, this is a bit too thick; and tha's been charging me threepence apiece for heaven alone knows how long."

Then the storm broke, and the maid fled in terror, closing the door behind her as she fled.

Sounds of a violent altercation echoed through the house, until the door was thrown open and Joseph was heard shouting back at the top of his voice: "I'll tell thee what it is, Jim Hulton, I'll never speak to thee again as long as I live."

And it is on record that he kept his word.

"PHYLLIS."

A Dialogue on Life and Literature.

By Norman Anglin.

'SIR, what did you do during the Great Drought?' is a question often heard in Club smoking-rooms thus autumn. Veterans can no longer display the wounds inflicted by Phœbus, but they talk over old campaigns for iced-drinks, shower-baths, rooms with a North aspect, and the like. Such reminiscences are apt to become tedious. But I fear we shall yet see works appearing wherein the eminent will seek to justify their being discovered in positions that they were forced to evacuate. Rumour speaks of at least one loquacious divine whose publisher has a volume in preparation; it will contain a detailed account of his movements during the afternoon and night of one of the Dog-Days; a veritable work on tactics, elaborated with plans and a bird's-eye view of a certain hotel and the surrounding grounds; in an appendix will be found a facsimile of the bill he received the following morning.

If I now dwell on my experiences one summer day, it is with no attempt at self-justification. I confess that I did not rise till ten, that I followed the bad American habit of eating grape-fruit for breakfast. At noon I went down to the beach, hid my watch under the shingle in the corner of a hired bathing-tent and, having invoked Ocean with a quotation from Lord Byron,

> "my joy
> Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
> Borne like thy bubbles, onwards:"

swam out. Then "Caerulas inter catervas, inter et

bipedes equos "[1]—I found a girl, sitting on the diving-float, shading arms, neck and shoulders from the sun with a large umbrella—a black umbrella, an ugly umbrella! otherwise her toilet was admirable. I climbed onto the float and sat beside her; I said, 'Why do you wear an umbrella when bathing?'

'For continuity's sake!' she gravely replied.

I was puzzled, I told her I was puzzled.

'Just as I wear Great-Grandmama's pearls, so I sometimes wear her umbrella,' she murmured. Had she not been so young—so very young—I should have instantly concluded that she herself was the grandmother of a Profiteer. 'This umbrella,' she continued, 'reminds me that, entering the sea, Great-Grandma experienced a keen sensation of daring the conventions; I also wished to realize that sensation. Changes in fashion are more apparent than real; swimming-costumes may change, but the continuity of bathing suggests that the effect on her who wears and him who admires must never change. Fashions may be born and die, but the vogue of the moment lives for ever. Skirts may differ in length, in breadth; sleeves may shrink, heels rise, necks fall . . . .'

'Waists,' I cried, 'rise and fall.'

'Yes,' she answered thoughtfully, 'but always the cry is 'The Waist is Dead, Long Live the Waist!'

'The waist,' I murmured, 'is a perfect institution, in that it is an adaptable institution. So few institutions realize that continuity is a flexible relationship.'

'Few institutions,' she replied, 'admit the changeability of human habit and human thought; that is why there are so many examples to-day of institutions disappearing.'

'Life,' I said, 'is stronger than its institutions

1. Pervigilium Veneris, l. 10: "Midst dark-green multitudes and finned horses.'

To-day in Alexandria not one stone of the old lecture-halls or the once-famous library, or the colossal Temple of Serapis with its rows of gilded columns, remains; but Alexandria is a populous city.'

She laughed. 'To-night in Manchester there will be no company playing at the once-famous Gaiety Theatre, but a crowd will be besieging its doors and filling its galleries.'

'Do you come from Manchester?' I exclaimed.

'Yes, but I am not unduly depressed by the fact. Manchester, at the moment, is plunged in gloom because its theatres are being converted into kinema-booths and its notorious Art Gallery and Library site into a garden which will never appear other than what it is, a memorial to the Caliban of Industrial Embarrassment. Manchester is also depressed by the realization that its sooty Cathedral, churches and chapels can no longer compete with the parks, woods and golf-links of the suburbs. But after all, this tottering of institutions—churches, theatres and potential library—is not confined to Manchester.'

'No,' I replied, 'at Stratford, the Memorial Theatre is to have a kinema season; at Hereford, the Cathedral is to house a choral festival; and at London, Covent Garden is to stage a fight between two pugilists.

'Theatres, cathedrals, town-halls,' she exclaimed, were designed to benefit the community, and such institutions as the Victorian theatre-system, the Church of England, have undoubtedly arisen in response to a communal demand. Because it was no longer susceptible to the changes in the life of the community, the Church in Wales was dis-established. Life, you say, is stronger than its institutions; so it is no wonder that when institutions cease to be susceptible to Life, they disappear. In Manchester, although we have a new and

better Infirmary, we haven't a new and better Cathedral . . . .'

'Or a new and better Reference Library,' I insisted, 'or a new and better Art Gallery, or a new and better Literary Club.'

'But my Dear Man,' she promptly took me up, 'the material needs of a community, especially of an Industrial community, are more apparent than its spiritual needs; the latter only become insistent when the former have been satisfied, and as often as not spiritual yearning is a revolt against material satisfaction. Agricultural England was content with, and is still beguiled by, the Church and occasionally the Theatre as a means of meeting its spiritual needs; Industrial England demands something different. Industrialism undoubtedly tends to quicken men's faculties; the Mediæval Re-birth of Learning followed the rise of the Industrial Republics of Italy. Surely you see what is at the root of the present revolt against Churches and Theatres, see why the only movement in the Theatre now making any head-way is that which packs its properties in a motor-van and tours through villages?'

But I answered: 'Industrialism did not bring about the French Revolution, and I think the responsibility of Industrialism for the present unrest—and particularly the spiritual unrest—is debateable. Let us consider this question!'

'Let us swim back!' she said.

'And have lunch together!' I added; but without answering she mounted to the spring-board, and I discovered the umbrella-stroke.

'Damn the continuity of bathing!' I muttered.

She was swimming beside me, she heard me. 'Oh don't think that continuity is necessarily survival; continuity is a relationship, an uninterrupted connexion, between what we enjoy and what our forefathers enjoyed.'

'Between what we enjoy and what we've escaped!' I spluttered; 'therefore why choose that which we've escaped as a symbol of continuity?'

'Well,' she replied, 'if a bishop wears lawn sleeves when he's preaching, why shouldn't I wear an umbrella when I'm bathing?'

'Symbols of continuity,' I gasped, 'should be displayed, but not worn; the King does not wear the Lion, the Unicorn and the Crown of England on his top-hat, he has them painted on the panels of his carriage.'

'Ex Fumo Lux!' I ejaculated a couple of minutes later when, staggering up the beach, I discovered that her umbrella was a most convenient prop to my exhausted limbs.

'What was that you said?' she asked.

'Ex Fumo Lux!' the motto of the Manchester Literary Club.'

'What a remarkable motto for an institution!'

'Yes,' I agreed, 'Light out of Smoke, which means in that case Literature out of Life; and it has always seemed to me that the founders of the Club chose this as a symbol of the continuity of an interest in Letters among Manchester men, because they foresaw a time when nought but smoke would rise from the altars of the Muses, a time when the very virulence of Life would seem to obscure that which expresses Life.'

She did not reply, and I procured two chairs. All around us bathers were reclining, drying their bodies in the hot rays of the sun, smoking, sipping wine, or consuming platefuls of fruit and clotted cream. Suddenly my companion exclaimed, 'Why, there's Henry Blowlock the novelist; how seedy he looks!'

The well-known but somewhat faded figure approached us.

'I say, Old Man, you do look seedy!' exclaimed the girl beside me.

'I'm damned wretched, Phyllis.'

'Why?' she asked.

'Just discovered that my publisher doesn't love me.'

'Poor Henry!' she laughed, 'has he been untrue to you?'

'Worse than that.'

'Then he must have said that he'll only be true to another.'

'Far worse than that, Phyllis.'

'Oh, I know!' she exclaimed; 'he's announced that henceforth he will only be true to himself.'

'Exactly!' replied Blowlock. 'What he said was that he didn't intend to publish another novel, that he was going to devote himself entirely to his magazines. He even had the impertinence to suggest that I should write short stories for him. For him! you observe; not for myself . . . oh no! Not even for the public . . . . for him. Damn him! the wretch deceives the public as he deceives me. I tell you, its no good; I'm going to give up writing . . . . hire out bathing-tents, or run one of those buzzing motor-boats along the coast, or keep a hat-shop, or open a restaurant . . . .'

'With a kinema attached . . . .' suggested Phyllis.

To my surprise the novelist turned on her angrily; 'You remember your Keats' 'Endymion'!' he cried—

> "Ay, the count
> Of mighty Poets is made up; the scroll
> Is folded by the Muses; the bright roll
> Is in Apollo's hand: our dazed eyes
> Have seen a new tinge in the western skies:
> The world has done its duty."

'Nonsense Henry, nonsense!' exclaimed a tall fellow with an untidy beard slightly tinged with grey, whose arrival I had not noticed. 'Nonsense!' and he slapped the novelist heartily on the back; but Henry Blowlock seemed offended and sauntered away moodily. The other laughed. 'According to Julius Africanus,' he

said, 'the World was created on a certain first of September, five thousand five hundred and eight years before the birth of Christ. Gibbon preferred 'Anno Orbis Conditi' to our own method of reckoning forward and backward from the Christian Era; because Gibbon was an historian whose eyes were turned toward the past. We to-day, are indebted to Science for a consciousness of being nearer to the beginning than to the end of human endeavour, therefore we do not object to live in a year of such slight numerical value as 1921. No, we're not old; indeed we're far younger than we think we are, at anyrate we're too young to be pessimistic about Literature.'

Phyllis having introduced me to Ronald Abbeyson, the Professor threw himself on the sand between our chairs. I had divined already, by his readiness to talk uninterruptingly, that he must be somewhat a solitary; nevertheless, his slightly ragged virulence, in contrast to the faded gentility of Henry Blowlock, disposed me towards him. At anyrate as thinkers, I prefer badly-dressed to well-dressed men; on the other hand one can generally trust a well-dressed man not to continue talking after his audience has shown signs of boredom.

'We take ourselves too seriously,' he cried, 'we take our valuations too seriously. When we remember how, in the course of a thousand years, the work of artists and writers belonging to a previous era has been valued again and again, forgotten, rediscovered, and revalued, can we help but realize that our own valuations may not have that immutable worth with which naturally we are inclined to credit them? Yet who is not grieved when one younger than himself jeers at what he holds to be sacred?'

'Isn't that true too, of our valuations of Life?' suggested Phyllis.

'Assuredly,' he replied. 'We reason on our likes

and dislikes, our enthusiasms, our approvals and disapprovals; we may even reason very finely, but we are prone to forget that, by the nature of human flux, our valuations can have no more durability than had our own brief youth. So it is that the men who have survived from a previous period, regard with mistrust the younger generation's acceptance of changed conditions, even doing all in their power to prevent such acceptance.'

'And the younger generation,' I said, 'reciprocates the misunderstanding of the older.'

'Not always; oh you mustn't think that!' murmured the Professor. 'Now the other day I was talking with a member of the British Association who had been writing a paper for the forthcoming session at Edinburgh; he quoted Hallam's Preface to 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe'—

> 'An author who waits till all requisite materials are accumulated to his hands, is but clutching the stream that will run on for ever.'

'And he said to me, 'Life itself is a stream that will run on for ever.' But I could not agree with my learned friend, I said that I saw Life, not as one, but as many streams. I pointed out to him that whatever town he might choose to observe, he could not help but notice some folk who would be all agape for the latest novelty, others who followed these slowly in assimilating new habits of dress, recreation, thought, yet again others whose mental and moral habits would be similar to what could have been observed half-a-century before. I said to him, 'You can't help but admit that this last class are no less your contemporaries than the others.' In truth, contemporary life consists of many streams; neither are these streams divided exclusively into the aged, the middle-aged, and the young.'

'You mean to suggest,' I exclaimed, 'that there are young people to-day less up-to-date than many persons

of five score and ten? I agree with you, Professor; but isn't it very largely a question of class?'

'Oh don't let's confuse ourselves with classes!' cried Phyllis; 'the old method was to divide classes according to gentility, the new method is to determine them according to income, which is far from being a dependable method.'

'Yes Phyllis,' I said, 'but do we want a dependable method, if you mean by that a standard which itself remains unchanged? At anyrate I doubt if we can get one; the rate of value of a man's gentility fluctuated just as much as the rate of value of his income, though nobody ever realized it. The flux of Life forbids unchanging standards.'

'Einstein!' she muttered.

'Well,' I cried, 'there's as much scope for relativity between two souls as between two bodies.'

'I suggest,' murmured the Professor, 'that a stream of Life which overflows from one period to another—composed of human drops, individuals such as follow the same course as was followed fifty or a hundred years ago—constitutes a sluggish stream; while the manner of Life which continues for but a brief while—following, developing and exhausting some peculiar fashion of thought or morality—constitutes a swift stream. There exist not only these two extreme movements I instance, but many intermediate streams; nevertheless, it is the swift streams which inspire and define periods, the sluggish streams flow as an undercurrent from age to age, so sluggish as to be hardly perceptible except to the keenest observer of human habit.'

'And reciprocal misunderstanding,' I said, 'occurs,' you believe, between a swift and a sluggish stream; and even then, as much between the youth in the one and the youth in the other, as between the respective aged?'

'No,' he replied instantly, 'sluggish streams ignore all others, because they are impotent.'

'In England,' Phyllis suddenly exclaimed, 'once there was a High Church party and a Low Church party; now there is a High-Heel stream and a Low-Heel stream, they avoid each other.'

'The misunderstanding,' murmured the Professor, 'occurs in transition periods, at a time when the swiftest stream of the old period has exhausted itself, and the swiftest stream of the new period is but rising. Bear in mind that the swiftest streams of two contiguous periods cannot, by the nature of Life, be of equal rapidity, and you will realize whence arises the misunderstanding. The greatest misunderstanding in the history of Life occurs when the ebbing stream was comparatively sluggish, and the rising stream is nothing short of a torrent. Happily such social disruption is comparatively rare.'

'My dear Professor,' Phyllis broke in, 'and isn't that just what's happening at the present moment? I feel happy, everyone feels happy, just because of it.'

'My Young Friend,' he replied, 'not everyone. Maybe there are a few who find their heart's desire at the present time, a score perhaps in a thousand; nevertheless I will concede that fewer drops are required in the making of a mountain waterfall than such a great river as the Nile or Amazon. Certainly the present moment is interesting as marking the end of a somewhat dreary movement in Life, of revolt against the Victorian traditions; it has been of considerable volume and it was first discernible some forty years ago. It may yet flow a little while, but it will not survive as will the older and utterly sluggish stream accepting those same traditions. Besides these, however, one certainly can discern, here and there, a fresh movement in Life, even now.'

'Rather!' exclaimed Phyllis, leaping to her feet, 'everyone's going home to lunch; do you mind if I leave you and change? I'm beginning to shiver; you'll excuse me, Professor, won't you?'

She darted away to the line of bathing-tents behind

us; I was about to follow, but Professor Abbeyson rose and grasped my arm firmly. 'The real interest of these streams of Life,' he whispered excitedly, 'is in the effect they have upon Literature and Art. Let us sit down awhile.'

Then I felt myself forced relentlessly into the chair I had so eagerly vacated. Although I had no doubt that the learned Professor did not forsee the possibility of my desiring to lunch with Phyllis, I hesitated to reveal my desires to him; for I was uncertain whether he might not be some near relation, possibly even her husband.

'Mommsen,' he murmured, 'speaks in the 'History of Rome' of the 'schoolmaster's view of history and literature' as acquiring 'the sanction of prescription.' Though we all admit the close relationship between Life and Literature, how many examine that relationship as it deserves, how many escape the Schoolmaster's View? This, when it does condescend to embrace Life, dwells not so much on the vitality of any particular period as concerns itself whether or not that period conforms to a certain moral standard. Although Lecky, in his 'History of European Morals,' perceives that Life in any period does not flow in one stream only, he confuses us by suggesting that such a period possesses only one moral ideal. What does it matter to us, I ask, whether a certain stream of Life in any period conforms or not to some imaginary moral ideal, perceptible only to the historian? What does matter is whether that particular stream of Life has been adequately expressed in the Literature of the period.'

'But why does it matter?' I asked.

'So that we may decide,' he answered me, 'how far Literature—said to express Life—expresses the whole of Life.'

'Yes, Professor,' I cried, rising quickly, 'that is very important, and I certainly promise you I will never open

a volume of Lecky again; but you must excuse me now, I am beginning to shiver; I must dress.'

Very considerably then, did I cut my toes on the shingle of the beach as I raced to my bathing-tent, for I was anxious to be sure of catching Phyllis, so that I might persuade her to lunch with me. Do not think that I did not care to recognize the importance of such a question as the comparative expression in Literature of Life's various streams—no! but, doubtless with human inconsequence, I cared more to recognize the importance of escaping Professor Abbeyson. Imagine my horror when, having secured the flap of my bathing-tent and torn off my swimming-costume, I heard him addressing me through the canvas, perceived his silhouette shadowed on the front of the tent. Some men devote their lives to the pursuit of knowledge; Ronald Abbeyson, it seemed to me then, devoted his to the pursuit of ignorance. Nevertheless, looking back, I am grateful to him. Though the means to understanding often presents itself to us unexpectedly, seldom is it conscious of our necessity.

'I was about to point out to you,' he shouted through the canvas, 'that Literature does NOT express adequately all the streams in any period. Literature is anything but impartial; often it has no moral values at all, is frankly attracted by one stream of Life only, and that one the swiftest. It seems that the quality in man which is most susceptible of the incentive to expression is more easily attracted, and most fully developed, by what appeals to our primitive instincts. Now, none but individuals with those instincts quickened into more than normal susceptibility can produce the greatest art; so it is that what we call great art, or great literature, only appears in response to a swift stream of human life, one that is iridescent with colours primarily crude, but always vivid.'

I was silent.

'Perhaps you do not understand me,' he muttered. 'Take, as an example, the Restoration period; surely we may regard the life which sprang up suddenly on the return of Charles, splashed for a few years at Whitehall and died with the Merry Monarch, as the swiftest stream of the period. Another stream, not so swift, embracing a greater number of persons and therefore more likely to persist longer, as recorded by Samuel Pepys, existed in the metropolis. But this was largely an imitative movement lacking the crude intensity of its model. Outside London, besides the stream of a rural Royalist revival, there flowed the steady Puritan stream, older than the Commonwealth, destined to flow unabated even through the Victorian Age. Bunyan expressed this stream . . . .'

'Yes, Professor,' I cried, exasperated. 'I will read 'Pilgrim's Progress' at the earliest opportunity.'

'Bunyan wrote some sixty books,' he answered, 'and the fact that they are unknown to-day is one proof that the sluggish streams of Life do not inspire Literature that will be 'A Joy for ever.' Literature is most susceptible to such a torrential and short-lived stream as that of the Court of Charles the Second.'

'My dear Professor,' I shouted, 'please remember that Dryden produced his best work after he had lost court favour; that he himself has confessed

> 'Nor wine nor love could ever see me gay;
> To writing bred, I knew not what to say.'"

'When you speak of his best work,' he replied, 'I suppose that you refer to the translation of Virgil; but please to remember that Dryden would never have exhibited the power shown therein had not that power been developed in the company of such men as the Duke of Ormond, the Earls of Dorset and Rochester; men fresh from the court itself, who were the intimates of his

prime. He might not be a great talker, but I suspect that he was a great listener. The diction of the 'Aeneid' surely expresses the torrent of Whitehall, rather than the quiet flow in which the poet found himself at the time of its composition. What of these lines':—

> "Last, from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
> And led her warlike troops—a warrior dame;
> Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskilled;
> She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
> Mixed with the first, the fierce virago fought;
> Sustained the toil of arms, the danger sought;
> Outstripped the winds in speed upon the plain,
> Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain:
> She swept the seas, and, as she skimmed along,
> Her flying feet unbathed on billows hung.
> Men, boys and women, stupid with surprise,
> Where'er she passes, fixed their wondering eyes:
> Longing they look, and gaping at the sight,
> Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight.
> Her purple habit sits with such a grace
> On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face;
> Her head with ringlets of her hair is crowned;
> And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
> She shakes her myrtle javelin; and . . . . ."

I heard no more; for all I know the learned Professor may have stood outside my tent throughout the afternoon and far into the night, quoting the whole twelve books of Dryden's 'Aeneid.' Unpegging the back of the tent, I raised the canvas and crawled out; running swiftly along the shingle, under the cover of the long line of tents, I gained the path which led through trees to the cliffs above. Half-way up the ascent, resting on a seat, I found Phyllis.

'So you have escaped!' she exclaimed, laughing.

'Yes Phyllis, I have escaped. I left the Professor developing a theory that Literature is only susceptible to the torrential in Life. He was instancing the Restoration period, I foresaw him instancing the Elizabethan

Age, possibly the Augustan Age when Literature in Rome was inspired by a comparatively small circle on the Esquiline.'

'But there is surely a great truth in this theory,' she replied, rising; 'surely when Life is sluggish, when there is no spectacular movement to blind men's eyes, they look around and record only the trivial suffering and all the weary sameness of humanity. Doubtless that is human life, but photographic literature cannot set one dreaming. The sluggish streams flow from century to century, but now and again a torrent bursts forth, and posterity is able to recognize a definite Literary period.'

'Yes Phyllis, yes, so it has been in the past; but if we go so far as to admit that this rule is true for all time, we shall be forced to deny the measure of greatness to such writers as Jane Austen and most, if not all, the subsequent novelists. Giants such as Dickens, George Eliot, the Brontës, Hardy, Meredith, were content with a comparatively sluggish flow; indeed there has been none other in English Life for some generations. Either we must conclude that the later relationship between Life and Literature has not been what it was in the old time, or contend that the Victorian writers are not so colossally fine as their own age deemed them. Wouldn't it be far simpler to have lunch?'

'My Dear Man! you surely don't think that the age which first built steamships, railway-stations, invented the telegraph and the telephone, developed the factory-system, erected monuments to Prince Albert and a great wheel at Blackpool, is likely to deny the measure of greatness to its own novelists? Who but the Victorians ever thought it necessary to raise a poet to the peerage?'

'Really, Phyllis, I think we'd better have lunch now.'

'Why! are you frightened lest the Victorians should turn in their graves did you admit that their literature was typical of any sluggish period of Life? But

if no one dares to admit that, there'll be no new period; which is unthinkable, for it would mean that the Victorian values in Life and Art must hold for ever. There must be a definite break, a definite reaction against the Victorian values. Already Life has mutinied; Art and Literature will also revolt!'

'Yes Phyllis,' I murmured.

We lunched in one of those gardens that sometimes happen in the South of England; at the next table to our own sat several Americans. At the bottom of the garden were rocks and the sea, at the top of the garden Stars and Stripes. In the bay lay several huge battleships; in the garden a loud voice was affirming that these battleships were Pre-Jutland. Luckily the lunch wasn't, and I was about to enjoy that distinctly Post-Jutland lunch when again the voice in the garden was audible; it said, 'If this late War were preceded by the Armed Peace, it has been followed by the Dis-Armed War.'

I leant across the table. 'That's good, Phyllis, that's really good! There's something in it. It reminds me of a little wine-shop in Port Said; before the War it was called the 'American Bar,' in 1915 its name was changed to the 'President Wilson,' but when I knew it in 1917, over the door was written 'Late American Bar.'

'Are we going to talk about the War?' she murmured.

'No, most decidedly no! Phyllis. The whole subject is too bewildering.'

'But I like being bewildered!' she exclaimed; 'that's why I have enjoyed myself so much since the War stopped. This is the most perfectly bewildering time that has ever existed. Everyone's bewildered! and why?—values are changing, and changing so rapidly that we don't know where we are: it's heavenly!'

'But why heavenly, Phyllis?'

'Because there is nothing above us,' she replied, 'no tables of stone, no immutable code. Heavenly, because one can't make a mistake; you don't have to worry about

the correct way of entertaining me, I don't have to worry about the correct thing to dress in; I can wear diamonds before breakfast, lunch in a cushion-cover, go down to dinner in a curtain—and will the heavens fall? No, we're in the skies; the War's changed everything, changed all the old solidity into cloudiness—beautiful sunlit clouds—and one can fly, fly . . . .'

'I think,' I said, 'you're wrong. The War, I will admit, was big enough and sufficiently spectacular to prepare our minds for a change, to suggest to us that we must expect a change; but just because the War opened our eyes for us, very foolishly we promptly jumped to the conclusion that every change we might perceive would be due to that one cause—the War. We are still to-day assigning changes to the War, even changes that have only been perceptible this last year. The modern world is like a man who, suffering from imperfect sight and presented with a pair of spectacles, decides that revelation is the creation of his lenses. Although before 1914 values were changing—no one saw, no one realized for instance, that women were beginning to dress to please themselves, that Ireland wanted a President, Hilaire Belloc a public, the public a kinema, and the virtuosi of the Manchester Literary Club a host of new masters about whom they could write discerning papers. Of course, during the War everybody saw all manner of things that weren't there, just because they expected to see them. You remember the Russian Army that was seen passing through England? Also we perceived a poetic revival, a speedy end to all wars and the most wonderful England imaginable, where all the returned heroes would live like retired generals. Now just because these things haven't happened, it isn't fair to blame the War, Phyllis; neither is it fair to blame the War for all the things that have happened since, and are still happening. I know we're entering on one of the Dark Ages of Literature, but I don't go over to

Holland and say to Herr Hohenzollern, 'Who killed Bernard Shaw?'

'But why,' exclaimed Phyllis, 'should we necessarily be entering on one of the dark ages of Literature? If Professor Abbeyson's theory is true—if Literature responds to a swift and vivid movement in Life—isn't it more likely that we're entering on one of the great Literary Ages?'

'The publishing trade is in too straightened a condition,' I replied, 'remember Henry Blowlock!—there is no incentive for writers to give their best; we must remember that great Literary Periods have depended not only on the subconscious inspiration of a vivid stream of Life, but on the conscious inspiration of patronage. Patronage, so far as pure Literature is concerned . . . 'Alas! poor Yorick . . . . a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne . . . .' Literature 'on his back a thousand times.'

'All the better that patronage is dead,' she laughed, 'we shall escape an intellectual renaissance, a period of Alexandrinism.'

'But the younger generation,' I insisted, 'all those who make up the new movement are utterly careless of Literature; they are too busy living to think about Art.'

Again Phyllis laughed. 'That proves nothing. I think that, subconsciously, we all yearn to see ourselves expressed in Art; yet I don't care about the Theatre—because the Theatre is saturated with the traditions of a byegone period. The younger generation will only grow enthusiastic about Art and Literature when these free themselves—as has Life—from the old conventions. I suppose that the present transition-period is the more unfortunate for the new generation of artists and writers because some four or five years—during which they might have been learning the technique of their art—have been taken from them by military service. During the Victorian Age a notion was prevalent that

literature was the business of old men, that it was time enough to start writing at forty. But the yearning to express oneself in Literature —as in Painting or Sculpture or Music—should become overwhelming in youth.'

'Well, Phyllis, on that account isn't there every reason to suppose that the new movement in Art and Literature, so far as the immediate future is concerned, was still-born during the years 1914–19?'

'Even taking that possibility into account,' she said, 'the War—so far as Literature is concerned—will prove to be absolutely insignificant in its effects, compared to what will be the immediate result of the breaking-up of the period that has followed the Victorian Age. The Victorian Age ended about 1890, but the actual year is unimportant in that it was followed by a period only notable in Literature as embracing two apparently contrary movements, which, however, derived their stimulant from the same source; one a continuation of the former tradition by such writers as Hardy, Meredith and many more; the other a revolt against that tradition by such men as Oscar Wilde, Shaw. I do not suggest that writers were consistently either followers or revolutionaries; Max Beerbohm seemed to revolt when he published 'Zuleika Dobson,' but in his later volumes he has been content to appear as nothing more spectacular than a diluted-Victorian. This inconsistency was possible, moreover, because the revolt had always been within the tradition of that which it sought to escape.'

'My dear Phyllis! What do you mean by that?'

'Surely,' she replied, 'the difference between a revolt from within a movement, and a revolt from without, is obvious. The Repertory movement was a mutiny within the tradition of the Victorian theatre-system, the Kinema is revolution inspired from without. Until Life had released itself, Literature was powerless; that is why the Sub-Victorian rebels are merely diluted-Victorians.'

'And how do you know,' I inquired, 'that the Sub-

Victorian period may not persist for many more years?'

'What an utterly stupid question!' she cried. 'Even if we did not know that Literature is dependent on Life, could we fail to perceive that the surviving Sub-Victorian writers—Shaw, Wells, Harris, Belloc, Chesterton, Kipling, Beerbohm, Moore—have all lost their fire?'

'But what about Compton Mackenzie, McKenna, Walpole, Merrick, Milne, and all the young ladies who write novels?'

'If Professor Abbeyson were here,' she said, 'he would probably tell us that no matter what new torrent of Life may break out, what rapid flow of virulent colour be discernible, there will always be several other comparatively sluggish streams, composed of Hanoverian, Victorian and Sub-Victorian survivals. Those who express such streams, even the Sub-Victorian stream, cannot be the great writers; although they may command a large public, neither their public nor their works will be discernible to posterity.'

'This is rather sweeping,' I said.

'Besides,' she went on, 'the keenest and most balanced mind of the Sub-Victorian period has perceived that his day is past and has had the wit to retire, or at anyrate to pretend to retire. Bernard Shaw was the greatest and most consistent rebel against the Victorian tradition, yet he depended absolutely on that tradition for his inspiration. The less conscious men grew of the Victorian manner, the more pointless became Shaw's plays and prefaces. The turning point of the Sub-Victorian Era was in 1903, when 'Man and Superman' was published; each subsequent work of Shaw's has had less grip on contemporary life; in 'Heartbreak House' he seemed bewildered by such, in 'Back to Methuselah' he has ignored it.'

'Yes, Phyllis,' I murmured, 'a Shaw shows which way the wind blows.'

'Because, even in revolt,' she continued, 'Shaw was

so completely within the Victorian tradition, that he could not assimilate the new virulence; none will assimilate it, save those who are of it, and the new Literature will be ignored, even by surviving Sub-Victorians.'

'If it appears!' I laughed.

'Literature without faith is inconceivable,' she replied, 'unless one is a novelist. The Victorians produced a literature without faith, that either pleased the thoughtless with an impossible romanticism or distressed the thoughtful with the very real suffering of contemporary life. Life, however, runs in cycles; because this is a subject which has scarcely been studied at all in an age of scientific discoveries, we are apt to regard it as an almost mystical impossibility. Because we cannot always perceive causes, we cry, 'The wind blows where it lists!' which is an absurd remark, yet not so absurd as a denial that one generation is dependent on many others. One man dissipates his energy and his descendants are forced to recuperate—'Even to the Third and Fourth Generation.' As in individual, so in national or communal Life. The Victorian Age was a time of recuperation, the Sub-Victorian period a time of convalescence, both following the diffusion of energy during the Napoleonic Wars, a diffusion which inspired the last great Poetic movement in England. Life finds a great lover—in other words, a period when writers yield wholeheartedly to her inspiration; but this lover exhausts Life and she is forced to recuperate for a period, whereat the doctor runs to her bed; in a little while, however, she becomes convalescent, whereat the doctor is very loath to depart. The novel may most aptly be described as the bedside-manner of Literature.'

'Phyllis!' I cried, 'you are the first person who has ever succeeded in defining the novel. In truth, yes! the novelist is like a doctor who seeks to remedy the imperfections of the prostrate life.'

'Yes,' she said, 'but the imperfections are always present in Life; it is only the poet, however—being Life's lover—who is able to ignore the imperfections of his mistress. The more completely he can ignore Life's faults, the greater poet he will become. As it is the essence of Love, so is self-forgetfulness the essence of great poetry.'

'The Nirvâna of the Buddhist!' I murmured.

'Self-forgetfulness,' she said, 'is the supreme gift of Life; but not always does Life feel herself equal to the effort of so inspiring her lover. The History of Literature is often the record of discarded lovers . . . .'

'And successful doctors!' I added. 'But to-day?' I queried.

'The doctor is loath to depart,' Phyllis replied, 'but already Life has risen from her bed; Life is abroad—even now—looking for her lover.'

'Even now!' I repeated, wondering greatly. Then old words came floating into my mind:—

> 'Ipsa venas atque mentem permeanti spiritu
> Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus.'

'Herself,' I murmured, translating that old song, earliest known poem[1] of the Middle Ages; 'Herself, the Creatress, in hidden might sways flesh and spirit, from within her enkindling life.' 'Phyllis!' I cried, 'if only it were so, even now!'

'Literature without faith is inconceivable!' she murmured.

'But faith in what?' I said.

'Life!' she replied.

1. Pervigilium Veneris.

A BEAUTIFYING TOUCH.

(The Legend of the Moss Rose Retold.)

By G. W. Crosby.

THE Blessèd One, exhausted with the cares
Of sacrificial ministry to man,
Sought the seclusion of a vernal wood,
Wherein to find in sleep's oblivious calm,
Rest and refreshment for His human needs.
Weary with pain and self-denying toil,
His tired feet He scarce could drag along.

Though night was nigh the minstrels of the air
Prolonged their evensong in leafy choirs—
And fuller was their note as near He drew,
For inspiration had attuned their song,
Begotten of the presence of their Lord;
They knew not why nor how, they only knew
Their hearts were full and must expressèd be;

And wistful flowers responsive to His tread
Of love, around Him shed their fragrant joy—
As patiently He passed along in prayer,
Fulfilling eagerly their destined task,
In this, the golden moment of their lives.

The comfort of the salutation sweet,
Of songsters' music and of lilies' breath,
Cheered His great heart, and radiant thankfulness
O'erspread with light His sad majestic face.

He kept the way until at last, a green
And restful glade that ope'd before His path,
Constrained the Wanderer to share its peace.
Erelong a moss-o'ermantled bank He reached,
Offering a tender couch whereon to rest,
Which seemed with timid hesitating voice,
To implore the Blessed One to stay awhile
And use its lowly service for His need.

The Wanderer nor passed the proffered boon,
But with a full and grateful love sank down,
And slumbered peacefully the long night through
On that blest chosen bed of mossy ground,
And dreamed He nestled safe on Mary's breast.

When golden morn suffused the woody glade,
With limbs revived and powers renewed, he rose
In fixed intent again to undertake,
The task imposed upon His heart by Love;
E'en though it cost Him many scalding tears,
Yea, tho' the price should be His own life's blood.

But ere he parted from His simple bed,
Upon its bosom bright His hands He placed,
And gentle benediction softly voiced.
(Oh, heavenly thrilling touch what power is Thine !)
Forthwith upspring a thousand modest blooms
Each casketed in delicate mossy gold;
And holy fragrance filled the hallowed spot
As forth again He fared to touch and heal,
And beautify mankind.

IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN.

By J. Redfearn Williamson.

DEAR sons of Darwin, who at Duty's call,
When half the world had gathered in affright,
Left home and kin and tender ties, and all
That makes life sweet to curb a madman's might,—
Humble your lot; but never knight of old
Did braver deeds in blazoned coat and crest.
They fought in pomp; *you* in the wet and cold
Of noisome trenches faced the supreme test.

Heroic souls! Your task in life is done.
Your blood was spill'd for England; far away
In foreign fields your sacred bodies lie.
There you may rest in peace; your guerdon's won.
And though this stone will crumble and decay,
In reverent hearts your names will never die.

May 1921.

DANTE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

By C. L. Barnes, M.A.

THE branches of human activity are so varied that it would not be surprising if their development had proceeded along different lines. In some cases the results may be regarded as the product of the age, rather than of the individual. For example, the state of astronomy at the present day would probably be much the same if the Herschels had never lived: some one else would have done their work. The way for the atomic theory had been paved by William and Bryan Higgins, and if Dalton had not lived it would not have been delayed very long. If Alfred Russel Wallace, with a generosity as noble as it was rare, had not left the field of evolution free for Darwin, that theory would have had another expounder.

But in literature, poetry, painting, sculpture and music it is not so. If Virgil had not lived no one else would have written the Aeneid; if Dante had not lived there would have been no "Divina Commedia"; if Bach had not lived a huge gap would have existed in musical annals, and so on. We are more particularly dependent, then, on such irreplaceable men as Sophocles, Chaucer, da Vinci, Milton, and Handel, than on Archimedes, Copernicus, Kepler or even Columbus, and others who might be named, for half of what makes life worth living. Yet it has been ordained that there shall be outstanding figures in each branch; men whose life and works are an example and a stimulus to their own and succeeding ages, and whom the world delights to keep in remembrance. Let no one seek to exalt one group at the expense of another, but let us praise the Providence that gave us

both Newton and Shakespeare, Faraday and Beethoven, Lord Kelvin and Charles Dickens.

It is my privilege to speak of one of the irreplaceables, a poet who died six centuries ago, but who still lives, who practically gave Italy her language, who yearned for and in a sense prepared the way for Italian unity, and has done more to bind his nation with ours than all the monarchs and diplomatists who ever lived. I shall make no attempt to give a detailed account of his career, or to follow the fortunes of Guelph and Ghibelline from start to finish; all that can be found in a score of places, and nowhere better than in Toynbee's "Life of Dante." But I shall try to bring up such incidents and features as are of general interest and easy to remember. The story will not be quite chronological or consecutive, and much that is important will necessarily be omitted.

He was the son of a notary, and was born in Florence in 1265. The date of his birth is not definitely known, and it will serve as a convenient example of his rather cryptic way of putting things if I quote the reasons for assigning it to the month of May.

In the Paradiso, canto xxii, are these words:—

> O stars of glory, O light, impregnated with mighty power, from which I recognise all, whate'er it be, my genius, with you was rising, and hiding him with you, he who is father of each mortal life.

This does not seem to promise very much, but from a line in the preceding stanza it appears that the stars here apostrophised are those in "the sign which followeth the Bull," in other words the Zodiacal sign of Gemini. Stripped of poetical imagery it means that the sun was in the constellation of the Twins, and that this sign was rising at the time he was born. Here astronomy steps in to tell us that it was between May 18 and June 17, with a preference for the first half of the period, because he is reported to have confirmed this in conversation with a friend.

Only one incident in his boyhood is known, his meeting with Beatrice Portinari when he was not quite nine years old, and she a few months younger. Boccaccio tells the story at some length, but adds little to what is recorded by Dante in the "Vita Nuova." Nine years more were to pass before they met again, and this time Beatrice turned her glance towards him and saluted him, whereon he went home in a transport of joy, and had a marvellous vision, after which he wrote a sonnet, beginning: "To every captive soul and gentle heart." This he sent to several poets of the period, among them Guido Cavalcanti, who became his life-long friend. Many years afterwards, by a cruel stroke of fate, Dante, in the impartial exercise of his authority as Prior of Florence, was constrained to send this same Cavalcanti into exile, and thereby brought about his early death. We may be sure that this was not the least of the reasons which caused Dante to date all his misfortunes from the unhappy moment when he accepted the Priorate. But this is anticipating.

He was the only child of his parents, but his mother having died while he was still a boy, his father married again, and had three other children—a son and two daughters—whose careers are fairly well known, but need not detain us here. About or before the time of his second meeting with Beatrice his father died, and he, according to Florentine custom, became of age, thereby succeeding to domestic and legal responsibilities which prevented his being wholly absorbed by thoughts of love.

For anything that appears to the contrary, Beatrice may have been no more than an ordinary sort of girl, though doubtless of great personal charm, and it will always be a psychological puzzle why he was so obsessed by her image. They met on only four or five occasions, so far as is known; they never corresponded, and she gave him no encouragement. At their last recorded interview, which was at a wedding, his confusion

in her presence was so marked that, to quote from the "Vita Nuova":—

> Many of the ladies began to wonder at it, and talked and made sport of me, so that my friend, becoming aware of this, took me by the hand in great concern, and, leading me out of the sight of these ladies, asked what was the matter with me.

Beatrice's behaviour, though quite intelligible, was more calculated to kindle resentment than affection, but it did not change his feelings towards her. His only comment was:—

> If this lady knew my state I do not believe that she would thus make sport of me; on the contrary, I think she would feel great pity for me

To him she was always "this most gracious lady," "this most gentle lady," "this blessed one," and so on.

Finally, when in 1287 she married a member of a wealthy banking family, the average man would have dismissed her from his mind. But Dante was not as other men are. It appears from Byron and others that there had been a suggestion that Beatrice was an abstraction, like Petrarch's Laura, an idealised woman who never really existed. Let me quote the lines from "Don Juan," Canto iii:—

> Some say that Dante meant theology
> By Beatrice, and not a mistress; I,
> Though my opinion may require apology,
> Deem this a commentator's fantasy.

It is impossible that she could have been other than the Beatrice we know, or why did her death, in 1289, affect him so profoundly? His own words are really touching:—

> "I remained," he says, "so overwhelmed with grief that no comfort availed me. Howbeit, after some time my mind, which was striving to regain its health, resolved, since neither mine own nor others' consolation was of any avail, to have recourse to the plan which a certain other disconsolate one had adopted for his consolation. And

I set myself to read that book of Boethius, whose contents are known but to few, wherewith, when a prisoner, and in exile, he had consoled himself. And hearing also that Cicero too had written a book in which, treating of friendship, he had spoken words for the consolation of Laelius. . . . . I set myself to read that. . . . . And as it befalls that a man who is in search of silver, sometimes, not without divine ordinance, finds gold beyond his expectations, so I, who sought for consolation, found not only healing for my grief, but instruction in the terms used by authors in science and other books.*

Here, about the same time, he gave the first inkling of his intention to write his great poem :—

A wonderful vision appeared to me, in which I saw things which made me resolve to speak no more of this blessed one, until I could more worthily treat of her. And to attain to this, I study to the utmost of my power, as she truly knows. So that, if it shall please Him through Whom all things live, that my life be prolonged for some years, I hope to say of her what was never said of any woman.†

How well he succeeded in this resolve is attested by those who are "sealed of the tribe of Dante," more in number than the twelve thousand claimed by each of the sons of Jacob.

In 1298, or perhaps a little earlier, Dante took unto himself a wife, Gemma Donati, and had two sons and two daughters, who were all born in Florence before 1302. As to the relations between the pair, rumour, always ready to add another to a group which includes some of the most distinguished names in philosophy and literature, from Socrates onwards, has been busy with suggestions that they lived unhappily together. Byron, himself an instance of the kind, writes in "Don Juan":

The only two that in my recollection
Have sung of heaven, or hell, or marriage, are
Dante and Milton, and of both the affection
Was hapless in their nuptials, for some bar
Of fault or temperament ruined the connection.
Such things, in fact, it don't take much to mar.
But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
Were not drawn from their spouses, you conceive.

* Conviviio, II, 13. † Vita Nuova, XLIII.

In this case, however, the reports are not quite baseless, for Boccaccio, who was eight years old when Dante died, draws a gloomy picture of the poet as a married man, and concludes his account by saying:—

> Once Dante was separated from her who had been given to console him in his grief he never would come where she was, nor would he allow her to come to him.

In spite of all this, Toynbee, after weighing up the evidence, remarks that "there is very little real ground for supposing that Dante lived unhappily with Gemma," and those who prefer to take the more charitable view may quote him as their authority. The years from 1298 to 1302 find him taking an active part in the very troubled political life of the time, and he held the office of Prior, the highest in the Republic of Florence, for the statutory period of two months, from June 15 to Aug. 15, 1300. Shortly afterwards the feuds between the Black and the White Guelphs became so heated that Pope Boniface VIII was asked to interfere. He commissioned Charles of Valois, brother of King Philip of France, to restore order, but this emissary, instead of holding the balance between the parties, attached himself to the Blacks, who thereupon proceeded to expel their opponents. A sentence of banishment, accompanied by a heavy fine, was pronounced against Dante and the White Guelph leaders, on the ground that they had been guilty of barratry, or traffic in public offices; but being disregarded it was made still more drastic, and in 1302 the poet was exiled, never to return to his native city.

By this time he was 37 years old, and a review of the dates shows that for the first 18 years—roughly, a third of his life—the record is largely a blank; the second period covers his participation in public affairs, including a certain amount of military service; in the third and last he wandered about, no one knows where, except that he was at Rome, Siena, Padua, Ravenna, Verona, and other

places, "a ship without a sail and without a rudder," and experiencing "how salt a taste hath another's bread, and how hard it is to descend and mount by another's stair."

He died at Ravenna on Sept. 14th, 1321, of a fever contracted on his return from Venice as one of an embassy sent to enquire into a brawl. It was during this third period that he wrote all his works except the "Vita Nuova," which dates from 1292—1295, namely, the "Convivio," the "Divina Commedia," "De Monarchia," "De Vulgari Eloquentia," and "Quaestio de Aqua et Terra," the authenticity of the last being now generally admitted. There are also several Latin letters, mostly political, and two Eclogues in Latin hexameters.

His views as to the proper government of the world, expressed in "De Monarchia," are the reverse of democratic, for he based his hopes on a dual authority—one spiritual and one temporal—who should between them so regulate the affairs of mankind as to ensure peace and prosperity in this life, and everlasting salvation in the next. We are still some way from this ideal, but if ever it does come about it will not be by a Pope and an Emperor acting singly or conjointly.

A few words as to his appearance and manner may be quoted from Boccaccio :—

> He was of middle stature, and after he had reached mature years he walked with somewhat of a stoop; his gait was grave and sedate, and he was ever clothed in most seemly garments, his dress being suited to the ripeness of his years. His face was long, his nose aquiline, his eyes rather large than small, his jaws heavy, with the under lip projecting beyond the upper. His complexion was dark, and his hair and beard thick, black and crisp, and his countenance always sad and thoughtful.

Dante with a beard is as dreadful to contemplate as Homer or Charlemagne or Sancho Panza without one, yet he himself alludes to it in Purg. XXXI, and there

is a picture of him in Ravenna with this appendage, though it is not thick or crisp, and does not improve his appearance. His features are familiar to us from a death-mask, and no one could wish them to be altered. The face is stern and grave, yet tender; it is the face of one whose character had been perfected by suffering.

Boccaccio, whose "Vita di Dante" is the chief authority on all personal details, does not disguise his hero's faults. After praising his diligence, his temperance, his learning, his love of music and of solitude, his marvellous gifts as a poet, and his fortitude in adversity, he adds that Dante was of a lofty and scornful disposition, that he thought no little of himself, and that he was more given to faction after his exile than was becoming to a man of his parts. There is also a worse fault alluded to in Purg. XXX. No very grievous blemishes these, but coming from such a source there is probably some foundation for them, though Boccaccio is very apt to let his pen run away with him. Pride, however, is acknowledged by Dante himself in Purg. XIII, 136-8 as one of his besetting sins. One faculty he had, to an extent not surpassed even by Newton, was that of concentration, if the following anecdote may be trusted. It is related that he once spent a whole afternoon, from mid-day to vespers, reading a book on an apothecary's counter, totally unconcerned by a fête which was going on behind him, with music, dancing, singing and all the usual accompaniments of an Italian open-air festival.

And now, what of the "Divina Commedia"? It is not to everybody's taste, being enormously long—very nearly as long as "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes" rolled into one—the whole fabric of it is antiquated, and many portions, especially the theological disquisitions, are to most minds very dreary. The variety of characters it introduces is bewildering, and many of them are people whose misdeeds would have been fittingly punished by what Dante calls

the "second death," that oblivion which is harder to bear than any torment. All this may be granted, and yet there is a subtle, indefinable fascination about the poem which casts a net around those who are once attuned to its style, nor do they wish to escape from the meshes. Why else did Chaucer, in another country, within a century, and before the days of printing, speak of "the grete poete of Ytaille, that highté Dant" (it is always 'Dant' in the "Canterbury Tales," though not elsewhere) and refer to him or quote him more than a score of times in the "Monk's Tale," the "Wife of Bath's Tale," the "Friar's Tale," the "Second Nun's Tale," and other poems? Why else did Cary, Byron, Longfellow, Plumptre, Ford, John Aitken Carlyle, Edward Moore, and a host of other translators and commentators, living or deceased, fall under its spell?

Perhaps the most conspicuous case is that of Giosuè Carducci, himself one of Italy's leading poets, whose relics have just been presented to Bologna. These are his words, translated from a sonnet to Dante:—

> How comes it, Dante, that I lift adoring eyes and tongue to thy haughty image, and see the sun go down and again the young dawn arise as I bend over the verse which once made thee lean? For me no Lucia prays, and Beatrice, with her saintly lover, soars vainly from star to star towards God. I hate thy Holy Empire, and I would have hewn his crown from the brows of thy good Frederic (Barbarossa). Church and Empire are become a mournful wreck, but o'er them soars thy song and rings thy message to heaven. Jove passes, but the poet's hymn abides.

This testimony from a fellow-countryman, for whom Beatrice and Lucia have no message, and who, while detesting Dante's views on Empire, yet pays homage to the power of his verse, is very striking, and embodies what others have thought, but have not put so forcibly into words. The case is almost unique, for when did a poet or writer or musician compel admiration from so many avowed opponents of his themes?

As for Dante's intention in writing the "Commedia" let himself be the spokesman :—

> The subject of this work must be understood as taken according to the letter, and then interpreted according to the allegorical meaning. The subject, then, of the whole work, taken according to the letter alone, is simply a consideration of the state of souls after death; for from and around this the action of the whole work turns. But if the work is considered according to its allegorical meaning, the subject is man, liable to the reward or punishment of justice, according as through the freedom of the will he is deserving or undeserving. . . . . The aim of the work is to remove those living in this life from a state of misery, and to guide them to a state of happiness. . . . . The title of the book is "Here beginneth the comedy of Dante Alighieri, a Florentine by birth, but not by character. And for the comprehension of this is must be understood that . . . . comedy is a certain kind of poetical narrative which differs from all others. It differs from tragedy in the subject matter, in this way, that tragedy in the beginning is admirable and quiet, in its ending a catastrophe foul and horrible. . . . . Comedy, on the other hand, begins with adverse circumstances, but its theme has a happy termination. . . . . Likewise they differ in their style of language, for tragedy is lofty and sublime, comedy lowly and humble. . . . . From this it is evident why the present work is called a comedy. For if we consider the theme, in its beginning it is horrible and foul, because it is Hell; in its ending, fortunate, desirable and joyful, because it is Paradise; and if we consider the style of language, the style is lowly and humble, because it is in the vulgar tongue, in which even housewives hold converse.*

Our poet's "lofty and scornful disposition" is certainly not in evidence here, for no one else would have described so great a work in so modest a fashion. It is not quite true that the style is lowly and humble; on the contrary, it is often difficult and intricate, but let this pass.

The main feature of the poem hardly needs to be described; it is a perpetual and earnest striving after knowledge and perfection. The reader is led through the ever-narrowing and ever more doleful circles of hell to the centre of the earth—and of the universe, according

* From a Latin letter headed "Amico Florentino" (Can Grande).

to the Ptolemaic system—where Satan abides at the point most remote from heaven, and its light and warmth. This is why the lowest region, that of the traitors, is icy cold, being fanned by Satan's wings. This being passed, the journey is continued, always in the same direction, along the tortuous path which the arch-fiend tore out when he was hurled from on high, until the Mount of Purgatory is reached. Here, on the seven terraces which lead to the summit, Dante is cleansed of the seven "peccata" which had previously weighed him down, and, now purified, he visits in their order the spheres of the seven planets, then that of the fixed stars, and the Primum Mobile, until he reaches the Empyrean, the abode of all the blessed, where "perfect, ripe, and whole is each desire." (Par. xxii, 64-5.)

Although the Inferno is easily the most intelligible and popular of the three divisions, the favourite both with artists and the ordinary reading public, it is merely the first part of Dante's scheme, the foundation on which the other two are built, and no estimate of his genius can be formed which does not include them all.

As regards the sources from which he drew his inspiration, the sixth book of the Aeneid is avowedly the first and the chief. Whether he had any others will perhaps never be known, but from the highly interesting address by Sir T. W. Arnold at the opening of the Dante celebration at University College, London, last May,* it now appears that there were Musulman legends in existence at the time, which he may have been acquainted with. These have been revealed by Dr. Asin Palacio, professor of Arabic at Madrid, who has recently (1913) edited the works of Ibn Arabi, a Spanish Musulman, who died in 1240, twenty-five years before Dante was born. In these legends can be found a number of features which also occur in the "Divina

* Reprinted in the "Contemporary Review," Aug. 1921.

Commedia"; the journey of Muhammad, under the guidance of Gabriel, down the circles of an inverted cone, where various classes of sinners are punished according to the gravity of their offences, in something of the same fashion, and among them is a city of fire, corresponding to Dante's city of Dis. The steep ascent of Purgatory follows, and in both cases the avaricious have their faces to the ground, and there is a region at the summit corresponding to the Garden of Eden in the Purgatorio. The first seven heavens in Muhammad's journey are named after the planets, and in each the traveller converses with the souls of the blessed. The one sees an angel in the form of a cock, singing the praise of Jupiter, the other an eagle hymning the wisdom of the just.

The following up of this clue must be left to experts. It is admitted that Dante knew no Arabic, but among his acquaintances were scholars who can hardly have failed to be familiar with these legends, and in those days oral communication played a larger part than in ours. Dante was under no obligation to indicate the sources which he laid under contribution, any more than Shakespeare, and his fame would not suffer in the least if he had borrowed materials from Islamic myths. It would merely increase our knowledge, so complete in other respects, of what he had read or cogitated upon while building up this mighty monument of genius.

Let us leave him here. Other aspects of Dante are to be dealt with at this meeting, and the most fitting conclusion at this moment is in the words he applies to Homer (Inf. iv, 80, 81):—

> Onorate l'altissimo poeta,
> L'ombra sua torna, ch'era dipartita.

(Honour the most distinguished poet. His shade returns that had departed.)

DANTE'S ILLUSTRATORS.

By Walter Butterworth, M.A.

I.

IN writing a paper as a contribution, however insignificant, towards the celebration of the sex-centenary of Dante's death, one turns abashed from the direct consideration of his poetry and seeks refuge in some secondary or derivative aspect of his work.

The Divina Commedia is vast and overwhelming. It ramifies into the thoughts, speculations and feelings of men. Scarcely any sensation or experience of people of the fourteenth century is omitted, and as Dante is generally concerned with the immortal part of us, with the permanent and spiritual rather than the fugitive and bodily, he is intensely in touch with almost every phase of our being.

To him, as to Homer and Shakespeare, is commonly applied the pardonable epithet "universal" by those who wish to express their sense of the profundity, variety and all-embracing sympathy of these greatest among poets.

Thousands of books and pamphlets have been written upon each of them, covering, it would seem, every conceivable aspect of their works.

It is hardly justifiable to set one's puny pen scratching upon paper to add a trifle to the immense heap.

Certainly I have no hope to say anything new. But we all like to compare notes about cherished authors, among friends of kindred tastes. And a little writing now and then helps to clarify ideas.

To reflect upon the long succession of artists and craftsmen who have devoted themselves to illustrate graphically Dante's works may be found not uninteresting, and may even add zest to the next reading of the poems themselves.

That, of course, is the thing that matters: immediate and direct contact with the poems. Commentaries have their uses. Books about books may be entertaining and may afford guidance. But they are waste of time unless we go to the fountain-head.

Perhaps Dante more than any other poet has suffered in this way. So many have been content to read not his poems, but books about them. Not a few have looked at Gustave Doré's illustrations and have closed the big volumes with a feeling that it was hopeless to enter upon the formidable task of studying the Divine Comedy.

Yet what delight, what wealth of experience await the sympathetic reader in this incomparable poem! And how it may lift the mind from petty things and the trivial round of daily existence!

I chanced to witness the healing power of Dante in an interesting and exceptional way. It was during the recent war, in an internment camp, in Germany. The first few months of distress and chaos had elapsed since some thousands of British civilians had been interned together. Among many societies and groups formed for special pursuits was one of students of Italian, who procured copies of the Divina Commedia. They were graduates and undergraduates of our universities, with others. They met once, sometimes twice, a week, first in a stable and afterwards in a shed built through the generosity of the American Y.M.C.A.

At each meeting a canto of the Comedy was studied in the following manner: Every member in his turn read out the canto in the original; then translated it into Italian prose, to get the literal meaning as clearly as possible; then commented upon obscure or suggestive passages, and replied to any questions from his fellow-members. The proceedings took place in Italian.

In this manner the entire Commedia, 100 cantos, was

studied, and then immediately recommenced. When I left the camp these Dante lovers had again travelled half way through the great work, by the same method, fresh students having meantime joined the older enthusiasts.

This persevering and pertinacious voluntary study of a great modern classic was, I think, a testimony to the vital and profound quality of the poem. For it went on in the face of obstacles and discouragement, through bitter or dismally wet winters and hot fly-ridden summers, despite much depression and tribulation. It is no exaggeration to say that some of the men were assisted, by this course of reading, to keep off melancholia and even insanity, a fate which befel many.

The most notable effect was the bracing of the prisoners' minds by the poet's stringent and masculine thought; and the refreshment afforded by his imagination, which flowed like sweet waters through the arid life we were compelled to lead behind the barbed wire, under the eyes of armed soldiers.

How inspiring was the journey of the great Florentine through Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, with Virgil, Statius or Beatrice; meeting and exchanging thoughts with potentates and princes, popes and priests, poets and artists, lovers and haters, gentlewomen and passionate protagonists of love-dramas, rogues, criminals and sinners, saints and leaders of thought and great personages throughout history; mythical monsters too, and demons, and angelic creatures of ineffable purity.

Our minds were wafted clean away from the squalor of the camp-life. We spent precious hours sharing with Dante his dolours and joys, his tenderest emotions, his deepest thoughts, his highest flights of imagination. We felt something of his indignation, of his bitterness, of the love which now and again melted away all his sterner qualities, and as he mounted from the summit of Mount Purgatorio through the heavenly spheres, drew him ever nearer to the divine source of all love.

At such times we felt as he records in the Vita Nuova :

> There was no man mine enemy any longer, and such warmth of charity came upon me that most certainly in that moment I would have pardoned whosoever had done me an injury.

But in this paper I turn to a sketch of the long series of Dante Illustrators.

A study of this subject, however slight, soon reveals that the word illustrator must be understood in a wide sense, to include artists who worked successively in fresco, miniature illuminations, oils, water-colours, drawings, engravings, woodcuts and etchings. Sculptors and musicians may be left out, though many of them have also illustrated the Commedia.

The long list begins with Giotto, in the poet's lifetime, for it is almost certain that the head of the youthful Dante, rediscovered by Kirkup on the wall of the Bargello, was painted by Giotto.

Dante counted artists among his friends, had himself some skill with the pencil, and wrote passages in his poem which abundantly testify to his interest in the arts.

Sarolia speaks of—

> his intensity of vision, his power of reproducing with almost photographic definiteness the most vanishing shades of light, the most minute details of landscape;—this faculty is almost unparalleled in the whole range of literature. Never was there a poet who possessed to an equal degree the eye of the painter. Never was there a poet who used with the same "virtuosity" the visible world of light and shadow to reach and to reveal the invisible world of feeling and thought.

There may be exaggeration here, but certainly Dante's keenness of realization was most notable, whether of the inner or the outer man. He makes us see, as if with the bodily eye, all that passes in the Inferno and the Purgatorio and feel much of the Paradico. We realize the conformation of the three regions and note a hundred striking details. Even the giants, demons and legendary beings leap before the mind's eye. It is only in the

spheres of Paradise that concrete realities give place to abstractions, and symbols have to be used in lieu of shapes taken from earthly life.

Naturally this wealth of sharply-cut subjects in the poem appealed to the painters and illuminators of the time. Signorelli, Orcagna, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Taddeo Gaddi, Tintoretto, Bartoli, Raffaelle, Michel Angelo, introduced some of the incidents in their frescoes, especially in paintings of "The Last Judgment," where many of the conventions were the common property of the Church and had been modified from pagan sources. In this respect Dante was a link between classic mythology and Christian allegory. The artists rejoiced to combine the two, and to take advantage of the opportunity to paint the nude human figure in endless variety of posture.

"The Last Judgment" of Michel Angelo was the culminating point of this phase of art, and it faithfully reproduces scenes from the Inferno.

Apart from these early allusions in frescoes, and certain portraits of the poet, notably those by Giotto and Domenico de Michelino, the illustrations to the Commedia are to be found in the illuminated MSS. of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. About eight hundred MSS. of the poem are treasured in the libraries of Europe, of which about one hundred are adorned by drawings, paintings, illuminations, or other decorations. The earliest was known before 1333. Many were the cloistered monks who patiently wrought these marvels of craftsmanship at some great man's bidding. Many of them are of exquisite penmanship. The miniature illustrations range in quality from the stiff and unskilful to the finest artistic attainment in that medium. Some are attributed, with good reason, to the greatest artists of the time. Religious houses in countries far apart, including Tuscan, Burgundian, Flemish, supplied their quota of these MSS. The scribes were sometimes plain

and plodding in their task. Others gave rein to their fancy, which, as in many Books of Devotion, ranged playfully among plants, animals, monsters; and overflowed into delightful borders and arabesques, forming delicious decorations.

The drawings often represented several scenes in one, as did those of Botticelli and other early artists, careless of the laws to be formulated centuries afterwards by Lessing in his Laocoon.

The transition from MSS. to printed illustrations of the Commedia began with the publication by Cristoforo Landino of a score of copper plates, engraved by Baldini, almost certainly after drawings by Sandro Botticelli. This was on August 30th, 1481.

Botticelli was an enthusiastic student of Dante's works, and, according to Vasari, made a commentary upon the poem. For one of the princes of the Medici family he drew about a hundred designs to it, confining himself chiefly to outline drawings. Some are lightly sketched with silver-point, or with pen and ink, and finished in black and brown with the brush. The illustrations consist almost solely of figures, though occasionally scenery, especially trees, are indicated with extreme lightness and grace. A few are slightly coloured.

Botticelli worked for many years on these illustrations, irregularly, his love of allegory finding ample scope in the journey through hell, purgatory and paradise. Following closely on the miniaturists, his drawings at first had much in common with theirs, and in illustrating the Inferno he shares the grossness and grotesqueness of mediæval ideas. The result is not "*terribilità*"; it is uncouthness not far removed from the comic, to modern taste. The incidents of the poem are followed, not the spirit. The body, not the soul.

The convention is maintained of including, in a single drawing, several incidents or stages of the journey,

Virgil and Dante appearing twice or thrice, with consequent loss of concentration.

Gradually he broke away from tradition and expressed more and more his own charming blend of tender fancy and realism. His vision as a poetic painter gained strength of wing and rose beyond the literal translation of the poet's words.

The Purgatorio suggested lovely designs to him, most of all the earthly paradise with the pageant of the church, no doubt founded upon the street pageants of the time. His felicity in choice of subjects increased. Grace, buoyancy, rhythmic design, as of music, informed his drawings with more exquisite beauty as he passed through the Purgaturio to the Paradiso. Here his visionary and mystical qualities joined hands with those of Dante himself.

Like all the illustrators he had to simplify his designs for the Paradiso, and to take refuge in symbols. Dante's material in the spheres, from the point of view of graphic illustration, is very slight. It is little more than light, movement, rapture. The draughtsman is either thrown back to representation of the earthly careers of the souls met in the heavenly spheres, or he must suggest light, stars, flames and souls in swift aspiring movement; or symbolically in ordered decorative design. In Botticelli's conceptions there is a grace, a lightness, a delicacy far surpassing those he did for the Inferno. In these qualities they are incomparable.

Lovely figures, with slim expressive hands, eloquent gesture, and fluttering draperies, conversing with gentle and courteous amenity, are in contrast with his crowds of the Inferno. Pater thought that Botticelli's gentle rhythms were hardly in tone with the Dante spirit, but I think this does not apply to the Paradiso.

He notes, with his usual fine perception, how Botticelli responds to beauty; also how he discards atmosphere,

losing the intensity and grandeur associated with gloom and shadows.

But whatever reservations may be made, regarding Botticelli's illustrations to the Commedia, he stands alone until the close of the eighteenth century, for delicacy, tenuous grace, inspiration, buoyancy and poetic quality.

The first woodcut illustrations to the Commedia appeared in 1487, very rude and primitive when compared with Botticelli's engravings. They marked a sudden and steep decline, and for the next two centuries very few illustrations of value were published. Artists were not attracted to the adornment of printed books; the study of Dante sank low; and such great artists as held him in esteem worked apart from books.

Michel Angelo, it is believed, made a series of drawings in his copy of the Commedia. It is a tragedy that these were lost at sea. Irreparable loss! How he must have walked with Alighieri in tragedy and terror, equal even to him in energy and vehemence. We can imagine innumerable scenes which would fire and stimulate him into tremendous creations in the language of his own art. Is the story of these drawings and their loss quite certain? It seems probable. It seems almost certain. We are loath to disbelieve it. Yet among all the splendid sketches and studies of Michel Angelo, now treasured in great collections, we do not remember any depicting incidents in the Commedia.

Against this we must place the magnificent allusions in "The Last Judgment" of the Sistine Chapel and his abiding enthusiasm for Dante, as shown in his sonnets, and in his offer to design a tomb for the poet's remains.

Raffaelle introduced Dante in his "Parnassus" and also in his "Disputa," including him among the great representative intellects of mankind. Otherwise he made no allusion, in his designs and paintings, to the works of the great Florentine.

Following these representative men of the Renaissance should be mentioned two artists of some importance, before the empty period terminating in the latter part of the eighteenth century, *Stradanus* and *Zuccaro.*

Stradanus (or *Hans van der Straat,* 1523—1605) was a Fleming, born at Bruges, and was a pupil and imitator of Michel Angelo. His devils and other monsters in his Dante illustrations, reminiscent of Bosch, betray his nationality. He is mannered in the style of the neo-renaissance movement, clothes his figures in the Roman manner, apes the Roman traditions, with a certain Flemish heaviness, and is interesting rather as a reflex of the habits of his time, than as an interpreter of Dante. Yet he has strength and visualization of infernal scenes.

Federigo Zuccaro, a contemporary, was also an artist in the Baroque movement. He was a talented man, with a learned and effective technique and, working in Spain, he produced 87 pages of Dante drawings in sanguine and in sepia. They are dignified, if pompous, compositions, showing great regard for the prevailing rules, and bestowing much attention upon environment. Landscape and architectonic framework are cleverly balanced and composed. He was the first to pay attention to the landscape background in Dante illustrations. Here again the figures have external dignity and are decked in Roman armour or attire. The pictures accurately depict the time and manners of the period, not the scenes of the Commedia. We feel that the composition is too artificially correct, the grouping too conscious; the architecture and personages are bombastic, their gestures of an affected elegance. The straining after an antique effect is a pose, a passing mode.

And it all had nothing to do with Dante, except that incidents in the Commedia served as pegs on which to hang the fashions of the day.

Now ensued a period of decay. Art sank. Interest in Dante ebbed. Such illustrations to the Commedia

as were published were poor in spirit and artificial in method. Engravings continued to be in degraded imitation of classic models, in what was supposed to be the Roman style.

There was a lack of ideas, of fresh enthusiasm, of earnestness, of originality, of sympathy with or understanding of the great poet. Instead there flourished prettiness, superficiality, elegance inclined to be simpering. The aim was to please according to the current Rococo taste. Only towards the end of the eighteenth century did this decadent period show signs of revival.

It was England's turn to become the centre of interest, by virtue of illustrations transcending all that had gone before, save those of Botticelli. Flaxman and William Blake led the way in a marked reinvigoration of the designs to the Commedia.

But before turning to these let us take a glance backward.

It is clear that whatever pleasant and entertaining qualities were contained in the illustrations of illuminators, painters, designers and engravers, they had rarely yielded first-rate creative work.

Now and then a powerful passage in some early fresco, natural feeling in a MS., drawings of Botticelli for the Purgatorio and the Paradiso, doubtless Michel Angelo's lost drawings, showed fellow-feeling, understanding and imaginative sympathy with the poet.

The rest toiled in vain and were but prosaic commentators; spectators, not interpreters. In their several ways they described things topographic, incidental, facts without insight, the outward shapes of things. Only in a limited sense were they illustrators.

We feel a mild interest in their way of regarding the poem. Not seldom we say with Hazlitt, when he had looked at Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting of Ugolino, "This ought never to have been painted." Many shared Reynolds's imperturbable reasonableness, some

shared his technical gifts, but these do not qualify an artist to illustrate the visions of the Florentine.

True illustrators should be caught up with delight at some suggestion of the poet, and such moments are rare. Certainly Dante has occasionally roused a kindred nature into intense emotion and glowing imaginative activity. Blake most of all. Then only is art linked with art in holy matrimony. It has been argued that the artist's personality, when illustrating, should be subordinated or suppressed; and that to put his own personality into the picture is a "danger." I think this is absurd. No illustration is good without the artist's personality breathing through it. There must be sympathy between artist and author. The difficulty is greatest in imaginative work. Where is the artist who has successfully illustrated Lear?

It is the same with Dante, and we must be content if among thousands of designs we find a few that thrill us with fresh forms of beauty, or with insight and true feeling.

John Flaxman (1755—1826) had already obtained an admiring public by his designs after the Iliad and the Odyssey, before he turned to the Commedia. Again with his Dante drawings he had great success and has retained popularity, as a Dante illustrator, second only to that of Gustave Doré. His work has passed through many editions and his admirers have been of a more cultivated class than those who acclaim Doré.

He was a sculptor's draughtsman and his drawings are chiefly contours, with but little shading. It may, I think, be fairly said that he concentrated too much upon outline and neglected modelling in these drawings. There is a little stippling, but the muscular system is neglected. Yet he is decidedly more successful in nude figures than in draped figures, for under the drapery, sometimes, there is no intelligible body.

He was strongly under classic influence and based his

drawings on statues rather than human beings. It was, I think, due to his classicism, and to his great command of pure and beautiful form, that he enjoyed so much popularity. For classicism was the taste of his time. But it was widely removed from the passion and intensity of Dante. As for the grimness of the Inferno, Flaxman was sometimes grotesque without being Dantesque. Most of his qualities were not Dante's, nor Dante's his. Dante could be fierce, passionate, disdainful, tragic. Flaxman was calm and formal; no excitement or exaltation.

His charm lay in sculpturesque qualities and a lovely purity not approached since Botticelli. He excelled in domestic scenes, in expressing the gentler affections, in studies of such subjects from nature, when his coldness dropped from him.

He had a talent for graceful composition and made stately use of the folds of drapery, such as delight the eye in the Elgin marbles.

Perhaps Flaxman has been over-estimated as an illustrator of the Commedia, but his simplicity, his purity, his omission of otiose detail, his cleaving to essentials, give him a place high in the history of Dante illustration. His taste is almost impeccable, but he could not rise to tragic heights.

When William Blake was sixty-seven years young he set himself to learn Italian to enable him to read the Commedia in the original. It is not surprising. Like Botticelli and Michel Angelo, he was irresistibly attracted by the great Italian poet. Twenty years before he had painted his portrait. He was visited by the spirit of Dante. He, like Dante, moved naturally in the spirit-world and had no difficulty in accepting his system, or his absorbed contemplation of the soul, when released from the prison of the body. Every particle of his work, except when his inspiration flagged, is invested with the sense of the spiritual. He drew aside the fleshly curtain.

"Be assured, my dear friend," he said, "that there is not one touch in these drawings or pictures but what came from my head and my heart in unison. They were done in the heat of my spirits."

Ecstasy, the soul of art, shines through his designs. Not less in the Dante drawings than elsewhere. He never grew old in spirit. His energy, his gladness and gust of life remained with him always, and these joyous qualities flowered into rapture oftener than with almost any other Englishman.

To this we owe his lovely lyrics and his designs, such as "The Ancient of Days," "The River of Life," "The Crucifixion," "The Birth of Eve," or the Job series, chief of all "When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Some of the Dante drawings communicate this ecstasy, and it is bracing to recall that Blake was propped up ill in bed and nearing the end of his earthly career when he re-created in another language some of Dante's thoughts.

W. B. Yeats writes an illuminating appreciation of these Dante drawings:—

> All in this great series are in some measure powerful and moving, and not, as it is customary to say of the work of Blake, because a flowering imagination pierces through a cloudy and indecisive technique, but because they have the only excellence possible in any art, a mastery over artistic expression. The technique of Blake was imperfect, incomplete, as is the technique of well-nigh all artists who have striven to bring fires from remote summits; but where his imagination is perfect and complete, his technique has a like perfection, a like completeness. He strove to embody more subtle raptures, more elaborate intuitions than any before him; his imagination and technique are more broken and strained under a great burden than the imagination and technique of any other master.

He worked upon 102 illustrations, and left many of them unfinished, death supervening. Some are only suggestions, in pencil. All are wonderfully original. He knew his friend Flaxman's designs—his own are

absolutely unlike them. Flaxman was classic, Blake Gothic. Flaxman was serene and calm, Blake tempestuous, a surging sea of emotions. To him energy was eternal delight. He was spiritually alive, an eager enthusiast—on fire. His visual conceptions were vivid, like Dante's. Here, poem and drawing were works of art. None but Botticelli equalled him in supernatural scenes and that in quite different ways.

Sometimes he failed badly, but oftener he "fused and transformed" his material by the heat of his imagination. At weak moments he caricatured Michel Angelo's muscular figures with violent exaggeration, or drew unmodelled, almost expressionless faces, and many find him disconcerting. He startles by his unexpected point of view. Yet in general he is but giving us a shock in our drowsy acceptance of the commonplace.

Let us remember that—

> All the vacant space of the earth and the air seemed to him to be trembling beneath the beat of spirits' wings and groaning beneath the tread of their feet. The flowers and grass, and the stars and stones spoke to him with living lips and gazed upon him with living eyes. Hands, emerging from the shadows of material nature, reached forth to seize him, to guide him or to restrain. What are hallucinations to others were for him realities.

This preoccupation with the spirit-world and his striking originality place a barrier between him and those who are not spiritually attuned to him. He is not interested in earthly forms—what he called our vegetable nature. He makes no attempt to pourtray the features of Dante and Virgil, but gives to both "the soft almost feminine features which he loved to give to his embodiments of the soul."

Few of Blake's drawings are devoted to the Paradiso.

> In the serene and rapturous emptiness of Dante's paradise he found but a few abstract emblems and he had no love for the abstract. He revelled in the Inferno and the Purgatorio. For he hated and loved like Dante, and like him beheld the things of the spirit not with the corporeal but with the spiritual eye, with intensity, and passionate feeling.

It appeared to him that—

> The whole outward visible world, with all its Being, was a signature or figure of the inward spiritual world.

He worked with his faculties in a state of high excitement. He expressed himself in energetic images and with glow of colour:—

> Throughout his art the image of fire and flame is a constant and haunting presence. The human bodies that people his art bend and float and aspire; rush, recoil, embrace and tremble, with an accordant vehemence of emotion. There was indeed something flame-like in the nature of the man himself.*

Swinburne remarked that no one ever made of fire such a plaything and ecstasy. And it is much the same with his language of line and of colour. With him as with Rossetti, colour is a positive element, an instinctive expression of emotion. He often tinted his drawings arbitrarily, regardless of local truth, from sheer delight in the colours themselves, as we listen to music without thought of imitation, with feeling unalloyed and undisturbed. To Blake

> Colour was the soul rather than the body of the figures, and seems to clothe them like an emanation. His colour (in tempora) is unearthly and is used for the most part rather as a symbol of emotion than as a representation of fact. It is at one time prismatic and radiates in broad bands of pure colour; at another, and more often, it is as inextricable as the veins in mineral, and seems more like a natural growth of the earth than the creation of a painter.

As the veins in minerals have been the sport of fire, lava and earthquake, so was his colour born of fiery passion. It is not imitative, but symbolically suggestive.

Only Botticelli and Rossetti can be compared with Blake, in using colour as interpretive of emotion, in the Commedia, and he stands alone in his originality.

* Lawrence Binyon.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE FORSYTE FAMILY.

By A. C. Wilson, B.Sc.

THE series of stories by Galsworthy, which, together form the Forsyte saga, will, I ventue to think, rank with the great novels of Dickens or Thackeray, not only for their absorbing human interest, but also for the picture they present of certain ideals which, for a considerable period, were almost universally accepted and only began to be suspected towards the end of the nineteenth century.

It is not my intention in a short paper to discuss the whole series of books, although it would be of great interest to do so from the point of view of the student of manners. All I propose to do this evening is to talk about the family as we meet them in the first book of the series "The Man of Property."

Undoubtedly the family of Forsyte,—and we may compare, in passing, the subtlety of Galsworthy's name with the crude name of earlier novelists, as, for example, Lord Verisopht, Eatanswill, etc.—the family of Forsyte is typical of those people who have been successful under the conditions of our particular kind of civilization, we may regard them as the highest product of the industrial system, that for which the whole imposing machinery is designed and made, and for this reason alone, if for no other, it is worth while studying them and appraising their qualities, good and bad.

The father, of farming stock, had come from Dorsetshire near the beginning of the century, and had made a moderate fortune as a builder. The sons have done much better than that, and have come to feel that their father was not indeed greatly to their credit. The only

habit of his which they felt free to mention was his habit of drinking Maderia.

When the series of tales commences the sons of old Forsyte have all attained what is known as 'a certain position' and are securely settled in their comfortable nests around the London parks. These are Jolyon at Stanhope Gate, to my mind much the most interesting of the lot, James in Park Lane, Timothy in the Bayswater Road, Swithin, a bachelor, in Hyde Park Mansions, Roger in Princes Gardens, and Nicholas in Ladbrooke Grove.

The man of property himself, Soames, is of the next generation, being the son of James, who was the eldest.

The family appears to keep together in a rather remarkable fashion, although it is clear they are not actuated by any particular love for each other individually; it is rather a closing of ranks for mutual protection and support, or a pooling of interests by which their position may be rendered more and more secure.

Galsworthy introduces us almost immediately to the whole family, the occasion being an "At Home" at Jolyon's in honour of the engagement of his niece June to Philip Bosinney. This "At Home" is wonderfully well drawn. Bosinney is to the Forsytes an outsider—he represents something they do not quite understand and about which they feel secretly uneasy. The scene reminds one of nothing so much as a herd of animals sniffing danger in the air but as yet not quite sure what it is that threatens. Bosinney is clearly not a Forsyte and although they could not have said exactly what it was about him that frightened them, *we* can see clearly enough that it was the artistic temperament, a thing with which they had never come into close contact before. Their instinct of alarm was doubtless sound enough, but they require a material object to fasten on, and they find that in Bosinney's hat. He had paid his duty call in a soft grey hat—a soft grey hat, not even a new

one! "So extraordinary, my dear,—so odd!" Aunt Hester, passing through a little dark hall, had tried to 'shoo' it off a chair, taking it for a strange disreputable cat.

There is another very interesting foregathering of the family on the occasion of the funeral of Miss Ann Forsyte. All male Forsytes were there, and, as Galsworthy says:

> This guard of men, all attached to the dead by the bond of kinship, was an impressive and singular sight in the great city of London with its overwhelming diversity of life, its innumerable vocations, pleasures, duties, its terrible hardness, its terrible call to individualism.
>
> The family had gathered to triumph over all this to give a show of tenacious unity, to illustrate gloriously that law of property underlying the growth of their tree by which it had thriven and spread. . . . . The spirit of the old woman lying in her last sleep had called them to this demonstration. It was her final appeal to that unity which had been their strength,—it was her final triumph that she had died while the tree was yet whole. She was spared the watching of the branches jut out beyond the point of balance.

Galsworthy is not one of those authors who have to sit down and explain their characters, he is able to make them explain themselves, in fact he has a wonderful faculty of telling whole volumes to the careful reader by the slightest touches. Dip into the books almost anywhere, and we light on snatches of conversation or slight actions which show us exactly where to place the Forsytes. Roger and Nicholas are discussing Soames' wife, Irene:—

> "What was her father?"
>
> "Heron was his name, a Professor so they tell me."
>
> Roger shook his head. "There's no money in that," he said.
>
> "They say her mother's father was cement." Roger's face brightened. "But he went bankrupt."
>
> Nicholas licked his lips. "She's a pretty woman," he said.

The same couple are discussing Bosinney :—

"They say at Burkitt's he's one of these artistic chaps,—got an idea of improving English architecture; there's no money in that."

This is a nice touch describing a dinner at Swithin's :

No Forsyte has given a dinner without providing a saddle of mutton. There is something in its succulent solidity which makes it suitable to people 'of a certain position.' It is nourishing and tasty; the sort of thing a man remembers eating. It has a past and a future, like a deposit paid into a bank; and it is something that can be argued about.

The conversation at this dinner party fills some ten pages and is all worth quoting. I can only jot down a few fragments.

Aunt Juley speaking :

"Only last Sunday dear Mr. Scoles had been so witty in his sermon, so sarcastic. 'For what,' he had said, 'shall it profit a man if he gain his own soul but lose all his property?' That, he had said, was the motto of the middle class; now what *had* he meant by that?"

"Why don't you go into the country?" asks June of her Uncle James.

"Why?" began James in a flutter. "Buying land—what good d'you suppose I can do buying land, building houses? I couldn't get four per cent. for my money!"

"What does that matter? You'd get fresh air."

"Fresh air! What should I do with fresh air?"

June terribly upsets the old man by saying that she hopes she will never know the value of money—

To have this thing, "I hope I shall never know the value of money," said to his face, saddened and exasperated him.

Over their cigars the men fall to discussing a marble group of statuary and Swithin observes :—

"The poor foreign dey-vil that made it asked me five hundred; I gave him four. It's worth eight. Looked half starved, poor deyvil."

Conversation, when there was any, between Soames and his wife was apt to be laconic. This is a typical sample :—

> "Anybody been here this afternoon?"
>
> "June."
>
> "What did *she* want?"

It was an axiom with the Forsytes that people did not go anywhere unless they wanted something.

Galsworthy is a singularly efficient writer at times, and I doubt whether this passage describing James, who is getting a very old man, could be bettered for economy of words :—

> The appearance of this park, the centre of his own battlefield where he had all his life been fighting, excited no thought or speculation in his mind. These corpses flung down there from out the press and turmoil of the struggle, these pairs of lovers sitting cheek by jowl for an hour of idle elysium snatched from the monotony of their treadmill, awakened no fancies in his mind . . . . his nose, like the nose of a sheep, was fastened to the pastures on which he had browsed.
>
> With his thin high shoulders stooped, his long legs moving with swift mechanical precision, this passage through the park where the sun shone with a clear flame on so much idleness,—on so many human evidences of the remorseless battle of property raging beyond its ring,—was like the flight of some land bird across the sea.

Young Jolyon's diagnosis of a Forsyte which he delivers to Bosinney by way of warning him contains some penetrating hits :

> The great majority of architects, painters or writers have no principles, like any other Forsytes. Art, literature, religion, survive by virtue of the few cranks who really believe in such things and the many Forsytes who make a commercial use of them. The Forsytes are the middlemen, the commercials, the pillars of society, the corner-stones of convention, everything that is admirable.

The least Forsyte of the family is old Jolyon, who, as Bossiney soon observed, had an eye for beauty. In old Jolyon, Galsworthy has drawn a delightful picture of a Victorian gentleman, fastidious, cultured and

chivalrous, a lover of children and of all beautiful things. It is rather pathetic to think that the type has passed, and it is significant to read as Galsworthy's story progresses how the decay of the family is already to be seen in Jolyon's failure to embrace with a single mind the true Forsyte principles. Old Jolyon belongs to the time when, as the little girl in "Punch" puts it 'there were ladies and gentlemen instead of old beans and things.'

The second story of the series, "Indian Summer of a Forsyte," is one of the most delicately beautiful things Galsworthy has written. He shows us this old man nearing his end reluctant to leave the beauty of the world which one feels has always drawn him and which as he grows older becomes a passion. The episode of his meeting Irene again and of his falling in love with her beauty has nothing gross or comic about it; the difficulties of the situation have been so admirably overcome that one would imagine nothing short of a film version could spoil its poetry.

The atmosphere is one of calm enjoyment of simple things, the heat of burden of the day over and the spirit free to enjoy beauty with a love from which all thought of sex is banished:—

> The orthodoxy he had worn in the sixties as he had worn side whiskers out of sheer exuberance had long dropped off, leaving him reverent before three things alone—beauty, upright conduct and the sense of property, and the greatest of these now was beauty.
>
> He had always been responsive to what they had begun to call "Nature," genuinely, almost religiously responsive, ... but nowadays Nature actually made him ache, he appreciated it so. Every one of these calm, bright, lengthening days, with Holly's hand in his, and the dog Balthasar in front, he would stroll, watching the roses open and every one of these fine days he ached a little from sheer love of it all, feeling perhaps deep down that he had not very much longer to enjoy it,—perhaps not ten years hence, perhaps not five—all the world would be taken from him, before he had exhausted his power of loving it.
>
> A long, blue spiral from his cigar ascended and dispersed. "So we go out," he thought. No more beauty! Nothing?

Galsworthy is far too good an artist to caricature; he is not afraid to let us see, in this typical Victorian family, the great Victorian virtues of tenacity, self-control and foresight, qualities not by any means to be despised, but which, under the social conditions then obtaining, received perhaps an undue reward in the shape of worldly success. In the last book of the series, "To Let," we are concerned with the third generation; the stories take us right through a period which saw perhaps a greater change in manners than any before it, and one cannot honestly say that the change is all for the better. If the Victorians attached too great importance to the attainment of a secure position their grandchildren concentrate perhaps too much on having a 'good time.'

Young Jon was an amiable youth, but one can't help thinking that his grandfather would not have given up Fleur so easily. One feels that there was a want of backbone about the young man even if there were an admirable sense of filial duty.

The 'motif' of the Forsyte saga as I see it is that there are limits to property which were not generally recognised by the Victorian age, and in the failure to realise that fact lies its weakness. The moral, of course, has been drawn for our instruction again and again, it is one of those truths which are for all time, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

If one examines the story one finds that the whole plot turns on the behaviour of Soames' which demonstrated his conviction that his wife Irene was in effect his property. As the result of this conviction and his acting upon it Irene leaves him, Bosinney is killed and the seed is sown which ultimately matures in the disastrous love of Fleur and Jon.

So at the end we leave Soames, 'that man of property' as his uncle Jolyon used contemptously to call him, his life crowned by worldly success, but in the things that

matter bankrupt. We see him reflecting, not without a certain satisfaction, that no Forsyte ever made anything, but conscious at the same time that there is something they have missed, that somewhere they have failed. We see the house he built but in which he never lived. "To Let," along with "the Forstye age and way of life, when a man owned his soul, his investments and his woman without check or question. And now the State had, or would have, his investments, his woman had herself, and God knew who had his soul. Soames comes, at last, near to realisation of the truth that the body of Beauty has a spiritual essence uncapturable save by a devotion which thinks not of self."

THE PRINCE OF EPIGRAMMATISTS—MARTIAL.

By Rev. ARTHUR W. FOX, M.A.

WITH the last years of Nero culminating in his murder in 69 A.D. the great age of Latin poetry came to an end. The flighty temper of this brutal madman led to the judicial murder of most of the men of original genius. Seneca's pupil became the destroyer of Seneca himself and Seneca's nephew Lucan. With Lucan's Pharsalia (65 A.D.), Roman epic of any real account disappeared. Doubtless wealthy men such as Silius Italicus and comparatively poor men such as Statius put forth stilted and flatulent attempts in imitation of Virgil. But he who loiters in the bypaths of literature will not waste his time upon them, while he who runs will run away from their leaden measures. Some such as Turnus with comparative success tried their hand at satire. But amongst them Juvenal alone remains immortal: the rest produced perishable wares unable to stand the stress of time. Many wealthy men strung together what they were pleased to call epics, with which they tortured the ears of unwilling listeners. They would recite their poems over the dinner-table to the outspoken applause but inward weariness of their guests, who endured the infliction for the excellence of the dinner. Martial describes one of them under the name of Pomponius:—

> The full-dressed throng applauds with noisy shouts;
> Not you, Pomponius, but your dinner spouts.

But not only at meal-times did these wild huntsmen chase their prey; they would follow them over the whole of the city, until friends and acquaintances alike fled from them, whenever they appeared in sight. Martial

has left a vigorous picture of one such, doubtless under a fictitious name, which does not seem much too highly wrought. He says:—

> Why none choose to meet you when you are in sight,
> Why where'er you appear all vanish in fright,
> Ligurinus, and round you's a desert immense,
> Do you ask? You're a bard too persistently dense;
> That's clearly a fault most alarming to-day.
> No tigress whose cubs have been stolen away,
> No viper scorched black by the tropical beams,
> No villainous scorpion so terrible seems.
> For who, I would ask you, such trials can bear?
> You read when I stand, when I'm sitting you're there,
> You read when I run, when I "go to the rear!"
> I rush to the Baths; there you bawl in my ear;
> I make for the "plunge," I can't swim for your bray!
> I hasten to dinner, you detain on the way.
> I sit at the meal, you put eating to flight!
> I go to bed weary, you wake me at night!
> Would you see what a plague you bring evermore?
> You're just, good, and harmless: but Oh, you're a bore!

We can almost hear the tired listener yawn, we can almost see his hurried flight from his well-meaning but persistent torturer.

Others hired rooms and issued invitations to their friends, whom they treated to declamatory yet diluted heroics on the most tragic subjects of mythology and ancient history. Some of these were poets on their probation, who hoped in this way to secure patrons and subsistence. Others were men of means and position, who vainly aspired to wear Apollo's wreath. Rome was deluged with a flood of such bilge-water during the time of the early Flavian Emperors, which had by no means ebbed in the reign of Domitian. Many, if not most, of the men of original genius, or exceptional talent, were not of Roman birth. Lawyers, philosophers, historians and poets flocked to the great city to seek their fortune. Few succeeded, where many failed. The great days of

patrons such as Maecenas, the Pisos, and the Senecas were over. Lesser, if no poorer, men flattered themselves by attaching a poet to them by small present gifts and large hopes of more. Thus they sought to appear interested in literature, though their interest was at best only skin-deep, save indeed in their own occasional and appalling productions.

Somewhere about 65 A.D. Marcus Valerius Martialis, a young and well educated poet, made his appearance in the City of the Seven Hills. He was born at Bilbilis on the Salo in Hispania Tarraconensis, where he complains

My father taught me letters like an ass.

Trusting to a genius limited but undoubted he hoped to make his fortune. At first he may have attached himself to the Pisos: but their conspiracy against Nero, which ended ruinously for them, extinguished his hopes in that quarter. Of his life for the next thirty-four years nothing is known apart from his poems. He first forced his way to the front rank of contemporary poets by issuing his "Book of Spectacles," which in epigrammatic fashion described what was seen at the opening of the Flavian Amphitheatre. He proved himself a master in the composition of brief and pointed poems. He had to make up his mind as to which of the Muses he would serve. Was he to add to the wishy-washy epic flood continually surging up around him? Was he to try his hand at tragedy, where even Seneca can hardly be said to have succeeded, or was he to pipe the gentle elegy? With rare wisdom and fortunately for the world of letters he recognised his own limitations, and determined to work within them. Hence he devoted his attention and genius to the composition of neat, graceful, and sometimes biting epigrams.

He was not the first epigrammatist. The Greeks had preceded him in this art, in which he learned to surpass most of them. He had had his predecessors in Rome

so early as the reign of Augustus. Two of them, Marsus and Pedo, whose names occur more than once in his lines, appear to have made a deep impression upon him. When he answers his numerous critics, he usually defends himself by their example. But he would seem to have been the first to take the full measure of the capacity of the epigram and to bring it to its highest perfection at least in ancient times. The epigram was a poem usually but not always short, commonly on a single theme, and always ending in a terse sharp conclusion, which is known as the point. The conclusion might be totally unexpected from the preamble, but the preamble always prepared the way for the point. Originally it may have been used mainly as an epitaph or inscription for a statue or picture. Martial has left us many of this kind of inimitable grace and frequent tenderness. But in his capable hands the epigram became more varied than ever before, usually more pointed, and always composed with a terseness which makes an exact rendering almost impossible.

Disgusted by the feeble attempts on high themes, which deafened his ears, he resolved to choose his own line and to remain true to it. Nor does he spare the futility, as it appeared to him, of writing or attempting to write on mythological themes. He pens a scathing epigram setting forth his own purpose and poking fun at a certain type of reader who would rather study old-world legends than learn from verse throbbing with the present :—

Reader of Œdipus, Thyestes dark,
  Colchians, and Scylla, what but monstrous crew?
What boots Parthenopæus, Attis stark,
  Rapt Hylas, or Endymion's dreams to you,
Or the boy stripped of gliding wings, or sweet
  Hermaphroditus hating amorous waves?
Why like you a vain, twaddling, wretched sheet?
  Read this: Life says, "They are my own, these staves!"

Here Centaurs, Gorgons, Harpies you'll not find;
Man is our theme; but you'll not learn from us,
Mamurra, your own soul, nor know your kind;
Go read "The Origins" of Callimachus.

Had he been living to-day he might have said: "Go and read Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy," though that great man never essayed to "build the lofty rhythm" of the Sisters Nine.

But if Martial set out to satirise or at least to quiz the foibles and frailties of mankind, how was he to do it and escape broken bones? He explains his method in two pregnant lines, which other moralists would do well to consider, if they are to be effective:—

My books know how to keep this rule within,
To spare the sinner, but to lash the sin.

Hence in his fourteen hundred or more epigrams he uses for the most part fictitious names leaving the person scarified to fit the cap upon his sinful brow. Of course many of the epigrams are addressed to his personal friends, and these give a charming picture of his affectionate disposition. One illustration seems opportune here, which gives a hint of his philosophy of life:—

We've lived heart to heart thirty summers or more,
If I can remember, dear Julius. They're o'er;
Their bitters and sweets were all blended in one;
But the pleasant prevailed, when all's said and done.
If the pebbles on this side and that be set clear,
And marked with two colours and sorted out here,
The white heap will conquer the darker of hue.
If you would avoid certain bitterness too,
Fly gnawing remorse, don't be comrade too free—
Less gladness no doubt, but less sorrow you'll see.

This little poem was addressed to Julius Martialis, a wealthy friend and constant patron, to whom he has written many epigrams always breathing forth the fragrance of deep and true affection.

How then did the young Spanish poet make a livelihood in Rome? The first thing he would have to do

would be to secure the patronage of wealthy and influential friends. In this not altogether congenial task he seems to have been not unsuccessful. First, as he tells us, he lived in a garret close under the sky. But later he was able by gift or purchase to secure a little town-house and a rather barren country estate, also small. From his frequent complaints to his patrons, it seems certain that he lived at too high a rate for his income. Though Domitian, whom he persistently flattered, gave him no money, he confirmed his brother Titus's gift of "the right of the sons that are three," which relieved him of some taxation, as well as a kind of honorary Tribunate, which gave him the rank of knighthood without possessing the necessary property of about four thousand pounds. He was not unknown at Court, while some of the greatest men of the day, such as Pliny the younger, Juvenal the satirist, Quintilian the great rhetorician, L. Arrunteiue Stella, the Consul, Silius Italicus, lawyer and poet, Valerius Flaccus, also a poet, and many others were his attached friends. It was by Pliny's munificence that he was able in 100 A.D. to return to Bilbilis free of personal expenditure. In spite of allusions to a wife and daughter, he seems to have remained unmarried, though many have credited him with one or even two wives.

In 100 A.D. he retired to his native town of Bilbilis, where he found an efficient patroness in the great Spanish lady Marcella, of whom he says prettily: "To me your solitary self makes Rome." To her he has left a charming tribute in his poem of thanks for the little estate which she gave him:—

This grove, these pools, this arched vine's tangled bower,
  This conduit streaming with its water's flow,
These meads, these rose-beds passing Pæstum's dower,
  And green herbs never nipped by winter's snow,
This tame eel swimming in its guarded tank,
  This silvery dovecote filled with doves as white,

Marcellus gave, when seven lustres sank
  On my return; this cot, this kingdom slight.
Should his child yield her father's gardens blest,
E'en to Alcinous I'd say, "Mine are best."

Here, as he says, "enjoying monstrous and scandalous sleep," he quietly shook away his remaining years and died in or about 104 A.D. when something more than sixty years old. Even in his retirement he longed for the varied excitements and witty society of Rome, while he suffered from the jealousy of some of his fellow-townsmen.

Let me return to his life in Rome. If he had many days of unalloyed pleasure he was compelled to pursue the distasteful path of the client or dependant upon the favour of men better placed in position or wealth. Nor was that by any means an easy path. When he was beginning to tread it less frequently he wrote to a patron, whose identity he veils under the name of Potitus:—

Because I scarcely write a book a year,
  Potitus sage, you call me a "lazy-bones."
You should be more surprised if one appear,
  When oft whole days are filled with weary moans.
Ere dawn I call on friends, who don't respond,
  I greet my friends, Potitus, none greets me.
Now at bright Dian's Fane I seal a bond,
  At seven or eleven off I flee;
Consul and Prætor with their troops delay,
  A poet must recite the whole day long;
Nor may I safely say a pleader "Nay,"
  Rhetor, or pedant, if they ask a song.
Fagged out at four I bathe for half-a-crown:
Potitus, when can books be written down?

Such would be his method of spending many of his days to his own annoyance and the loss of the world of letters. Martial has left us many similar descriptions of the trials of the client, which show plainly enough how bitter it was to eat the bread of dependence.

The following epigram is addressed to some unreasonable patron, whom the poet calls Fabianus: it is even

more poignant than the last, and will suffice to give a bare idea of some of the duties of clients to patrons always exacting and often niggardly :—

> You bid me, Fabianus, do to you
> The duties of a new and recent friend ;—
> At early dawn to greet you shivering blue,
> Your chair through all the thick mud to attend,
> Worn out at four o'clock, or later still,
> To Agrippa's Baths to follow you, although
> I bathe in Titus', if I have my will.
> Thirty Decembers have I served you so :
> Must I e'er be your friendship's raw recruit ?
> Is this the meed, you'll own it is not large,
> Toil and worn toga—that I bought to boot—
> Can win me ? Have not I earned my discharge ?

For all this patient attendance the client might get his dinner, though he was not always served with as good food and wine as his patron. He might receive at the Saturnalia a fine new toga, or a gilt goblet, or a cup so thin that "wine poured into it broke it," or even so small a present as a snail-pick. Sometimes a few gold pieces would be chinked in the lucky client's hand, sometimes even a tiny house or a tinier farm given to him.

Such a mode of life was not exhilarating : yet it was patiently endured by many men of much ability and fine wit, who sought to win subsistence by way of letters. Yet after all Martial had his consolations : he knew that his poetry was extremely popular and admired by the best judges, and he had congenial friends who really loved him. As he went about the city or dined with one or another of these, his keen eyes saw the oddities and evils around him. These he would work into highly finished and often stinging little poems, which have not yet lost their point. He did flatter the rather questionable Emperor Domitian without any real sincerity of feeling and with fine if extravagant eulogy. That was the common practice of his day, and endured long after him in relation to royalty and the nobility. Moreover,

Domitian's patronage was of great importance to him, if he were to live at all. It must be remembered too that to a provincial like himself the Emperor, as the head of that Government which had given peace and prosperity to the provinces, may well have seemed more worthy of flattery than to us, who read of him in the dry light of history and the somewhat prejudiced pages of Tacitus. In later times, bishops and courtiers have been no less obsequious, no less fulsome. Martial was a man of the world who fell in with the weaknesses of the world, many of which he practised, though at some he sneered in the foulest language.

The last words express a second fault of Martial, a small minority of whose epigrams treat of the horrible vices of his day in a manner so disgusting that it can find no defence. But there can be little doubt that he was not an immoral man after the standards of his day. He could truly say "My Muse is wanton, but my life is good." He was no reformer, nor in the strict sense of the word a true satirist at least of the stern ethical severity of Juvenal. He was a gay light-hearted man of the world, who laughed and sneered, when severity was demanded. He excused himself by the example of Augustus, who upon occasion could be coarse with the best or worst of his day. He must be judged by the standards of his own time, not of ours. But even so it is hard to acquit him entirely of transcending the filth of others before him and after him. His remarks on "Stainless Epigrams" perhaps give his own point of view most clearly, though they are not confined simply to cerulean wit:—

Though naught but sugared epigrams you make,
More spotless than the well white-leaded cheek,
Nor grain of salt, nor drop of gall you shake
Upon them, yet for readers, fool, you seek.
Food charms not robbed of vinegar's keen zest,
Nor face where ne'er a dimple comes in sight;
Sweet apples, tasteless figs suit children best;
Give me the Chian fig; it has its bite.

With that I will leave this part of the subject with the only further remark that his salt has too much the flavour of *gros sel* and his gall is too foul even for stomachs which are by no means quessy.

It is impossible to do justice to Martial by any brief selection from his verse; nor can any translation into English entirely reproduce the terse point and the inimitable grace of the Latin lines. His piercing eyes caught the peculiarities of the men and women around him, and his keen wit seldom failed to match his piercing sight. He could see Selius the parasite going to all the places of public resort in the hope of catching a dinner. He noted a muddy-skinned old woman, who went to Tibur (Tivoli), which had the reputation of blanching old and yellow ivory, with fatal consequences to her already inferior complexion :—

> Swarthy Lycôris, hearing Tibur's sun
> Turned the dull tusks of ancient iv'ry white,
> Came to Alcides' Hills. Say what was done
> By Tibur's air? She went back black as night.

He could laugh heartily at the chilling power of a certain frigid rhetorician :—

> If, Faustinus, you'd cool the bath so hot that you skip in it,
> And Julian himself would perforce get the pip in it,
> Bid the rhetor Sab'neius just dangle his lip in it,
> He turns Nero's Hot Bath to ice by a dip in it.

He could father an epigram as neat as the later one, "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell," which is not easily Englished in its original terseness :—

> I don't like you, Sabidius, I can't tell you why;
> This only I say, I don't like you, not I!

He could express with considerable neatness a thought which has become a commonplace with generations of lovers since his day :—

> All's kind and unkind, sweet and churlish about you;
> I cannot live with you, nor yet live without you.

But he could pen a noble tribute to his friend, the Stoic philosopher Decianus :—

If any may be counted 'midst friends rare
  Known to old truth and aged fame, bedewed
With Roman and Athenian wit to spare,
  With utter singleness of heart indued,
If he be honour's champion, guard of right,
  Who'll sue the gods for naught with secresy,
If he be pillared on a great soul's might,
  Straight may I die, if Decian be not he.

Martial was never niggardly in his affection to his friends : indeed a little anthology of poems on friendship might be culled from his epigrams. Amongst all of them Julius Martialis seems perhaps to have been most beloved, and to him most poetical tributes have been written. One has already been quoted : another claims its right to appear in this place, which no less than its predecessor breathes the gentle sadness of the poet's philosophy of life :—

Julius, of all my friends first to be named,
  If aught long trust and hoary right avail,
By sixtieth Consul you are almost claimed,
  Yet scarce your life of blest days tells scant tale.
Not wisely you delay what ne'er may be,
  Nor count what time has passed you yours alone.
Cares linked with toils await us ceaselessly,
  Joys linger not, are in a moment flown;
To these with either hand warm pressure give;
  E'en so they oft slip from your heart away.
Trust me, no sage's tongue says, "I shall live."
  Too late to-morrow's life dawns; live to-day.

Before leaving this theme, which is often repeated in varying language by Martial, and is indeed a part of his Epicurean philosophy, another epigram addressed to Postumus, whose very name may have suggested it, may fitly be quoted :—

"You'll live to-morrow," Postumus, you say;
  But, Postumus, when dawns to-morrow's tide?

How far's "your morrow," where, whence sought its ray?
'Mid Parthians and Armenians does it hide?
Priam's or Nestor's years "your morrow's" are.
What price will buy "your morrow," tell me, pray?
"You'll live to-morrow." Life to-day's fled far;
He's wisest, Postumus, who's lived yesterday.

Perhaps the fullest statement of the poet's simple thought on life is to be found in a pleasant epigram addressed to the same friend Julius Martialis, which sings of the things which make life happier.

My martial, most charming of mortals, one sees
The blessings which render life happier are these;
Means not gained by toil, but received as an heir;
A farm not unkindly a hearth never bare;
No lawsuits, the toga scarce worn, a calm soul;
A gentleman's strength in a frame sound and whole;
A tactful simplicity, friends that accord;
Good easy guests and a plainly-served board;
A temperate night, but with freedom from care;
A wife that's no prude, but of chastity rare;
Soft slumber that shortens the long hours of gloom;
To rejoice in your lot nor further presume;
Nor to shrink back in fear, nor to long for your tomb.

One further important requisite does not appear in the foregoing, but is summed up elsewhere in the line, "Life is not to live, but to live strong and fit." Such may not be a very exalted view of life; but it cannot be denied that it has certain naughty charms of its own, such as the worshippers in the recently defunct "Church of Omar Khayyam" should be the first to admit.

If Martial could bite upon occasion and mangle some miserable poetaster who had plundered his lines, he was much attached to little children. Some of his most beautiful poems are of the nature of epitaphs to several who had died in their early childhood. Of these he has two on the early blight of his little slave girl Erotion, who was not six when she faded from life. In the first he commits her to the care of his father and mother in the Underworld in sweet and touching lines:—

This maid, sire Pronto, I entrust to thee,
  Flaccilla mother mine, to thee commit,
My darling sweet Erotion, that she
  Shrink not from the dark shadows of "the Pit,"
Nor the vast jaws of monstrous Cerberus.
  She'd just have ended her sixth winter's chill,
Had she but six days more been giv'n to us.
  Beside such aged warders let her still
Make sportive mischief, prattle o'er my name
  With lisping lips. May not one hard clod fall
Upon her tender frame; nor, Earth, for shame
  Press on her, thee she hardly pressed at all.

The second in spite of its anti-climax in the point must also find room at this place:—

A maid sweeter-voiced than the swan-song to me,
Than Galæsus's lamb more tender and free,
More dainty than Lucrine Lake's shell pearly-lined,
Before her you'd set Red Sea jewels behind,
Or the Indian elephant's tusk polished new,
Or first snow, or lilies unstained 'mid their dew.
Her hair vied with fleeces of Bætican fold,
Curly tress of the Rhine, or dormouse all gold;
Her breath was more fragrant than Pæstum's rose-bed,
Than honey's fresh sweets that the Attic combs shed,
Than the perfumed amber just snatched from the hand.
Before her proud peacocks unlovely would stand,
The Phœnix seem common, the squirrel unapproved.
Erotion lies warm, where her pyre rests unmoved;
Cursed Fate's bitter law quenched her beautiful light,
Before her sixth winter had ended its night,
Bore my sweetheart, my joy, my playmate from me.
But Pætus forbids me to sorrow, yet he
Near me beats his breast, tears his hair, loudly cries,
"Shame on you to mourn when a little slave dies!
I have buried my wife, and yet I abide;
She was well-known, proud, wealthy and noble beside!"
What's braver than Pætus, to whom his wife gives
A fortune of thousands by will—yet he lives!

Perhaps too much has been made of the anti-climax of the last lines, for Martial may well have had his own purpose in it: he may have sought to drive home the

contrast between his real sorrow and the more questionable grief of the husband who had inherited so much.

Similar in tone and power to the epitaphs just cited is the one which Martial made to commemorate the early death of Camonius Rufus, the son of his friend the poet Canius Rufus, who passed away in Cappadocia, leaving deep grief in the hearts of the people of his native town of Bononia :—

> Camonius Rufus, forth my Sixth Book goes
> Without you, nor can hope that you so dear
> Will read it; ah, the Cappadocian snows
> All godless, seen by you with omen drear,
> Give back your bones and ashes to your sire.
> For Rufus let lorn Bononia shed tears;
> Let all Æmilia sorrow o'er your pyre.
> What filial love, what brief life disappears!
> But five Olympic cycles had it seen.
> My Rufus, you were wont with mindful heart
> To quote my sportive verses, ay and e'en
> To troll whole epigrams, nor miss one part.
> Take now with tears your sorrowing friend's brief lay:
> Deem this my incense sent from far away.

A tribute so touching would come with such comfort as may be to the sorrowing father, and shows clearly the tender truth of the poet's heart.

But I must not confine my attention to the pathetic side of Martial's genius, I must turn to some of his lighter effusions, which are marked by a nimble wit and a grace of poetic diction not easily matched within their scope. One of the daintiest and at the same time most difficult to render is addressed to his friend Domitius Apollinaris, on his too seldom visited but lovely villa at Formiæ on the coast of Latium. Martial contrasts this exquisite solitude with other watering-places then well-known, but since passed away, and ends on a fine true note :—

> All temperate Formiæ, loveliest shore,
> When he flies the stern City of Mars and its roar,

When he strips off keen care and business severe,
Domitius of all places holds you most dear.
Not Tibur his blameless wife's only delight,
Not Tusculum's hollow, nor Algidus' height,
Not Prænesté or Antium so he admires,
Nor Circe, nor Dardan Caieta desires,
Nor Marica, nor Liris, nor Salmacis' Pool
Dewed by the Lucrine Lake quiet and cool.
Here the soft wind ruffles the tips of the seas,
Nor still are the ripples, a sigh of a breeze
With favouring breath speeds on the gay bark,
As light as the damsel, when summer is stark,
For healing cold wafts with her fan's purple sway.
Nor in the far sea does the rod seek its prey,
But seen from above the fish tugs at the line
Dropped from the couch where the anglers recline.
If Nereus e'er yield him to Æolus' roar,
Storms fright not the table supplied from its store:
The fish-pond keeps turbot and bass fed at home,
The delicate lampreys to master's call come,
The usher the favourite gurnard invites,
Old mullets advance when their owner incites.
Rome, when do you suffer such joys to be shared,
What Formian days from the year can be spared
By one to the Town's troublous business fast tied?
Ye porters and bailiffs to joy set aside,
Though made for your lord, these your servants abide.

This long epigram illustrates Martial's method in such poems. The whole point of the fine description is enforced in the last lines, which drive home the truth that the very slaves got more delight from their master's villa than their master himself.

The poet was well able to appreciate the quiet seclusion of his old friend's country-seat. The noises of Rome were as troublesome as those of London, and Martial has not forgotten to describe them with much force in a poem explaining why he so often fled to his barren little estate at the Sabine Nomentum:—

Why so often I seek my small fields and mean dwelling
In arid Nomentum, you'd have me be telling?

My Sparsus, in Town there's no place for reflection
Or rest for the poor man; my morning refection
Is the schoolmaster's rout; all night-long the bakers,
All day are the coppersmiths' hammers rest-breakers:
Here on his mean table the Changer is clanging
Neronian coins; there his worn stone is banging
With gold-gleaming mallet the Spanish essayer;
Nor ceases Bellona's mad crowd to belay her,
Nor the mariner wrecked with his tight-bandaged body,
Nor the Jew taught to beg by his dam old and shoddy,
Nor the blear-eyed pedlar of sulphur and matches.
He who'll number each noise that slumber despatches,
Will count all the brass pots by City hands sounded,
When the moon in eclipse by the Colchian wheel's hounded.
You, Sparsus, to palace Petilian retiring
Can know none of these; your ground-floor aspiring
Looks down on the hillsides; you've fields in the City,
And Roman vine-dresser (no vintage so pretty
Or rich paints Falernian hills); near your portal
You've a broad carriage-drive quite close to your court-hall.
You have slumber profound, rest vexed by no chatter,
No light save admitted. The laughing throng's clatter
Sweeps past me, Rome stands by my bed. Worn with worry,
If I want forty winks, to my villa I scurry.

The city-noises in Horace's day had been many and obtrusive; nor had the clamour ceased about a century later, when the city had grown much larger.

The schoolmaster often seems to have annoyed Martial by his noise at dawn. He has devoted a whole epigram to one who happened at the time to be next door to him:

Why do you plague me, pedagogue accursed,
  You fellow, whom no boys or girls can stand?
No crested cocks have yet their silence burst;
  Yet *now* you boom with cruel voice and hand.
So harshly brass on stricken anvils dings,
  When the smith fits a pleader a-cock-horse.
E'en the Great Circus with less tumult rings,
  When his own friends applaud the victor's force.
We neighbours don't crave sleep the whole night's stretch;
  To wake is naught. to keep awake's sin!
Dismiss your pupils. Will you take, loud wretch,
  All that your bawling costs to hush your din?

The foregoing is sufficiently forcible and as so often happens with Martial ends upon a note quite unexpected till it is actually struck. The fate of that schoolmaster remains unknown. Perhaps Martial has made his peace with him in the silent land.

The poet had a kindly and hospitable disposition, and often sent one or other of his friends an invitation to dinner in the form of one of his happiest epigrams. Hear how he invites an otherwise unknown friend Toranius, to what in these days would be called "a plain meal."

If you don't want to dine at home and be sad,
Toranius, with me a plain meal's to be had.
If you long for a whet, you need not far seek,
There's cheapest of lettuce, and strongest of leek,
And filleted tunny in sliced eggs will hide.
Green sprouts on a black dish I'll surely provide,
So excessively hot that your fingers 'twill burn,
Yet the sprouts have just left the cool garden in turn.
A sausage will rest on a pease-pudding white,
Pale beans with red bacon will stand in your sight.
You'd know what the second course offers to you,
Grapes scarce past their prime will be served though o'erdue,
And pears that are known by their Syrian name,
And chestnuts well roasted not too near the flame,
Which learned Neap'lis has just sent to Town.
You'll make the wine better by drinking it down.
After all these perchance if sparkling and bright
The wine, as it will, give a fresh appetite,
Fine olives in plenty shall come to your aid,
Which have only ust left the Picenian shade,
And chick-peas all burning, and lupins all hot:
The dinner's but meagre (Who says it is not?)—
But nothing untrue you will utter or hear,
And calmly recline with you own look sincere;
Nor will your host read you a huge heavy book,
Nor a Gaditane girl with an impudent look
Will wantonly toss her loose limbs in the dance,
With movements seductive retire or advance;

Little Condylus only will play on the flute
A tune not too solemn or witless to suit.
So much for the dinner :—there's Claudia too,
Whom I fear than your host you had rather pursue.

The "meagre dinner" on the whole seems highly attractive. Martial has painted his elaborate picture of it for the purpose of bringing in his surprise in the last two lines, in which he alludes to Claudia, a greater attraction, he suspects, than all the rest.

When the Saturnalia came round in December the poet's spirits rose, and he flung off all restraint in his writing. Posterity could well have spared many of the epigrams of the Eleventh Book, which are not only coarse but foul. I cannot, however, think that this foulness is a part of the natural man Martial so much as of the times in which he lived. No really foul-minded man could have written many of the poems already quoted: nay the fact that he overdoes his foulness tends to prove that it was not natural to him. An exceptionally lively little epigram clearly expresses what may be called the "Saturnalian temper," which is a coarser form of the spirit embodied originally in the words "A Merry Christmas."

On the eld-worn Scythe-bearer's festival days,
When the dice-box the part of an emperor plays,
You cap-wearing Romans, I'm sure, will permit
Me to sport in my verses unlaboured in wit.
You have smiled; so it's lawful; forbidden I'm not.
Avaunt, pallid Cares, and fly far from the spot;
Let me utter whatever comes into my mind,
And banish all gloomly reflection behind!
Come mingle me half-and-half measures, my boy,
As Nero's Pythagoras filled to his joy;
Come, Dindymus, mix them more oft, till I blink;
I can do nothing sober, and when I'm in drink
My fancies will soar with fifteen-poet power!
Next kisses like old-time Catullus's shower!
If they number all those he told, and he's true,
I'll hand o'er Catullus's "sparrow" to you!

In the last lines Martial hints a doubt as to the number of kisses actually passing between Catullus and Lesbia set forth in his famous poem. If that be so, he says to his slave Dindymus, "I'll give you his Sparrow," which was the theme of two hardly less famous pieces by the elder bard. This epigram illustrates but does not excuse the temper in which some of the rest were written.

In the same book are found some of Martial's happiest efforts, such as the marvellous satire on the miserable and meagre "Suburban Farm" alleged to have been given to him by his friend Lupus, and his invective on the pseudo-Stoic Chæremon. There too is found the following pointed epigram on "Dining Alone":—

> When you're asking three hundred guests whom I don't know,
> Because, though I'm asked, to your house I won't go,
> You wonder, complain, take a quarrelsome tone;—
> Fabullus, I do not like dining alone.

That is the fate of more than one guest at a grand but lonely dinner; clearly Martial had "dined alone."

I must give one illustration of the poet's other weakness, his flattery of Domitian, if I am to point only an imperfect sketch of his wonderful skill in this unenviable art. The Emperor was about to return from one of his campaigns, when Martial prays the morning star to hasten his arrival:—

> Phosphor, bring dawn, why our delight delay?
> Cæsar will come; bring, Phosphor, bring the day.
> Rome craves: does calm Boötes' lumb'ring wain
> Bear you, that ling'ring wheels your course detain?
> Cyll'rus you might have filched from Leda's star,
> Castor would yield his courser to your car.
> Why check you panting Titan? Lo, his steeds
> Pine for their bits; kind Memnon's mother pleads.
> Yet the slow stars yield not to radiant light;
> Nay the Moon longs to see the Ausonian Knight.
> Come, Cæsar, e'en by night; the stars may stay!
> Your race, when you are here, will thrill to day.

That is sufficiently fulsome, but extremely clever. To represent the Sun's horses and Aurora as eager to see Domitian by day and the moon by night may be extravagant, but in its own kind it is well done. Nor is it more extravagant than some poetic tributes to our own Royalty, to say nothing of lovers to their lass.

Now let me return to poems of another kind. When growing up to manhood he had a freedman, Charidemus, who proved his mentor in much the same way as Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Aunt Tabitha" would fain have been to her niece :—

> You, Charidemus, once my cradle rocked,
> My guardian, close attendant, when a boy.
> Now with my black beard glooms the napkin stocked,
> My girl takes in my prickly kiss no joy.
> Yet you think I've not grown; my bailiff fears,
> My steward fears; you terrify my hall;
> You will not let me sport, love pretty dears;
> You won't let me do aught, while you do all.
> You catch me up, spy, scold, you sigh, you swear,
> Scarce can your anger from the rod refrain.
> If I've bought Tyrian robes, perfumed my hair,
> "Your father never did so," you complain
> You count my flagons with a wrinkled brow,
> As if from your own cellar came the can.
> Cease; I can't stand a freedman Cato now;
> My girl will tell you that I am a man!

That is bright and happy; what is more it rings true to real life. The older generation always discounts the pleasures of the younger, though perhaps not entirely untinctured by them.

Martial had a tender feeling for certain animals by no means usual in his day. His epitaph on the hound Lydia, is touching and true to nature, though abounding in mythological allusions to famous dogs by way of comparison and to wild boars equally dangerous with the one described :—

> Amid the Amphitheatre's trainers reared
> A huntress, kind at home, fierce in the wood,

My ame was Lydia, most true I appeared
  To Dexter—master mine—who never could
Have ta'en Erigone's dog instead of me,
  Nor him of Dircé's race, who following fast
Stout Cephalus was lifted up to see
  With him the herald-stars of Dawn at last.
Me neither length of days, nor fruitless store
  Of years bore off like the Dulichian hound.
I fell by lightning tusk of foaming boar
  Huge as in Erymanthus' glade was found
Or Calydon's: I wail not my swift call
To nether shades: not nobler could I fall.

That is an epitaph of the more stately kind, though it has the subtle touch of the affection subsisting between the dog and her master, which only death could sunder.

Another poem to a dog is cast in a different mould; but it has a wonderful charm of its own. It is addressed to Issa, the lapdog of the poet's friend Publius, and may have been intended to be fixed to the picture, which is described in the last lines:—

Issa's naughtier than Catullus's "Sparrow" I fear,
Issa's purer than kiss of the dove to its dear,
"Issa's more to my taste than a bevy of girls,
Issa's truly more precious than Indian pearls,
Issa's Publius' lapdog the light of his eyes.
You'd think she were talking whenever she cries;
She shares in his gladness, she thrills to his woe.
She leans on his shoulder and sleeps soft and low,
Not a breath can you hear, not the sound of a sigh:
Not nature's requirements—e'en were she to die—
By a single drop's stain would the coverlet betray,
But she begs you lift down by a paw's lightest play,
So great is her modesty cleanly and gay.
She knows not of love; nor indeed can we find
Fit mate for this wee tender virgin designed.
That her last dawn may bear her not wholly away,
My Publius has painted her portrait; you'd say
Such a likeness of Issa there scarcely could be,
And Issa herself, yet not Issa, you see.
Place the two side by side, you'll think both are real,
Or both are but pictures, both truly ideal.

That is one of the daintiest poems to a pet that I have ever seen, and recalls Mrs. Browning's lovely lines to "Flush, my dog."

Martial had an eye for unwonted events: in 78 A.D. occurred the terrible eruption of Vesuvius, which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, and put an end to that enthusiastic naturalist the elder Pliny. The poet thus commemorates the disaster:—

> Vesuvius bloomed with vine-shades yesterday,
> Here vats with lordly grape-juice overflowed.
> Bacchus loved these peaks more than Nysa gay,
> Here first the Satyrs in their dances glowed.
> Here's Venus' throne more loved than Sparta-town;
> Here Hercules left his great name fore'er
> All lies in flame and baleful ash sunk down.
> E'en gods might wish such woes they might not dare.

The wish in the last line is whimsically expressed, but quite after the poet's fashion, who all but repeats it in another connection. He had also a perception of the intrinsic beauty of some natural curiosities, as the following epigram shows: —

> A bee lies hidden bright in amber bead,
> In its own nectar folded seems to lie;
> For all its toil full worthy is its meed;
> Surely itself had chosen thus to die.

The translation might easily be improved upon, the poem itself cannot: it is touched with a delicate grace and polished to a crisp finish, which may well defie the tooth of time.

I must now give some examples of Martial's shorter epigrams, which have not yet lost their point and have reappeared down a long line of successors and imitators. A lady annoyed him by the aromatic profusion of her perfume, and he wrote:—

> Where'er you come, we fancy Cosmus by,
> That from its glass is shaken cinnamon's dew;
> Pray, Gellia, quit this foreign trumpery:
> Thus drenched my dog could smell as sweet as you.

He had a simple suit in the Court for the recovery of three nanny-goats, and his Counsel indulged in heroics, which he thus derides :—

Not for violence, battery, poison—in short
My suit for three nanny-goats comes into Court;
I've summoned my neighbour for stealing the three.
The judge only asks for a plain proof from me;
You thunder, and bellow, and gesticulate,
Of Wars Mithridatic and Cannæ you prate,
Of the Carthaginian's treacherous hate,
Of Marius, of Mucius, of Sulla the Great;—
Please, Postumus, mention my nanny-goats' fate.

He heard of a lady suspected of poisoning her husbands, who had been more than usually numerous, and this was his comment :—

Cursed Chloe has carved o'er her seven husbands dead
On their tombs, "Chloe wrought it." What more could be said?

He was fond of a jibe at the doctors of his day : here is one :—

Of late a leech, now undertaker turned,
Diaeclus does, what he as leach had learned.

Here is another :—

He bathed with us, dined merrily, and yet
Andragoras was found dead by dawn's breeze
His swift fate's cause, Faustinus, would you get?
In dreams he saw the leech Hermogenes.

In ancient gardens an indecent figure of the god Priapus was set up to frighten thieves and protect the property. Here is what Martial says of the fate of one of these :—

A thief for excessive rapacity known,
A Cilician, would plunder a garden alone;
That garden, Fabullus, was long and was wide,
Yet had naught but a marble Priapus inside.
The Cilician refused to be balked by the plot,
So he stole poor Priapus the guard of the lot.

Lastly here is an apology for his late arrival to a cross host :—

> To the first milestone just at two I came;
> You call me laggard, slowcoach, angrily :
> It's not the road, nor my fault; you're to blame,
> Pætus, because you sent your mules for me.

But I must not pursue this course further, though it is more than a little seducing, where the choice is so manifold and so varied.

Martial was censured by some of his contemporaries for the length of many of his epigrams. Here is his reply, which is sufficiently conclusive :—

> Cosconius, you think my epigrams too long :
> You're only fit for greasing axle-trees.
> So the Colossus is too tall—quite wrong—
> While Brutus' statuette's too short, one sees.
> Learn what you know not : Marsus, Pedo skilled
> Oft take two columns for a single theme.
> What none can minish, is exactly filled :
> Too long, Cosconius, e'en your distichs seem.

The answer though abusive covers the case : no-one who reads the longest epigram will wish it shorter. In every instance it leads by successive stages to the point, which seems all the sharper from the length of the prelude. Martial saw life's eccentricities and its "little ironies" with an almost fatal clearness, and he had the power of fixing them in lines of equal polish and point. Naturally amongst such a host there are weaklings, though they are comparatively few. For this too he has his defence, made to a friend who set up a bust of him in his library :—

> You'll find things good, bad, middling, when you look :
> E'en so, Avitus, is made up a book

Now he poked fun at a parasite with a kindly smile, now he poured forth his wrath against a niggardly patron, or a libellous plagiarist. Now he observed an old man's bald head painted to look like hair and recommended

him to use a sponge instead of a barber. Now he shed a tear over the death of two young slaves from the attack of a reputedly tame lion on the arena. Now he sung of an accident from which his friend, Regulus, narrowly escaped. Now he tuned a grateful lay to one of his patrons for the gift of a handsome goblet. Now he penned subtle flatteries to Domitian; now he eulogised the skill of a juggler with a shield. Now he deigned to compose Saturnalian epigrams, which had better have remained unwritten.

Wherever we open the Twelve Books of Epigrams we find by turns something to amuse, something to stir our tears, something to admire, something no doubt to provoke our disgust. But if the number of his poems be considered there are surprisingly few actually bad. Martial was a perfect master of the metres in which he sang and the tongue in which he wrote. There is an inevitableness in the order and meaning of his words, which can only dimly be seen through a translation. His terseness is unrivalled amongst the Latin poets, nor has there been any poet just like him since he passed away at Bilbilis. He found the epigram to his hand; but he did not leave it as he found it. He shaped it in the fashion which it has retained ever since. He made it his own. His humour is bright and for the most part not unkindly; his wit is keen and cutting, when he has the mind, but he could turn it to delicate compliment. His observation may have been to a certain extent superficial. But what he did see, he saw with an astonishing clearness, and he could describe it with a dainty or a pungent truth, which give quite a modern tone to this side of his genius. As a friend he was true and affectionate; if he could laugh at the foibles of his cronies, he could weep over their troubles and describe with rare fidelity and felicity their good gifts. He could distinguish the false from the true, and he hated the one as much as he loved the other.

His friend, Pliny the younger, writing after his death, says of him : " He was a man of acute and lively genius, and his writings abound both in wit and satire combined with equal candour." Towards the close of the same Letter (III, xxi) he adds : " But, it may be said, what he wrote may not be eternal. Perhaps it will not. Still he wrote as if it would." Martial's confidence in his immortality has proved better founded than Pliny's doubts on the subject, and we may leave him to rest with the sure confidence expressed in an epigram in part introductory to the second edition of his Tenth Book in 95 A.D.

My Tenth Book's hurried issue tempted me
  To call the work back by my hand resigned.
Lines old but newly polished here you'll see;
  Most will be new; reader to both be kind,
Reader my wealth, when Rome had granted you,
  "I have no greater boon to give," she said;
"By him you'll drain not Lethé's thankless dew;
  Your nobler part will live when you are dead.
The goat-fig cleaves Messalla's tomb on end,
  The muleteer mocks Crispus' broken pair.
Theft harms not writings, centuries befriend;
  These monuments alone Death needs must spare."

HEDD WYN.

By Rev. D. Marlais Davies, B.A.

THE year is 1887, and the locale Trawsfynydd in Merioneth. As the day in golden sandals bids adieu to vale and hill the air is full of strange voices and the chimes of mystic bells. Old dreams that had been dormant for ages are restless, the spirit of Romance is astir, and senile traditions leap with vernal buoyancy, for the gods are in conclave. After decades immemorial have the "Powers that Be" predestined the advent of the vicinity's interpreter? Yet we trow little did the mother who poured her love through grief and sacrifice to her first-born think that he would bring ageless fame to their modest homestead called Ysgwrn; albeit one can never think of Hedd Wyn without catching a glimpse of that devoted mother behind him, like the sun that overhangs the million-tinted meadows of June.

But how can he, a son of the soil, dreaming under moonlight and starglow, ever sing and soar to the Temple of Beauty on Mount Olympus? Though he dream to the stars, and fling his dares to the suns, he has perforce to shepherd his father's white flock, and leave his own flock of grey dreams unrealised. Dire necessity had closed and banged the door of university culture in his face. If the wise maxims of the schoolmen are a true explanation of character "that man is what he eats . . . character is a function of latitude . . . and history is nothing more than an echo of the operation of geographical laws," and that man is altogether the product of his natural surroundings, then indeed Hedd Wyn's dares and aspirations are hopelessly doomed to failure, born in a land of craggy, stern, inhospitable mountains.

His native place was no realm where summers linger caressingly after their appointed times, and where diverse kinds of plants bring forth all manner of fruit and flowers, and—

> "All through the summer night
> Those blossoms red and white
> Spread their soft breasts."

The inhabitants of Quito, high up among the Andes, have a saying, "after Quito heaven, and in heaven an opening to look down on Quito." Hedd Wyn's haunts, however, were the very antithesis of Quito: He lived where nature was grim and severe. He stands as one who overleaps the ordinary canons, because he possessed that crucial element called character, and was endowed with that elusive spark called genius.

> "Still to ourselves in every place consign'd
> Our own felicity we make or find."

Admitting to the full man's control in the last resort over his own destiny, one has to admit that physical environment plays an important part in the process of moulding his character. This is clearly illustrated in the mind and character of our hero. The stubborn grimness of nature, the towering independence of the mountains, the sound of crystal cataracts, the music of mating birds in the woodlands, the azure blue above the trees, the lovely dell where waters run faintly rippled by the breeze—all these are deftly woven in the texture of his exquisite poetry. He saw nature transforming the poisonous pools of stagnant waters and weaving it into the wondrous tapestry of the clouds, or using it to paint the gorgeous sunsets upon the mighty canvas of the western sky; and he mirrored the scenes in his poetry.

I offer a very imperfect translation, realising more than ever my utter inability to imprison Welsh fancy in an English net. My attempt is from his poem—a chaired poem at Llanuchllyn, in the year 1913, entitled :—

MY LOST PARADISE.

Eternal my grief for the elusive Elysium,
Till thither my advent an alien I'll be ;
Eternal my woe, for the heaven I experienced
Within, and without in the sweep of the sea,
And the song of the forest that whispered to me.
Vain temptings, O storms ! I'll buy my Elysium,
Though ruined my harp, and shattered my sword.
I know Eldorado is reached through campaigning,
And well knows my soul in the greyness of fighting
That none knew Prometheus who fought not the horde.

From this time forward Hedd Wyn's life was an endless campaign. In the twilight he had seen the Vision Splendid, and was so completely captivated by its charms that in simplicity he followed on. He caught a glimpse of his beloved Vision in a poem by Eifion Wyn to the "Shepherd"—a veritable gem. Intoxicated by its beauty, he fared forth through the morning dew to follow the lingering lustre of his Vision with unwearied devotion. He kept asking flower and flake if they had seen her. Like Euridice he flung his query over field and forest, river and lake.

Once again he entered the Eisteddfod, and unquestionably that was the making of Hedd Wyn. Apart from the Eisteddfod it is questionable whether he would ever be able to develop the wings that carried him ultimately in his last poem, "The Hero," from the blood-stained fields of France to a secure place in the Hall of Arts. Indeed, to understand the progress of Hedd Wyn in the art of poetry one has to know something of the genius of the Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod.

Lest I be considered a biased witness of its incomparable power, let me quote the considered opinion of Mr. J. Lewis Paton, High Master of our renowned Grammar School :

The Welsh Eisteddfod "is the most wonderful thing in our islands, a thing whose equal can only be found in Greek Olympic Games. . . . . Few people who do not know Wales well realise how deeply the

Eisteddfod goes into the national life. Apart from the great National Eisteddfod, there are innumerable local eisteddfodau, forming a network of culture, all over the country. Almost every Welsh chapel has its annual eisteddfod in which the children compete in the writing of essays on Welsh authors, in recitations, singing, and the writing of poems . . . . . The winner of a chapel event this year may well find himself in a few years' time the possessor of a bardic title won in the national gathering. . . . . The fault an impartial observer might find with the eisteddfodau is a too persistent regard for the past."

That quotation is literally true of Hedd Wyn, except that he entered the Eisteddfod tournament not "with a persistent regard for the past," but as one who believed more in instinct than tradition.

Boldly he entered the battle, and though he returned with bowed head badly bruised, the whisper of the wind that very night would set him off again nothing daunted.

In fact his wounds were caused by his wild careering through the realms of romance, and the weaving of dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before. Many angels guarding the portals of the poet's paradise with flaming swords are less angelic than they appear. Divest them of their delegated regalia, and nothing remains but a mighty atom. Hedd Wyn suffered at the hands of these literalists,—brick and mortar materialists, poets so-called. He was a poet who revelled in mysticism and romance and was therefore at a discount. To the oracles, romance was undiluted foolishness, and mysticism,—Manchester fog.

When entrance was refused, Hedd Wyn would follow his Vision o'er moor and fen, crag and torrent, overleaping the boundaries of ordinary confines, conscious only that his Vision Splendid was ahead. Manly he fought the contempt of many oracles and through all rebuffs kept his divine passion aglow—a no mean achievement when one remembers W. B. Yates' definition of it:—

> "One of the fragile mighty things of God
> That die at an insult."

He succeeded to capture many prizes and bardic chairs in contests of no mean order.

In 1914, he competed in the Royal National Eist. at Bangor with an ode on Eryri (Snowden) and received an adjudication far from encouraging. He tried again for the National honour at Aberystwyth in 1915 with a remarkable ode on Strata Florida. It is a far more mature composition, couched in exquisite language and possessing the unity of conception that suggests the master mind. One of the three adjudicators pronounced it the best in the competition and well worthy of the National Chair. It is significant that this gentleman after our hero's death edited his poems, a selection of which is published in book form.

I have very imperfectly endeavoured to translate a few of the shorter poems therein.

THE BLACK SPOT.

We have no claim on the stars,
And none on the longing moon:
Nor the golden cloud that bathes
In the depths of the azure noon.

We have no claim on aught
Except the earth and the sod.
And that is a chaos—a blot
In the midst of the glory of God.

THE WAR.

Woe me, to live in such an age,
And God withdrawn from life,
Behind Him, man—both king and sage
Set up his throne for strife.

When he felt God had thus withdrawn
To slay his brother, forth he roams.
The sound of wailings fill the air,
And lengthening shadows fill the homes.

The harps hang limp on willow trees,
For liquid notes we list in vain:
Our manhood's death-knells fill the breeze,
Their blood is mingled with the rain.

My Gwenfron and I.

My Gwenfron meandered one evening with me,
The zephyrs were laughing above in the tree;
One moon shone aloft, and one in the lake,
And love built around us a castle opaque;
Where nightingales sing for lovers' sake,
And there in the whispers of zephyr and sea,
Was plighted a troth twixt my Gwenfron and me.

Full many years after, the trees of the vale
Were silent and leafless, snow covered the dale.
The hours of exquisite youth had long fled,
And numberless cares o'er the valley had spread.
The hurricane howled in the tree overhead.
Tho' harder grow winters, more boist'rous the sea,
The troth is unbroken twixt Gwenfron and me.

My Gwenfron and I are an age-ing pair,
The winters have left their snows in our hair.
Our eyes fade paler as days travel West,
And fires of passion have cooled in our breast,
But, Oh our love grows warmer, more blest.
To the land of youth o'er the surging sea,
I'm silently moving, my Gwenfron with me.

The End of Roaming.

Thou didst love to roam and meander
The countries that lie oe'r the mighty deep:
And then return to the haunts of our mountain
As light of heart as a baby's sleep.

We saw thee awhile ere thou returnedst
Into the conflict that shuddered the earth.
Thine accents were bold, thy soul patriotic,
Accents that cost—of infinite worth.

The storms that blow o'er the hills of Trawsfynydd
Are wailing thine absence, as sadly they dance:
Whilst thou art amongst an unseen battalion,
Sleeping thy dreamless sleep in France.

Once more Hedd Wyn marshalled his forces to compete at the Royal National when held at Birkenhead, but before the poem was completed, he heard the moan of his country's soul calling him to another tournament in France; and the shepherd poet left the tranquil peace of his home to join the madding crowd's not ignoble strife on the fields of France and Flanders. Out there, rain-splashed, battle-worn and brave, he finished his poem on the "Hero," and from the trenches dispatched it under an assumed name.

When the great day arrived, the glorious day of his most cherished dream, and his name was called to be chaired premier bard of Wales—called three times— he could not hear, for he slept his "dreamless sleep" under a little wooden cross on Vimy Ridge.

When this tragic fact was revealed, and, in accordance with ancient tradition, the Archdruid covered the vacant chair with a black pall, in the solemn, reverent hush, more than one thought they saw through their tears, the shade of Hedd Wyn falling from a more radiant company, smiling at the tribute of his Nation's undying homage.

"LAD'SLOVE AND LAVENDER."

A Chant Royal.

By Oliver C. de C. Ellis, M.Sc.

> Come to me in my dreams; and then
> By day I shall be well again;
> For then the Night will more than pay
> The hopeless longing of the Day.
>
> —*Matthew Arnold.*

PRINCESS, if 'twere a prayer for your consent
  Must first be granted, ere the thing I prize
Above all else supremely eminent,
  Were mine to hold, I know you would devise
Some gently kind denial; and never guess
That you had quenched a secret happiness,
Lighting an else begloomed eternity . . . .
So little do you know!—but dreams are free:
  So do not see me while I dream your throne
One with this shrine where now I bend my knee.
  I know my dream is fair; and I dream on.

So intimately with my life 'tis blent,
  This dream of mine, as though I wore disguise
To pass the day's routine; and then content,
  Crept back into my dream to idolise
You, soul of all my world dimensionless,
For in my loyal dream is no caress;
There, but a hand-clasp were a robbery
As one should steal stars from the Galaxy.
  The sex-bane tom-toms' primitive monotone
Hushed sudden at my dream's pure melody . . . .
  I know my dream is fair; and I dream on.

A brutish race is Man. So long he bent
  In brutish posture crawling, that to rise
Was nigh beyond his strength. The innocent,
  Dub targets, suffer still an Ape's surmise;

And you, who in my dream can acquiesce
And smile to see my love, would find the stress
Of gibing inference a tyranny
Too gross to bear; (and it were infamy
  Were I to beg you bear it); so alone
I dream my dream, and for philosophy—
  I know my dream is fair; and I dream on.

God loved you as He made you. There is pent
  Within your face the light of evening skies;
As if your spirit, as you came and went,
  Left there, as sunlight on the water lies,
Twin pools of shining twilight, that should bless
Some lonely spirit, struggling in the press
To drink the healing virtue in your eye.
Have I not seen your winsome sympathy!
  I am your hound; but even I can con
Your life's rare poem of philanthropy . . .
  I know my dream is fair; and I dream on.

I think the wonders of the firmament,
  That so expand the wonder in your eyes,
Are naught save in so far as they have lent
  Their tithe in helping God to make you wise.
Hark, they shall cease: their glory, my princess,
Wanes and declines as you and I progress
Queen in wide space and Hound of Heaven to be!
Ah, think not I forget your high degree:
  Inhabiting these dancing worlds is none
Would guard you as the heart you hold in fee . . . .
  I know my dream is fair; and I dream on.

Princess, I see you sometimes dreamily
Pre-occupied yourself: What phantasy,
What Ideal gives *your* world of dreams its Sun?
I dream that in your dream, a place for me
I know; my dream is fair; and I dream on.

DREAMLAND.

(Being an account, by a very young lady, of an Evening's Adventure.)

By J. H. Hobbins.

WHEN everybody's gone to bed, and lying fast asleep;
Well, that's the time the Brownies and the Fairies come—They creep
Across the floor, and hop about, and dance upon the bed;
And some are dressed in green and brown, and some are dressed in red.
They crawl across the eider-down—such funny little things;
And fly around the bed-posts, though they haven't any wings.
They hide behind the pictures, where you'd think they couldn't pass;
And while you're wondering where they've gone, come bounding through the glass.
They jump upon the pillows, and they pinch your ears and nose;
But it's no use getting cross with them and hiding in the clothes;
'Cause if you do they'll just stick pins and needles in your toes,
And pull your hair like anything—to vex you I suppose.
But you really needn't worry—'cause as soon as Queenie sees them,
She waves her wand, and smiles at them—and that just seems to please them;
So they scurry off, and leave you, and to Queenie they attend,

For they'd never think of teasing when they know you're
Queenie's friend.
Then Queenie waves her wand again, and 'fore you're
quite aware
They all go racing round about, and gliding through the
air;
They skip along the mantelpiece, and chase across the
ceiling;
They tumble down the curtains, all a-laughing and
a-squealing;
At any rate I'm sure they squeal, although they make no
sound,
For they look so wild and merry as they bounce up from
the ground,
Some race around in circles, while some gather in a
bunch,
Just like you see them every week on front of Mr. Punch.
No wonder poor old Toby looks in such a solemn fix;
He's wondering—p'raps—like I do, how they learn to
play such tricks.

SOME MODERN LOCAL BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.

By Henry Cadness.

THE expression of ideas and communication of thought as displayed by man in all ages affords a very interesting subject for research and discussion, as it gives an insight into contemporary habits and customs, and enables a better appreciation of ingenious developments which reflect the advance of civilisation and culture almost without a break. Prehistoric pictographs on stone and bone are the chief source of information regarding primitive man. Painted and inscribed papyrus, birch-bark, parchment and vellum have all given place to wood and metal block printing, and wonderful scientific methods of reproduction by means of the printing press have given rise to a special branch of artistry that is not only very beautiful but of vast importance commercially and socially, and is a valuable adjunct to literature.

Modern facilities for printing book pictures in line, tone and colour by the aid of photography have given an impetus and opportunities quite beyond anything ever imagined in the days of the scribes, illuminators and printers of old.

The technical processes have led to the development of special characteristics in the original drawings, and the artist studies specialised methods which are suited for translation by photo-mechanical processes with but little loss of the qualities of the original, and the photographer can now reproduce so perfectly that in some instances it is difficult to distinguish the print from the drawing.

Unfortunately, this very facility has also led to careless

and defective work, which is quite consistent with the hurry and bustle of the times, and the careful, painstaking methods of old are often abandoned in order to be "ready for to-morrow's issue," or to meet reduced competitive prices.

For all this, there has never been a better output of really excellent work, both artistically and technically, and never before has the world seen such remarkably varied styles.

The refinements of the classical epochs of art in ancient Greece and Rome were revived in Italy in the 15th century; whilst the vigorous decorative qualities of the Gothic styles were influential in the developments of printing in Europe. Book pictures were cut on wood blocks in strong decorative line in the early stages, and colour was added by hand after printing, and thereby the illuminator and miniaturist were superseded. Light and shade effects of a rich pictorial kind were produced by etching on metal. The names of Durer and Rembrandt need only be mentioned to call to mind achievements that have never been surpassed. Later, at the end of the 18th century, Bewick, the shoemaker of Newcastle, invented the process of engraving on the end grain of the wood block, so enabling the rendering of very fine lines and tones somewhat akin to the qualities of etching, and leading to realistic effects which unfortunately superseded the simpler decorative effects associated with the wood-cutting on the " plank " as in the Durer period.

In this block work the artist formerly made the drawing, reversed on the block, in line or wash, and the specialist engraver cut away all that was not required to print; he rendered the tones by means of lines or fine points, under the guidance of the artist. Frequent conflicts ensued owing to their differences in the point of view, and the artist's drawing was destroyed by the process of cutting. The wood engravings of about 1860, from the drawings by Millais and others, have a remark-

ably charming effect largely attributable to the sympathetic treatment of the material.

When the process of photography enabled the transfer of the photo print to the wood block the artist was enabled to draw on paper on a larger scale and could concentrate his attention on the æsthetic treatment of the subject, the photographer reducing it to the required size, reversing and transferring it to the block ready for engraving so that the original drawing was not destroyed.

It is interesting to note with regard to subjects for illustration, that the early work was chiefly of serious literary themes, religious pictures, followed by classic myths in which humour was seldom indulged in. We have now, in addition, topical subjects of everyday life, illustration of scientific work, of novels, poetry and other branches of literature, and humorous themes present a vast field which gives outlet to lighter thought peculiar to the life of our time. It is well said that "humour is the salt of life," and there is to-day most remarkable refinement and skill displayed in illustrating fairy tales, in cartoons, and sometimes in caricature and comicalities, which from a psychologist's point of view are beneficial in these strenuous times. Unfortunately, as with many other good things, too often "the salt loses its savour." This is noticeable in the superabundance of trivial comic papers which find a ready sale. Much that is in them produced that is corrupt, it debases not only the purchaser, but the producer also, and he is often compelled by his necessity to accept work which is quite uncongenial, as he would rather exercise his skill in higher efforts if patronage gave sufficient encouragement.

Amongst the crowd of artists who devote their attention to the embellishment of literature with the pictured page, some are intimately associated with Manchester by birth, education or other link, and its School of Art has not been without able workers in this delightful field. It is my pleasure to call attention to the work of a few who

have attained to high positions, each presenting distinctly different tastes and treatments according to their different temperaments.

Henry Ospovat has given the world a charming series of pictures rendered perfectly in harmony with the subjects they illustrate. This youth was born in Russia, at Dvinsk, in 1880. He came to Manchester at the age of 14, and was bound apprentice to a local lithographer, whose chief business was commercial tickets for cloth goods to send to foreign markets. A wealthy Jewish lady, who, like all members of that persuasion, take a praiseworthy interest in their fellow members, introduced Henry to the School, and he took courses of design and figure in the evenings. With extreme enthusiasm he supplemented his class work with sketching in the street, tram and elsewhere, filling book after book with character studies, and making astonishing progress. Being of a retiring disposition, he mingled but little with his fellow-students. He confided much in me, and found in his studies a joy that was an excellent antidote to the drudgery of his daytime labour, which gave him but little outlet for his fertile imagination. He was somewhat impatient of school exercises, but gave considerable attention to the scientific side of the subject, and he increased his meagre income by designing book-plates, certificates, etc. With these he gained a reputation which enabled him to take honours in art examinations, winning a silver medal and a local prize, as well as a scholarship in the Art Training Schools for Craftsmen at South Kensington, where Mr. Thomas Armstrong, of Manchester, was the Director. He left the School in Manchester after close upon seven years' study. At South Kensington his ideals were not realised, the routine was not congenial, and he was subjected to unpleasant treatment by his fellow-students, even to ragging by arranging fictitious appointments ostensibly to meet the artists, Sir E. J. Poynter and G. F. Watts, which of course

ended in their meanly ridiculing him in one of the courts of the Museum. He had a supreme contempt for superficial work, and his severe criticisms made him still less appreciated except by a small group. Moreover, he was sought by publishers without having to offer his folios as so many others had to do, and he left the School after about a year's training, getting commissions from publishers, and under trying conditions he illustrated Shakespeare's sonnets in 1899, at the age of 20, Arnold's poems 1900, Shakespeare's songs 1901, Browning's "Men and Women" 1903, and numerous other works, attaining such distinction that a collection of his illustrations is now on view in the print secton of the British Museum, and his life forms the subject of a volume by Mr. Oliver Onions. His imagination and skill of draughtsmanship enabled him to select and to render with great power the essential characteristics of his subject; and one must express regret that he was tempted to caricature and ridicule, often with bitterness, prominent people of the day. It led him into a lighter use of his talent, no doubt wonderfully clever work, but not without hindrance of his greater and higher poetical feeling. The victims of his pencil rejoiced in being singled out for his attention; they little knew that in many cases he was serious in his exaggerations. His early struggles were not easily forgotten. His death, at the early age of 29, deprived the art world of one of its most hopeful devotees, of whom there are not many so deeply sincere.

Another youth, a jolly, chubby youth, full of fun, who also revelled rather in the spirit of art than in its laboured technical expression, about the same time, devoted himself to the study of book illustration, and took great interest in the pageants and plays which then were dealt with as educational subjects in the School, giving exercise as they did in painting scenery, designing costumes, as well as in acting. Ernest Marriott was a member of the Manchester Literary Club along with Oppenheimer. He

did not take kindly to the routine of school work, though he was very industrious. I may say, after much experience, that I like the venturesome youth who strays discreetly and occasionally wanders from the rigid path there is some chance of attaining if, by persuasive encouragement you get him to assimilate knowledge without submerging his personality, and with patience recognise the innate power leading it out with diligence. On this point Francis Galton, in his "Inquiries into Human Faculty," speaks of temperaments being inherited, even in the wild beast. He says he has "seen in Africa the semi-wild oxen, gregarious, wandering in mass for protection from the enemy, whilst one in a hundred strayed aside without fear. These the herdsmen train to become leaders, finding them to serve best for the purposes of the 'fore-ox." In art and other matters also this "fore-ox" tendency is evident, but for one who displays it there are hundreds who will attain but little only. Yet even these can become successful by sympathetic guidance, bearing in mind that it is impossible to educe powers that are not present in the germ (not even correspondence schools can do this!).

Ernest Marriott took mainly to caricature and developed fine literary power which was augmented by his appointment as Librarian to the Portico Library, where he remained for ten years. His humour was droll, incisive, satirical, his drawing full of character, and as a contributor to a short-lived Manchester periodical called "Laughter" he did remarkable portraits of contemporary characters—Bernard Shaw, Chesterton and others. He was associated with Gordon Craig for two and a half years at the Theatrical School in Florence, and did very good work in designing scenery, masks and costumes. Besides the illustrations in "Laughter" his pictures in "Don Quixote" and articles on Segantini and Jack B. Yeats show a rich taste that would have ensured for him had he lived a great future in the world of illustration

and theatrical art. His big-hearted sympathy and joviality was most helpful to the wounded soldiers at the Brabyns Hospital, Marple, where, as Harold Brighouse tells us, he taught them to use their hands in profitable craftsmanship. His sudden death, shortly after giving a lecture to the wounded, has been a regrettable loss to his large circle of friends, and his sincere work shows an enthusiasm which indicates that Marriott was destined to become a leader if he had been spared.

Herbert Cole, a student of about the same period, displayed remarkable taste in decorative figure work drawing of cartoons for stained glass and book pictures, being awarded a gold medal for colour work, and gaining a scholarship at South Kensington after his course of study in the School of Art. Possessed of a rich imagination, power of concentration and a chuckling humour, he always tried to reason things to a definite conclusion, and these traits are beautifully displayed in the completeness of his illustration, nothing finer has ever been done than his "Gulliver's Travels," "Fairy Gold" and "Nut Brown Maid," and his illustrations of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" are delightfully in the spirit of that "Rime." His pen and chalk drawings are excellent examples of craftsmanship, and the decorative qualities of his compositions are most effective. In recent years, with a keen sense of sympathy in political movements, he has drawn scathing cartoons which have been effectual aids to the movement for which they were designed and add variety to the great volume of rich and successful work which augurs well for Herbert Cole's future.

In contrast of subject and technical treatment the work of Wilmot Lunt is of great interest. As a careful, painstaking student of life as well as of art, with a jovial, frolicsome temperament, he has devoted his talent to the depicting of society in all its phases, particularly revelling in the funny side of things and holding up to ridicule

certain typical products of our modern civilisation. Lunt has a ready wit and a facile pencil; with a few strokes he seizes the grotesque character or the graceful movement and attitude of the individuals who, through circumstances of life and environment, have become ennobled or degraded types of humanity, both snob and slut, scum-top and submerged tenth are forcibly rendered. The treatment of materials and their qualities, as well as facial and figure expression, are given with a firmness that shows great insight and perception. Genuine humour is not painful, ridicule may compel reform, caricature may emphasise the need for change, the pencil may then become an asset of great value. Lunt has attained a high position in this type of subject, not in adorning the tale, but in adding amusement to meet the necessities of life. Du Maurier exercised his skill in the most refined pen drawings, Bairnsfather gives the witty touch in coarse drawing, perhaps sufficient to make a nation laugh in war time. Lunt's studies have additional value as excellent works of art. The public are appreciative of these types of subject, and Lunt's work can be enjoyed not only for its humour, but also for the technical skill with which it is rendered in the original chalk and wash drawings. He came to Manchester on a scholarship from Warrington, was industrious and persevering, studied the figure thoroughly, developed the power of memorising to such a degree that he can to a great extent dispense with models, and most of his work is done spiritedly with the aid of rapid sketch notes, hence the virility and vigour of his work.

Walter Webster studied at the School of Art in 1895, a quiet, thoughtful, studious youth, excellent in design and composition studies, and keen on figure subjects. He has studied at the Royal Academy Schools, been awarded a silver medal in the Paris Salon, and has many other honours. He has added to his academic study a rich quality of technical skill, which enables brilliant produc-

tion in black and white and colour wash drawing, and since his return from the war he has been elected member of the Royal Portrait Society and the Royal Institute of Oil Painters.

T. C. Dugdale, a fellow student of Webster, has been awarded many honours, including a British Institute scholarship and a medal in the Paris Salon. His illustrations of ballads and of boys' books are remarkably expressive of a truly sympathetic feeling, reminding one of Caldecott's work, but carried out with such exquisite completeness that makes every individual delightfully interesting. His full-page contributions to the large illustrated magazines, and his pictures of war incidents in the East show qualities which have a national interest as well as an artistic one.

The work of Henry Coller in various newspapers and magazines, and that of David Ghilchik, students of more recent years, show skill of craftsmanship and character-drawing that has received recognition by an encouraging patronage which is appreciative and shows how thoroughness and devoted application tend to success. The cartoons and caricatures of both these men are well rendered in pen drawings, and are good examples of careful emphasis of essentials with telling effect.

It would be possible to mention many others who have made excellent progress in the face of many difficulties and are now established in the art world, and here let me say that the struggles of those who take up the career of art, in whatever branch, chiefly arises from difficulties of patronage as there is not an unlimited demand. The agony of going from publisher to publisher, not always meeting with sympathy, the pride of acceptance even at poor remuneration, the fierce competition, the crowding of beguiled aspirants who have taken correspondence courses without preparatory art study all tend to conflict and to harass, and the successful ones are but few in proportion to those who have failed.

I think Manchester can be proud of those of her youths who have succeeded, and I would conclude by expressing the hope that some day a collection of books and book illustrations by Manchester artists might be gathered together in a room specially devoted to show specimens of work of those who have such ability and associations.

Many very fine examples of each artist's original drawings were exhibited together with illustrated books and pages from various publications.

THE ARNOLD BENNETT OF THE FIVE TOWNS.

By W. D. Cobley.

LEAVING Conrad and Galsworthy out of account, H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett are probably the most important, as they certainly are the most widely-known, writers of fiction in England to-day, even though Wells has ceased to be a novelist and become a blend of University Extension lecturer and Messiah whose mission on earth is to adjust our educational and social systems, who foretells for England a future compared with which that foretold for Israel by the minor prophets might well be considered an earthly paradise.

The case of Bennett is far otherwise; such as he was at the beginning such is he now, with of course considerably more experience and skill. He began life—literary life that is—as a photographer with the finest Goerz lens money could buy and the best of cameras. These instruments he has used extensively from one end of the Potteries to the other, but more particularly in "Bursley," and we have as a consequence results, not differing markedly from the snapshots of the amateur enthusiast, and as likely to impress upon the victims the importance of the part played in life by Art.

For there is one very obvious drawback to this method of reproduction, everything is there essential or unessential; the same strong light pours down upon the furniture and fittings as upon the actors; the shadows cast by the former may even obscure the latter, and it become difficult to say which is the subject of the picture, Aunt Hamps or the flower-stand. Moreover, there is a certain monotony in photographic reproductions, a dead-level of

shading, style, method and expression; here is no place for the flash of insight, the genius that at a stroke can light up a scene and leave an indelible impression on the mind for ever, but only for that genius which has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. And the idea that a man can become a great artist by taking pains is merely an exaggerated protest against the notion that a man can become an artist without taking any at all; it merely made Zola a prodigious artist not a great one for instance.

Of this capacity for taking pains Bennett has an inexhaustible store, the mere mass of his work is astounding. A story with him can flow on not for month after month or year after year, but for generation after generation with a fertility of invention and a minuteness of observation which takes in all the detail of daily life not omitting the smallest of those petty irrelevancies which, in spite of ourselves, we note in passing—the dust, the crumbs, the broken window; and even then it is not the story which comes to an end, but merely that the author stops writing.

The plan and mechanism of an "Arnold Bennett" are as easily to be distinguished as a "Seton Merriman." We have a youth brought up in poverty, starting in business for himself and rising to prosperity and even affluence; a son with vague yearnings towards the higher life in conflict with a father coercive and not to be argued with; a placatory mother, a couple of commonplace daughters, and in the offing a family of culture and refinement, that of a professional man, lawyer, doctor or architect. Upon this family the son gazes in awe from afar, but gradually finds himself upon a footing of friendship and social intercourse.

As a background to these we have on the one hand numbers of ill-paid, beer-loving, over-driven workpeople, on the other groups of not too polished self-sufficient employers of the type hit off by Oscar Wilde in a phrase

when he said, "They know the price of everything and the value of nothing."

The stories are set amid the pot banks of the Five Towns, but the staple industry (which Bennett somewhere calls the oldest craft of all—surely a mistake) plays but a small and unessential part in them. Only the Southerner could imagine that he was viewing an unique existence; for any manufacturing district of Lancashire or Yorkshire could show exactly the same phenomena, the same sacrifices to industrialism. Apart from a visit to the ramshackle works of Titus Price and the model "bank" of young Mynors, we see the result of pot manufacture—the saving and spending of its profits—rather than its peculiar influence on men's lives.

It is a strange life we are asked to view, with its hide-bound distinctions of caste and class, translated largely into terms of pounds, shillings and pence; strange fetishes, tabus and rituals according to which this is right, proper and acceptable, and any variation means the risk of becoming a pariah—Tuesday is washing-day and no other. Art and literature are the province of the women, the weak and incapable, not matters concerning the hard-headed man of affairs unless the artist has achieved fame and fortune. Religion means Wesleyan Methodism and all it connotes.

Bennett himself says:—

> You might walk from one end of the Five Towns to the other and not see the object that gave a thrill—unless it was a pair of lovers. And when you went inside the houses you were no better off; you were even worse off, because you came at once into contact with an ignoble race of slatternly serfs driven by narrow-minded women who themselves were serfs with the mentality of serfs and the prodigious conceit of virtue.

In short, a valley of great cruelty, a cruelty only partly due to greed, rather it is far more largely due to ignorance and timidity and inertia. It is by no means unique.

In turn we see all this through the eyes of the son as in "Clayhanger," the daughter in "Anna of the Five Towns," the mother in "The Old Wives' Tale," or "Leonora," and the tale is told with a confident efficiency not surpassed by any living Englishman; for if Bennett has aimed low, as I think he has, he has hit his target clean in the centre. And by aiming low I mean this—that if the great critic is irresistably attracted by the great subject on which to try his skill, the great artist can create glory from a pettifogging liar and a jealous husband, but he must lift the story from the realm of the commonplace and individual into the regions where are made manifest those springs of action, the emotions which are universal, and that test Bennett has, I think, shirked.

The fluent journalese in which he writes serves admirably to depict the groups which are his real heroes and heroines. It can even dress up his frequent platitudes into a sort of pocket philosophy. As, for example, his comment upon the fact that young Denry Machin, "The Card," wins a scholarship which gives him a start in life by altering his marks in geography from 7 to 27 in the master's absence:—

> I will not agree they are vicious, all is fair between schoolboy and schoolmaster; and if I knew an honest schoolboy I should count my spoons when he grew up.

And,

> Every life is a series of coincidences, nothing happens that is not rooted in coincidence. All great changes find their cause in coincidence.

No, he is not a stylist; very far from it in fact. We may excuse the many phrases like these:—

> They did not foresee the miraculous generation which is us,

and

> Father pooh-poohed us coming down to see the procession,

even though used by the refined and educated Janet Orgreave, as more or less permissible colloqualisms, or even the statement that you could easily see that the photograph was of fifteen sisters "from the facial resemblance between them." It is a far more serious complaint that it never varies, never rises to even passing beauty with its subject. The only passage I can find in which any attempt at beauty of form is made is in the description of the view over the valley of the Five Towns from the terrace of the new park in "Anna of the Five Towns":—

> Nothing more prosaic, nothing apparently more remote from romance. Yet it is here, softening the coarseness, transfusing the squalor of these mighty elemental operations. Look down the valley and you may suddenly comprehend the secret significance of what you see; the endless struggle for existence of man, and the ruthless havoc he has caused in the effort, and nature's indomitable ceaseless recuperation.

Even here the style is not particularly striking or beautiful, nor is there anything original in the thought.

But it is, on the whole, well adapted to Bennett's very businesslike pursuit of the Arts, and when the scene shifts to Paris for a little while, it can depict the sensuality, the bold effrontery of a midnight restaurant with the young blood and his expensive demi-mondaine with that large air so fashionable nowadays of knowing all and pardoning all, which is perhaps only the prerogative of God and the second-rate novelist. The very lack of distinction seems to make it all the more suitable a medium for the depiction of the social conditions of these traders and business men, whose lives are passed either upon, or very close to, their places of business—Edwin Clayhanger, that Hamlet in pottery ware to parody the phrase of Meredith's, the irresolute but plodding business man slowly acquiring money and solid standing, the backbone of the Five Towns; old Tellwright, shrewd, hard-headed, mean; Povey, the unambitious tradesman, respectable and

solvent; Denry Machin, "The Card," not very far removed from the quack, the quick-witted parasite to be found in all trading communities; and Stanway, the vulgar, unprincipled manufacturer.

A short story, "The Death of Simon Fuge," gives a far clearer idea of these business men of the Potteries than that we gain from the novels. It is a world in which success is all that counts, a world of the shrewd and practical, with no use for half-measures; in which only the fit survive and form a close corporation of interests, a world of Freemasons with cabalistic business and technical terms. For these men abstract ideas hardly exist; politics mean party contests; the Arts are childish play-acting, and they are perhaps interested most in the efforts of the football club to get to the head of the League. For them commerce means the making of pots cheaply and selling them at a profit, municipal ideals, more trams and a bigger refuse destructor. In short, they work hard and play hard, and have neither time nor inclination, and, to be honest, could hardly be expected, to have vital energy to be interested in much else. One could imagine the sensitive, the dreamers, the old-fashioned gentlefolk shrinking dismayed from a life nearly as full of energy and movement and as lacking in privacy and refinement as that of a railway terminus; but it is the life which commerce has created for us in many parts of these islands, and it does react, if but slowly, to the dreams and theories which it condemns as "all moonshine"; does move slowly towards the truth of Max's apothegm, that it is not History which repeats itself, but only the historians who repeat each other. Very clearly these men are made to change by almost imperceptible gradations with the passing years as we really change in actual life.

The principal women, the wives and mothers of these men are drawn with understanding skill. They are the fine flowers of pot-bank cultivation, proud and a little

expensive, with reserves and secret places within them, from which they observe and criticise their menfolk with detached calmness.

Two of Bennett's most successful character-sketches are among these, the sisters Mrs. Povey and Aunt Hamps; delightful portraits of two ladies experienced in the ways of husbands and serving-maids, learned in the lore of household management. Probably drawn from models, they must have been well past middle-age when they sat, for the latter portion of their lives is by far the most convincingly drawn.

The final impression left by these Five Town novels on a re-reading after many years is that, like the work of Charles Reade, they are already showing the marks of the damage caused by the passage of time. Why the fruit of one man's labour should ripen with time to a choice mellowness and another's show signs of decay it is not easy to say; probably the nature, extent and quality of the sympathy displayed has much to do with it. Reade's work suffers from his theatrical prepossessions. Bennett's suffers, and will suffer, from the fact that Arnold Bennett is, after all, the being in whom he has most real interest.

It is difficult, too, to obtain a clear idea of the spirit of these places from minute elaboration of description, to discover what characteristics distinguish them from, say, Oldham or Birmingham. And I have the feeling that, unable to find the fitting phrase to depict the essential quality, he gives you all, and leaves selection to you. Here is a simple example of such elaboration and missing of the real spirit; a description of one of Messrs. Lyons' cafés:—

"Amid the clatter of plates and glass and the reverberations of the mirrors and the whirring of the ventilators and the sheen of gold and the harsh glitter of white, the hoarse cries of the pale demons at the fire, the dull hum of conversations and the people waiting for your table, you practise the fine art of dining. The romance of it

> rises storey on storey, for you must know that while you are dining in the depths, the courtesans and their possessors are dining in the skies.

And it is perfectly plain that the popularity of these places is due simply and solely to the fact that they enable the quite respectable middle and lower-middle classes to imagine that for a little while they are dwellers in the lap of luxury, and frequenters of the haunts of high life at a cost of but a few shillings.

The novelist has three main courses open to him; his characters may be so finely drawn, with such complete understanding of human nature, that their actions, in almost any circumstances, can excite our interest and sympathy; or the characters may be, comparatively speaking, only sketches, but the action and setting so beautifully depicted as to enthrall us—we can, of course, have combined the beauties of both these methods.

If neither of these is attempted, nothing remains but to show not HOW people acted in various circumstances, but WHY they so acted. The story of quite ordinary men and women can be made, we know, of absorbing interest, if their successes and failures against fate, environment or character are told with perfect sincerity and skill.

It is Bennett's failure to score a complete success in any one of these methods which gives a grey drabness to the atmosphere that all the pot banks of Bursley could not give, and makes Bennett himself a far more intriguing figure than any of his characters. As for these, their stories are as authentic as a Blue Book, pieces of life lifted from the bulk. But to what end? To learn the manner of life of a Staffordshire pottery town? Why should we? What we want to learn is HOW to live anywhere. Their moral seems to be that life is an inexplicable muddle leading no-whither. Thomas Hardy's attitude to life is ironical, but in how different a way! He does imply that if fail we must, we must at least fail nobly. Bennett appears to vulgarise the whole thing in

some strange fashion. Is it because he would trace the springs of action back to motives of self-interest, primitive instincts and desires which we share with the beasts of the field?

He seems, too, to laugh at us ironically, to sneer in an infernally patronising efficiently educated Tom Thurnall sort of way, because we have for a moment ventured to think that we can accomplish anything that ignorance, vice and folly will not wreck soon or late.

There is a touch of cruelty in this ironical attitude of his, a kind of boorishness as of one destroying a beauty he either does not see or does not value; and Arnold Bennett has only himself to blame if we feel that he is not altogether free from a suspicion of bounderism. To sneer at humanity's little foibles and weaknesses is one thing, to sneer at a struggling soul is another, and there *are* failures which at least deserve to be pitied.

Of this coarseness of fibre there are innumerable instances scattered through the novels. These must suffice. Young Clayhanger, uncouth, bashful, irresolute, finding himself near the girl he loved, became aware of the faint feminine odour of her flesh and clothes. There is the description of young Rachel in "The Price of Love" in which the captivating apron she wore starts him wondering at the lovely curves and tints of the fair body beneath. "On Rachel the pinafore had a piquant and perverse air; she was young with the incomparable charm of comely adolescence; it simply excited the imagination to conceive the exquisite treasures of contour and tint and texture which it veiled."

There is much worthy of note too in his treatment of the religious activities of the sect in which, it is fair to assume, he himself was brought up as a youth:—

> It got about that the preacher who had been engaged, a specialist in revivals, was a man of miraculous powers. The number of souls which he had snatched from eternal torment was precisely stated, and it amounted to tens of thousands. He played the cornet to the glory of God, and his cornet was of silver.

Of Ephraim Tellwright, who grew "garrulous with God" at prayer-meetings, he says that "it was he who reduced the cost per head of souls saved, and so widened the frontiers of the kingdom of Heaven."

This is what he finds worthy of notice and worth saying about Christmas Day in the village of Stockbrook:

> Who could have believed that the Wesleyan Methodists, already singing a Christmas hymn inside the dwarf Georgian conventicle and their fellow Christians straggling under the lych into the churchyard, scorned one another with an immortal detestation, each claiming a monopoly in knowledge of the unknowable.

And this brings us to his treatment of love. Lafcadio Hearn maintained that love plays far too large a part in European poetry and fiction, that it has been overdone as a subject and given a disproportionate place in Art. And certainly everything worth saying would appear to have been said, and well said, and the rest might well be left unsung. Birth, marriage and death are the natural order of nature, but love and marriage pace the novelists and poets after the first fine careless rapture are accepted gladly, but quietly, and cease to be the sole preoccupation of great lives. Still, if treated they must be, the treatment must be adequate; for if love is a madness it is a lovely and beautiful madness, one of the wonders of a world of wonders. Bennett's treatment is altogether inadequate, for with him it is almost all a matter of the eye and physical contact. But there are of course limits to the reproductive powers of the camera.

Anna Tellwright can attend a religious meeting at which the congregation is wrought to a high pitch of fervour, can walk home with her lover, prepare and share a meal with him, and—wonder if he knows that she is worth £50,000, without a blush.

Hilda Lessways is Bennett's most elaborate study of love and marriage, but I confess to being unable to make anything of it. It is meant to be an exact copy of life as

seen by a close observer. But surely there should be some selection, some choice of models, some attempt to heighten the emotional appeal by means of the artist's technique.

Hilda Lessways is the heroine of the Clayhanger triology of some two thousand pages. In the first volume emphasis is laid upon her mystery, her unlikeness to the commonplace young women about her, her reserves, her strange silences and equally strange speeches; and the volume ends with her letter to young Clayhanger: "I am yours absolutely, every bit of me," and two days later he is informed that she is married to the dubious George Cannon.

In the second volume she is the easily dazzled but gradually disillusioned partner of the bigamous Cannon, and ends as the failure of a fourth-rate Brighton boarding-house.

In the last, Clayhanger, now her husband, says:—

> To live with her was like living with a marvellous wild animal, full of grace, of cunning, of magnificent passionate gestures, of terrific affection and cruelty.

Those are fine words.

The volume which follows depicts her as secretive, of a low cunning, acting almost invariably on impulse, incapable of the strength that knows how to wait, but doing everything in a hurry at the moment of conception, the mystery of her (it exists only in words) is probably merely her instinctive protection against the discovery of her faults and incapacity. We see her disloyalty to her husband, her attempts to commit him in public to courses repugnant to him. But also, as Bennett tastefully puts it on one occasion:

> The guilty cloying crudeness of her cajoling would not have deceived a monarch.

This prose version of Romeo and Juliet began with the gentleman's appreciation of "the faint feminine

odour of her flesh," continued through Clayhanger's preoccupation with the idea that the lady had pretended inadvertently to drop articles in the shop as an excuse for subsequent visits; to his moralisings upon the fact that Hilda Lessways has become a mother by another man.

Let the poets say what THEY will, there is truth to life. The most conventional of Bennett's love stories is that of Leonora and Arthur Twemlow. It begins and ends on the usual lines, and it only remains to explain that Leonora is over forty, married, and the mother of three grown-up daughters. She is the "great lady" as understood in suburban society.

"Someone asked me to dance after 'The Blue Danube,' and I didn't want to. I couldn't," she observes after dancing with Twemlow whom she has seen some half-dozen times. Surely ladies of her age and experience are a trifle more subtle than this?

Probably the most satisfactory treatment of love is, fittingly enough, in the story, "The Price of Love." Like "Candida," it deals with the irresistible appeal which weakness makes to the type of woman whose love has much of the maternal in it. Rachel Fleckridge is perhaps a finer conception than Candida, whose calm philosophical resolution that her parson husband needs her most and so decides for him, has always struck me as a strange method of showing the workings of love, that unruly passion. Rachel loves and asks not why or how while seeing the sinister streak in Louis Fores. Whether her love would or could have survived his brutal selfishness, far worse to a loving woman than positive violence, the callous rejection of the offers of her love, I will not pretend to say, but I doubt it. A good woman can stand much, fortunately for us all; would she stand the secret places of her heart being profaned by indifference, her tenderness being despised, and the fragile tendrils of her affections trampled upon and torn by

hands and feet, utterly indifferent to the pain they inflicted? It was surely sufficient that Louis was a thief and a liar without stretching Rachel's love to the verge of the impossible.

Nevertheless, the story is of better invention than even "The Card," and there is more appeal in it to the great underlying principles of life.

Bennett's elaboration of detail, to which I have already referred, has the awkward result of frequently causing him to wander down side lanes. A casual reference to a debating society means a full description (worthy of any reporter) of the room and its occupants and a summary of the paper on Colenso of which any club secretary might be proud; the mention of a photograph of Aunt Hamps involves a page of description, including the velvet curtain at the back and the cameo brooch. It is often hard to explain the presence of this overwhelming mass of detail, unless it is meant to add weight to the illusion of reality; but the artist has been known to destroy the desired impression by over-carefulness and elaboration; and the extraordinary length to which Bennett carries this minuteness produces results on occasion almost ludicrous. Hilda Lessways attends Chetwynd's School, and we are told, "It had changed hands, but was still known as Chetwynd's," a fact hardly worthy of mention since we have not heard of the school before and do not hear of it again.

Again, what is served by the long and elaborate description of the methods of the Midland Clothing Company at the end of "The Old Wives' Tale"? It is not too much to say that any one of these volumes could be cut down by one-third, without destroying in any way its artistic value.

Here is another important fact—

> The sash of the window would not work quite properly owing to a slight subsidence in the wall, and even when the window was

fastened there was always a narrow slit at the left hand between the window and its frame.

But Bennett's laborious methods have their successes too; in fact it would appear to be a consequence of them that pictures are left in the memory rather than the actions of the characters. As a piece of word-painting what could be more effective than the vivid story of the Revivalist meeting in "Anna," with the hysterical overwrought electrical atmosphere, the "pillars" passing from pew to pew asking "Are you saved?" the choir in the singing seat, the penitents going shamefacedly or gloriously to the penitent form, and, above all, the strange figure of the diminutive Revivalist with his silver cornet and extraordinary prayers to the Almighty to save them "now, now, at twenty minutes past seven." Of its kind this is fine work.

As you pass out you are asked to buy portraits of the Revivalist, price one shilling each, which brings you back to earth with a shock.

And here again I find myself out of sympathy with Bennett's turn of mind. That final touch appears to me to turn the whole thing into a piece of detached ironical observation, a sneer at things at which no man has a right to sneer.

And being made thus aware you find this an all too frequent habit. A fine, if lengthy, description of a schoolmistress, faded and mincing, but at least fighting hard against adversity (she plays no part in the story and does not appear again) ends with "terms and every reference sent on application"—and sometimes, too, without application, he adds.

An almost lyrical description of an amateur performance of "Patience" closes with this unexpected remark:

Would she take another curtain? Not if the ferocious jealousies behind could have paralysed her as she hesitated in the wings.

Never for very long are we allowed to forget the petty meannesses of life, rarely reminded that there are compensating virtues.

I suppose that in the critical jargon of the day we must style Bennett a realist, but—how often that but intrudes—it is possible for the realist so to select and arrange his representation of realities as to create from them a piece of Art more piercingly poignant, of far higher emotional value than the work of the most romantic impressionist of them all, the more impressive from its appearance of showing in real life the irresistible force of destiny.

Do you remember the opening chapters of "Under the Greenwood Tree," and the gathering together of the carol-singers in the old tranter's cottage? Does Hardy commence with a list of effects not differing greatly from that of a sheriff's officer? I think not; yet we gain a clear and beautiful picture of that cosy room whence the musicians stepped into the star-lit, frosty night.

The one man appears to see inanimate objects as things in themselves to be observed, the other as part of men's lives influencing them in countless subtle ways, through habit, custom or mere suggestion; in short, giving them in some sort a spiritual significance which extends from the clouds and winds, the trees and lanes to the craftsman's tools and the poor furniture of lowly homes. Further, the illusion of reality would be immensely strengthened if contrasted with a piece of imaginative creative Art.

Gogol is a realist; in "Dead Souls" the stark reality is by no least degree depicted less determinedly than by Bennet. But Gogol did not rest there; he drew Chichikov—Chichikov the shameless, so entertaining, so magnificent a liar, so plausible, so ingenious; no one ever really lived like Falstaff, Don Quixote or Chichikov, yet they live and will live for ever, they are not merely human

but the stuff from which humanity is made. And as the scenes in which they move and have their being are made memorable by their presence in them, so these scenes in turn help to make more manifest the weakness and strength, good and evil of which we too are compounded.

Something of this kind Bennett has felt, and in "The Card" has gone a considerable way towards achieving, and for that reason alone it would always command with me one of the first places among these Five Town stories. The "Card" himself is one of the few Bennett characters of which I obtain a clear personal definition; there is something very human about him and his naif belief that everything worth having in life is within the reach of the possessor of wealth.

His house—you cannot call it a home—is as bright, shining and conspicuous as a gin-palace, full of those expensive labour-saving devices which mere man attempts in vain to foist upon woman, that slave to ancient custom. His cheap wit has taught him the disconcerting results of retaliating questions upon the questioner, has made him realise that the quickest way to fortune for men like him, is to exploit the weaknesses and follies of others; in short, to join the noble army of grafters "with an eye upon every dollar that has a surplus look about it." Any self-respect he may have he will readily sacrifice to the demands of self-advertisement and his need to be ever in the limelight and the talk of the town.

And with all this he is not ungenerous, especially if the giving adds to his honour and glory.

It can easily be seen what a fine opportunity the activities of such a man gives to his creator of laughing at the pretensions and affectations of Five Towns folk, at pompous officialdom, aristocratic patronisings, advertising philanthropy, municipal gatherings and the like.

The story is a farcical comedy, the fun distinctly of the Bennett type, lying exclusively in showing the difference

between the substance and the outward seeming. But we can forgive that satirical touch of his for once, since he makes us smile, but, above all, because "The Card" is a portrait, not a photograph.

Bennett does occasionally rise above the level at which he seems so persistently to aim. Leonora in the bedroom of her dying husband, the unscrupulous John Stanway, arrives at a realisation of the subtle influence of an intimacy of more than twenty years, that there is nothing more binding, few things so sacred; a trifle that they have not loved for they have lived.

I find this passage one of the most satisfying in all the vast bulk of his work. Here I find at last an understanding pity and self-forgetfulness; here one omits to question, as after so much else. For here is no matter of the faults, follies, mannerisms, vulgarities and affectations —the things in which we differ one from another, but of those far more vital things in which we are alike.

In "Biographia Literaria" Coleridge defines the creative artist as one possessing

> the union of deep feeling with profound thought, the fine balance of truth in observing with the imaginative faculty in modifying the objects observed, and, above all, the original gift of spreading the tone, the atmosphere and with it the depth and height of the ideal world around forms, incidents and situations of which, for the common view, custom has bedimmed all the lustre, has dried up the sparkle and the dewdrops.

Edgar Allan Poe expresses the same thought in fewer words when he describes the artist's object as "the reproduction of what the senses perceive in nature, through the veil of the soul." And that is exactly where Bennett proves to be wanting. He does mirror the strange confused provincial life about him, but I find no vision, no beauty, no poetry in his presentation; he is a spectator, not an interpreter of life.

Bacon tells us that the man of science must see things in a dry light, not suffused with the humours of the affections; we can take the artist then to be the man who sees things in a light richly suffused with the romance and glow of his own temperament. We do not desire bare facts from him, but facts as seen through the eyes of a man far more sensitive to their meaning and beauty than we ordinary mortals can ever hope to be. And there Bennett falls short of the great demands made upon the true artist, there is not merely something lacking in his mental make-up, but a heaviness of touch and narrowness of vision which leave one disappointed with the view of life seen through his eyes; and one lays down the volumes with the feeling that their value could be ascertained with Euclidian exactitude—the province of great art is to stir emotion; Bennett stirs no emotion, therefore there is no great art.

We Lancashire folk, having Edwin Waugh, need not envy the Potters their Arnold Bennett.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter in words which Bennett might well have pondered at the beginning of his literary career.

> Reproductions are not enough. They do not fulfil the essential of great fiction that it should perfect life making human existence an inspiration not a wail or a bad joke. The novelist works in lives and souls if the life he presents be only a picture of the life about him with nothing of his own power to interpret it follows that it is feeble, of less value than the original. His drama must be instinct with the spirit of life or become a little less than the cinematograph.

Bennett undoubtedly has great gifts, method, invention, clearness of brain, industry, efficiency, energy, great power of observation, gifts which would have served him well in any walk in life; he would probably have been equally successful as lawyer, doctor, architect, or in business; and they are perhaps hypercritical who, having so much, would have more.

We do not demand of the novelist that he should see life as a whole, have some kind of a philosophy of life; but I do not see how you can have a great one without it. And Bennett seems to see man as one amid the countless grains of sand on the shores of time blown hither and thither by the winds of destiny, rather than as a drop in the great river of life, flowing through fair winds and foul, down to the eternal sea.

BENEDETTO CROCE ON SHAKESPEARE.

By Rev. T. M. Phillips.

BENEDETTO CROCE'S deep interest in Shakespeare furnishes another proof of the fact that the creator of "Hamlet" and "King Lear," transcending the bounds of nationality, belongs not to England alone, but to the world. Croce approaches the study of Shakespeare from the standpoint of the artist, or rather of the critic and historian of art. He is not concerned with Shakespeare the man, so much as with Shakespeare the poet. The question, say, whether Shakespeare was fully aware of the greatness of his own genius, or why he did not take the trouble to have his plays printed, is to Croce a matter of no importance. He is not interested in such things as the chronology, or the details, or the recastings or the collaborations of the plays. He is not keen on determining what portions of the Shakespearean drama are actually Shakespeare's, or what are Marlow's or Green's. All this is beside the point. He impatiently sweeps away, as of no significance, or value, what he labels as the "hybrid biographical æsthetic" of Emerson, the romanticising of Brandes, and the whole vast philological literature dealing with Shakespeare. He dismisses with contempt the bulk of the so-called biographical matter collected by enthusiastic Shakespeareans, as nothing but conjectures. He insists that it is now impossible to write a complete and satisfactory life of the bard of Stratford, as the so-called facts connected with his name are nothing else than legends, or, at least, no more than conjectures.

For the interpretation of Shakespeare's poetry, Croce finds no help either in the "Southampton theory," or in

the "Pembroke theory," or in the "Fitton theory," or in the "Davenant theory." The various theories relating to the sonnets, that is to say, whether the initials W. H. stand for the Earl of Southampton, or the Earl of Pembroke, or a musician named Hughes, or William Harvey (the third husband of Southampton's mother), or the retail bookseller William Hell, or an invention of the printer, or the poet himself (William himself)—these Croce regards as a huge joke cracked by pedants, without their themselves, in their innate lack of the sense of humour, seeing the joke at all. These "uncertainties," as he dubs them, are, in his opinion, quite useless for the true estimate and appreciation of the poetry of Shakespeare. This must ever be so, because it is a standing law of literary criticism that the life-happenings of an individual who is a poet give no key to his poetry. The poetical creations of a writer are not the effect or fruit of the turns and twists of his life as cause. A man may have a deep and wide experience of life without being a poet, and, on the other hand, a man may be a great poet although his knowledge of the world is but small.

Croce has no patience with the suggestions of Brandes that Richard III, the deformed dwarf, but possessing great intellect, adumbrates Shakespeare himself, a man of genius doomed to the drudgery of a second-class actor's profession; or that the pitiful death of the youthful Prince Arthur in "King John" reflects the loss of one of Shakespeare's own sons; or that the riotous youth of Henry V is a symbolical picture of Shakespeare's career during his first years in London. And so on. Stuff of this kind is no help to the study and understanding of his poetry. In the same way, Croce has nothing but scorn for the moonlight surmisings of such a writer as Harris. Croce casts aside the "Baconian hypothesis" and similar hypotheses of more recent date, dubbing them a sort of "ironic treatment" so dear to the purely

philological method with its unpardonable abuse of conjecture. The poetry of Shakespeare stands outside, above and beyond all such pretty fictions. The Baconians are a species of superfine literary madmen, victims of neurotic culture. Such childish conjectures remind him (quoting his own words) of "the mule of Galeazzo Florimonte (bringing) stones to birth that they may stumble over them."

Groce quotes Goethe with approbation, who was hostile to all such sickly deformations, who remarked to Eckermann that the plays of Shakespeare were the work "of a man in perfect health and strength, both in body and spirit."

Croce passes under review certain judgments on Shakespeare by various critics, such as Jusserand, Tolstoi, Rümelin, Coleridge, Platen, Mazzini, Taine, Harris and others. He rejects them all. Jusserand attributes to Shakespeare the descriptions 'un fidéle serviteur" ("a faithful servant") and "défauts énormes" ("huge failures"). Tolstoi makes the mistake of judging Shakespeare's art not by its intrinsic qualities, but by comparison with the art of realistic modern drama and fiction. Rümelin tries to make out that the characters in Shakespeare are more successful than the action. Shakespeare, according to this critic, works out each scene as a thing unconnected with the scene before it and that following it. He thus travesties the art of Shakespeare by introducing a dualism into it. Platen recognises Shakespeare's power to move the heart and the strength of his characterisation, but insists that "so much truth is a fatal gift," depriving Shakespeare's characters of grace and beauty. Mazzini maintains that Shakespeare lacks ideals; that he is a realistic poet who sings of the individual, not of mankind: a voice of the Middle Ages, not of modern times. Harris concludes that Shakespeare is void of true idealism, that the best of a Wordsworth or of a Tolstoi is outside him, that he is

unable to understand a Christ or a Mahomet. Croce disputes all these points, observing that as regards all the strange things attributed to Shakespeare the latter had no desire to possess them and had no need of them in order to attain the infinite which every true poet attains.

Moreover, Croce enumerates a number of critical methods employed in the study of Shakespeare, declaring them all inadequate. There is the exclamatory method employed by English writers, not to mention the Italian writers. The most prominent example is Swinburne, who writes that "it would be better that the world should lose all the books it contains than the plays of Shakespeare." There is the criticism by *images* describing the works of Shakespeare by means of landscape. Coleridge and Hazlitt use this method. There is the biographical-æsthetic sort of criticism already mentioned. There is the philological-æsthetic criticism which mistakes mere philology for poetry. Croce cites Furnivall's introduction to the Leopold Shakespeare as a glaring example of this inept critical method. Furnivall suggests that the "Countess mother in 'All's Well' resembles one of Titian's old ladies." There is the *rhetorical* mode of criticism which prates of "styles." This group of critics praise Shakespeare as the "Homer of dramatic style." Croce remarks here that there is no such thing as dramatic style in the world of poetry. Again, there is the "genius" criticism so much cultivated in Germany. This makes Shakespeare to be a "pure virgin, genius, ignorant of rules and limits, a force as irresistible as those of nature" (Gerstenberg). All these forms of criticism Croce regards as not helpful to the true understanding of Shakespeare's plays. The above critical methods are only useful as material for formulating a history of criticism *per se*.

We shall now endeavour to summarise briefly what Croce himself has to say of Shakespeare's works and art. He holds that no particular feeling or order of feelings

prevailed in Shakespeare's poetry. He is not an amorous poet like Petrarch, or a sad poet like Leopardi, or a heroic poet like Homer. He is too much of a universal poet, too much of an objective poet, too entirely impersonal poet, and too extraordinarily impartial poet, for his poetry to possess any distinctive keynote. It is impossible to assert of life that it is either sad or joyous, tempestuous or serene, for the reason that it is all this in turn. It is too universal to be particular. Likewise Shakespeare's poetry, its very universality (its sweep being as comprehensive as life itself) forbids its being classed under any distinctive order of feelings. Like the universe, Shakespeare's coldness is sublime. In the words of Schlegel the coldness of Shakespeare's poetry is that of a "sovran spirit which has described the complete curve of human existence, and this has survived all sentiment."

It is true that Shakespeare is not a poet of ideals, whether religious, ethical, political or social. And this of course largely accounts for Harris's criticism of him on this score, and also for Tolstoi's antipathy to him. But Tolstoi and Harris have, as it were, got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Although Shakespeare holds no brief for ideals of any kind, his idealism is the measure of his realism. Although he gives a magnificent representation of political struggles, he always goes beyond them, aiming at, and attaining through them, the only thing he really cared for—life. The keynote of his poetry in all its deep, rich, reverberating music, is this intense sense of life, palpitating like the giant heart of a fighting Titan, mobile with quickly varying hues like the face of nature on an April day, life which to him in all its million facets is profoundly dramatic: life "in its eternal discord, its eternal harshness, its bitter-sweet, in all its complexity." It is evident that to a mind endowed with such a vision there is no room for an isolated backwash like the tale of a "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," nor even for the sunny idyll of a "Vicar of Wakefield."

The life-blood of his art is a well-proportioned mixture of the "L'Allegro" and the "Il Pensoroso." The fierce gloom of "King Lear" is shot with rainbows, while the gaiety of "Midsummer's Dream" is a patch of water-lilies rooted in the dank mud. It is life undetermined by passion, for intense passions "the pain that renders mute, the love that leads to raving, impede the dream of the poet, they impede artistic treatment, the cult of perfect form, the joy in beauty." It is life unilluminated by faith, undisciplined by goodness. It is so no doubt because Croce would explain that true æsthetic is something bigger, at least in its aspiration, than even those great qualities. It is for this reason that Shakespeare has been in turn judged as being neither religious, nor moral, nor an optimist. He who is so deeply in love with life as Shakespeare was, and regards life in all its comprehensive variety as something good, and of real import and value, is of necessity one who is more than an optimist. As Croce says, no one has yet dared to judge Shakespeare irreligious, immoral, a fatalist, or a pessimist. How can they? for, as he naïvely observes, such adjectives do not suit him. As Hazlitt puts it, he who in some respects is "the least moral of poets," is in other respects "the greatest of moralists."

Shakespeare sees both good and evil in the world, and so he is no pessimist. Nowhere in his works does he refer directly to God, but, nevertheless, he has within him the obscure consciousness of an unknown divinity. He is not on the side of either good or evil, but a disinterested, yet excessively interested, spectator, who takes notes for the use of his poetic imagination. He receives all things from life, good and bad, bright and dark, sweet and bitter, so as out of them to make his Shakespearean world. He surpasses all individual emotions, but strengthens our interest in good and evil, and the vision of the life-strife becomes his poetry. It is this sense of strife in vital unity, this intense sense

of life, which gives reality to his poetry. Hence his fighting the battle at the very heart of things; hence the Shakespearean mystery; in other words, the diffused terror of the unknown everywhere present in his works. Croce applies the term "sentiment" to this spiritual condition or mental atmosphere of the Shakespearean drama.

Shakespeare is not a philosopher. He offers no solution to life other than artistic representation. He is not a Christian in his productions; neither is he a Pagan. Yet his moral discernment, his sense of what is sinful, his delicacy of conscience, his humanity bear the imprint of Christian ethics. Neither a believer in inexorable fate, nor a determinist, he recognises human sponetaneity and liberty, but everywhere in his dramas permits liberty and necessity to clash. He was a child of the true Renaissance of his age—that Renaissance of navigation, commerce, philosophic and religious strife, natural science, pictures, statues, which sets earthly life in full relief, but he did not belong to the pleasure-loving, pleasure-seeking Pagan Renaissance.

Croce applies the word *sentiment* to the foregoing aspect of Shakespeare's art, which forms the basic motive of the great tragedies.

But there is something else in Shakespeare. This something else of a lighter vein is presented in Shakespeare's earlier plays, such as "Love's Labour Lost," "Comedy of Errors," "The Taming of the Shrew," and others. Here we come across fresh smiling colours indicating love as the theme. Not the love joined to graver passions such as we witness in "Othello" and in "Antony and Cleopatra." Rather it is love alone, love as seen in comedy, love endued with the qualities of sympathy, softness, tenderness, and delicate irony. But this again is fully expressive of the sense of life.

The same recurring consciousness of life is manifest in Shakespeare's longing for romance. He loves to tell of

amorous damsels dressing as men; of brothers and sisters taken for one another; of princes masquerading as shepherds; and of gentlemen associating with bandits in forests.

The same sense of life appears in the interest he takes in practical action. This aspect of his genius corresponds to what are known as the "historical plays." It would be wrong to regard these plays as histories. Shakespeare was not a historian. His critical insight was weak. He would never have created the fine scenes and personages which ennoble these plays had he not been defective as a critic and lacked historical insight. It is not within the province of an artist to reproduce external nature, or history turned into external reality (such things do not exist in a concrete form). All an artist can hope to do is to try to produce his own sentiment, say, about the battle of Agincourt, or the low scenes in a Eastcheap common tavern, and give it form, as Shakespeare does in "Henry IV" and "Henry V."

Shakespeare's deep sense of life comes out strongly in the way he deals with the tragedy of good and evil. In the earlier plays "the plot hinges upon the acquisition or loss of a throne (or of some other worldly object)"; in the great tragedies "there is also this external gain or loss, but over and above it the winning or losing of the soul itself, the strife of good and evil at the heart of things." But evil is not wholly base or repugnant: were it so, there would be no such thing as tragedy. To cite an example of the way Shakespeare recognises fact we may note his treatment of Macbeth. For Macbeth evil spells greatness. It floats before his eyes like a haunting cloud: it takes the shape of greatness to his obsessed mind; it seems within reach, he has only to stretch out his hand to grasp it. "It shines before Macbeth as a beautiful and luminous idea shines before an artist," assuming the form of power. But something

stands in the way of the realisation of his daring plan. It is the sense of loyalty in him, of duty, justice, human pity. This throws him into confusion. He is torn asunder by his being pulled in opposite direction by his ambition for greatness on the one hand, and, on the other hand, by the reverence which the other idea inspires in his soul. "The supernatural challenge keeps undulating in his mind, now divine, now diabolical: *cannot be ill, cannot be good.*" It thus becomes a tragedy of the will: the eternal discord between good and evil in man. There is only one thing he can blame, life itself, that *fitful fever,* that stupidity of life which is

> —A tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

There is only one solution: death. He is in the iron meshes of a destiny forged by the discord in the will. The tragedy which overwhelms Macbeth comes of his incapacity to hold himself right or wrong. In "Macbeth" Shakespeare does not pose as a moralist: he is rather the truthful artist—the artist of life in all its complexities. He has a sense alike for what is noble and for what is base. His profound sense of life carries him into an imaginary world, the world of great poetry, which he creates for his own delight, and "in obedience to the law of his own development."

Having said this much about Shakespeare's nature in his poetry, what about its form, or Shakespeare's art? Croce insists that content and form cannot be separated, or considered apart, no more than the shape and colour and smell of a tree leaf can be separated from the leaf itself. In other words, true poetry naturally falls into its proper form. All works of real art must, in the nature of things present themselves in the shape which suits them. A great poem like Burns' "Tam o'Shanter" comes out of the womb fully formed in all its beauty. It is only

inferior work that calls for rules to save it from failure. Croce says that the concept of technique is foreign to æsthetic criticism. There is no trade secret in Shakespeare which can be communicated. It matters not in what form it is cast, epic, narrative, or dramatic, the soul of poetry is always lyrical. The technical excellence of poetry is really its musical character, which is common to all art.

Having arrived at this point, it will be helpful to ask: what is distinctively new in Croce's interpretation of Shakespeare? His insistence on Shakespeare's strong and keen sensibility to life is nothing fresh. The late Dr. Edward Dowden, in his "Shakespeare: His Mind and Art," points out that this was characteristically the case with the Elizabethan dramatists. The Elizabethan drama, he reminds us, reflects the life and the energy of the world of humanity. Vigorous mundane vitality constitutes the basis of the Shakespearean drama. No fate broods over the actions of men; the only fatality is that of character. Shakespeare enjoys the comedy of life; he accepts the logic of fact. Further, he is still more roused by the inscrutable mysteries surrounding human life. We easily perceive that the picture of the Shakespearean world given by Dowden tallies so far with that given by Croce. Similarly on many other points relating to Shakespeare, Dowden and Croce are at one.

Matthew Arnold defined literature as a "criticism of life." Will Croce accept this as correct? Yes and No. Croce would answer that the Shakespearean drama is a criticism of life truly. But this only holds good when the critic sheds his criticism, and is no longer a critic in the ordinary sense. Shakespeare, in his view, is not a critic at all, but an artist. But the artist is also a critic in his own way. His is not logical criticism, but æsthetic criticism. Thus Shakespeare, as a supreme artist, looks out on life and submits it to criticism, not according to the methods of logic, but by representation; that is, by

painting a wonderful picture of it, inviting his readers to look at the picture and draw their own conclusions.

So what is really new and original in Croce's study of Shakespeare is that he approaches his task by the aid of a true æsthetic. He first asks: What is art? Having found a satisfactory answer to the question, he applies the test to Shakespeare, and finds that that great genius meets all the demands made by that very strictest of criterions.

In his little book, "The Essence of Æsthetic," translated by Mr. Douglas Ainslie, Croce gives us his ideas on what art is. It is imperative to have a clear notion of Croce's principles of æsthetics in order to appreciate his criticism of Shakespeare. To the question, "What is Art?" Croce answers that art is not a *physical fact.* It is not colours or sounds or certain phenomena of heat, in short, nothing which is designated as "physical." This is so because physical facts *do not possess reality,* while art is *supremely real.* In his own words, "physical facts reveal themselves, by their internal logic and by common consent, not as reality, but as a *construction of our intellect for the purposes of science.*"

Another canon of his is that art cannot be a utilitarian act; art has nothing to do with the *useful* and with *pleasure* and *pain,* as such. Again, art is not in itself *moral.* Art does not arise as an act of will. "Goodwill, which constitutes the honest man, does not constitute the artist." While on this point, I cannot help quoting a fine sentence of his:—

> "We might as well judge the square moral or the triangle immoral as the Francesca of Dante immoral or the Cordelia of Shakespeare moral, for these have a purely artistic function, they are like the musical notes in the souls of Dante and of Shakespeare."

Croce presses the point that art has not the character of intellectual knowledge. What then is art? His view is

that art is vision or intuition. The artist produces an image or a phantasm: not a *physical* fact, not an utilitarian act, not a moral act, not even something which the intellect fashions. On the contrary, the artist produces a show, or an appearance. What he gives is not a mountain or a tree, but an idealised mountain, idealised tree. Croce finds in Shakespeare a poet who fulfils all the conditions of his æsthetic. Shakespeare looks out upon life and forms a picture of it in his imagination. But the picture he paints is not of the world as it appears to the senses, but a picture of a world cast in ideality. Ideality is the character which distinguishes art from philosophy and from history, and this ideality is "the intimate virtue of art." This is the distinguishing mark of Shakespeare's poetry. Shakespeare does not reflect and he does not judge; if he did so the artist hand in him would lose its skill. He does not act the critic, nor the contemplator, nor philosopher, nor moral teacher. If he did so he would cease to be an artist That would be the death of ideality, and he would be no longer a poet. And it is here where the freshness and originality of Croce as a critic of poetry and art appear; it is here where he differs from and excels his predecessors in the field of Shakespearean criticism.

By the aid of an instrument which a recent reviewer has named "the razor of Croce"; in other words, his æsthetic, the noted Italian philosopher and critic has cut away the vast mass of pedantic fiction, with which Shakespearean scholars have obscured the pure light which radiates from Shakespeare's sublime art. The Harris pedantry, the T. S. Eliot's ill-starred conclusions, the Baconian futility, etc.; all such, if Croce is right, are due to lack of true æsthetic. To quote a contemporary critic, "Croce's implied thesis is that we cannot do without philosophy in the experience of art."

It has been said that there is nothing new under the

sun. Still the great creations of the human mind are ever fresh. So the works of Shakespeare: every new-born morning they are new like the morning itself, wet with virgin dew, strange and ever more strange—a new revelation. So much had been written about Shakespeare that it seemed incredible that anything more of value and originality in the way of interpretation of his works could appear. Benedetto Croce has belied the prophets. It remained for an Italian thinker to restore health, truth and sanity to the criticism of Shakespeare. As Englishmen who are proud of our national poet we cannot be anything else than deeply grateful to the Italian author of the philosophy of the spirit.

"DANTE'S ILLUSTRATORS."

(*Concluded.*)

By Walter Butterworth, M.A.

II.

DANTE Gabriel Rossetti sprang from a family deeply versed in Dante lore. His father, his brother, his sisters all made the Florentine poet the subject of their writings. At from seventeen to twenty-one years of age he was sedulously translating the Vita Nuova, along with Dante's sonnets and lyrics and those of his Italian contemporaries.

From this close study of Dante's poems and the labour of translation in literary form he passed to interpretation of the same subjects in the language of form and colour. The pen gave place to the pencil and the brush.

Many of his early drawings and rich water-colours are derived from the Vita Nuova and the Commedia: "Dante drawing an Angel in memory of Beatrice," "Giotto painting the Portrait of Dante," Beatrice accompanied by angels playing musical instruments, scenes from the Inferno, the Earthly Paradise, the Paradiso. Several of these exquisite drawings illustrate the "Salutations" of Beatrice.

Many of these early designs, whether the delicately pure line drawings in pencil, or pen and ink, or the water-colours, are to be classed with his best work. Even the obviously faulty ones are often exalted, romantic, intense. His pictorial ideas are poetic, as his poetry is sensuous and picturesque. Both are imaginative, but became in later work languorous and cloying—artificially wrought and lacking in freshness. In the early water-colours

their freshness and frank colour are delightful, though the colours are applied arbitrarily.

The plein-airists, luminists, pointillists, and impressionists of later days have pitched their tents in other fields and have had little or nothing in common with him.

This habit of thinking in the wake of the great Flortentine grew upon him and 43 out of his 379 drawings and paintings are of subjects drawn from Dante. Indeed he soon ceased to paint direct from his actual environment and became, in the fullest sense, a literary painter.

Late in life, when he had grown stout and prosperous, he went on painting single feminine figures which he named felicitously enough, but rather indifferently: *La Pia,* or *La Donna della Finestra* might have had quite other names without a thought of Dante. These were not significant pages in the volume of Rossetti's works. He now knew his public with the ready purse. His art was tainted with commercialism. He had lost in ardency and intensity. His magic youth and the hey-day of his prime, had vanished. He was now the successful painter, with an assured public, eager for his works.

Contrast with these elaborated, overwrought figures three of his noblest works, all from Dante. First let us listen to the tempestuous Swinburne in a comparison of the Paolo and Francesca by Rossetti and Blake.

"Rossetti in his 'Paolo and Francesca,' painted first the beauty of beginning love in the light and air of life on earth, then the passion of imperishable desire under the dropping tongues of flame in hell.

To the right the lovers are drawn close, yearning one toward another with touch of frightened hands and insatiable appeal of lips; behind them the bower lattice opens on deep sunshine and luminous leaves; to the left they drift before the winds of hell, floated along the misty and straining air, fastened one upon another among the fires, pale with perpetual division of pain; and between them the witnesses stand sadly, as men look before and after.

Blake has given nothing like this; of personal beauty and special

tenderness his design has none; it starts from the ground. Often as the lovers had been painted, here first has any artist desired to paint the second circle itself. To most illustrators, as to most readers and (one might say) to Dante himself, the rest are swallowed up in these two supreme martyrs. Here we see, not one or two, but every circle of the souls that sinned by lust, as Dante saw it, and as Keats afterwards saw it in the dream embalmed by his sonnet; the revolution of infinite sorrowing spirits through the bitter air and furious hurricane of hell. Through strange immense implications of snake-shaped fold beyond fold, the involved figures that circle and return, flickers in wan white outline upon the dense dark."

Swinburne continues at some length his descant upon these illustrations, and in his rhetoric includes many strokes of fine observation, finishing with this just comment:—

"The flame-like impulse of idea natural to Blake cannot absolutely match itself aganst Dante's divine justice and intense innate forbearance in detail; nor so comprehend, as by dint of reproduction, to compete with that supreme sense of inward and outward right which rules and attunes every word of the Commedia."

The distinction made by Swinburne is just. Blake was for the time being engrossed by the tremendous spectacle of innumerable tortured lovers whirled about ceaselessly.

Rossetti, as always, was obsessed by the particular love-tragedy and sang it fervently in the language of form and colour. "The Kiss" is the loveliest of his water-colours. The glow of colour seems to echo the glow and sweet agitation of the lovers themselves. Their instinctive involuntary movement is closely observed and rendered with unsurpassable tenderness. It has the note of inevitability—a little consummate thing.

The other panels of the triptych devoted to this subject are less beautiful, but the entire work is unforgettable and the whirlwind, with the moaning Paolo, and Francesca in his embrace, make an impression of deep sadness and tragic fate.

"Dante's Dream," now fortunately one of the chief

treasures of Liverpool, was the outcome of long brooding over the Vita Nuova. It is the largest of Rossetti's canvases and though, in a technical sense, the painting is laboured, it marks the zenith of his powers.

(Sir J. Forbes Robertson was the model for the figure of Love.)

The subject illustrates these lines:—

> "Then love spoke thus: 'Now all shall be made clear,
> Come and behold our lady where she lies.'
> These idle phantasies
> Then carried me to see my lady dead,
> And standing at her head
> Her ladies put a white veil over her;
> And with her was such very humbleness
> That she appeared to say: 'I am at peace.'"

But it is desirable to read the whole of the noble and almost apocalyptic description of Dante's dream that Beatrice had died. It occurs in the Vita Nuova and as is usual in that work, is first told in prose and then wrought into poetry, as a sculptor carves his marble into fairer and nobler form.

Despite the technical faults which Rossetti found it difficult to avoid in his large paintings, this masterpiece is grand, solemn, imaginative and deeply felt.

The moment chosen is that of which Dante says:—

> "Now hearken how much love did honour her,
> I myself saw him in his proper form
> Bending above the motionless sweet dead."

The young Dante is led by Love to the bier on which the body of Beatrice lies. Two maidens hold over it a pall, strewn with flowers, as the floor is with poppies. The feeble flame of a lamp flickers before expiring. Through the windows are seen buildings of the city of Florence. Scarlet birds wing their way to carry the tidings of death. The figure of Love is clad in the colour of flame; the poet in sombre garments; the maidens in green. In colour, in design, in feeling, in imaginative

insight, the work is great, and it has a message of intense emotional power.

The last Rossetti painting I will refer to also embodies symbolically the death of Beatrice—the Beata Beatrix.

He first painted it in 1863, in memory of his wife, who had died the year before, and of whom Beatrix is the portrait. He appears to have blended in his thoughts the dear wife whom he had lost after but two years of married life, and that idealised Beatrice of whom his favourite poet said she was rapt "to be glorious under the banner of the blessed Queen Mary." "The new world," of which she is conscious, is that suggested in the concluding words of the Vita Nuova:—

> "That blessed Beatrice who now gazeth continually on His countenance *qui est per omnia saccula benedictus. Laus Deo.*"

The work is harmonious and satisfying at once to the senses and to the mind. The artist made a noble choice of subject and a haunting melancholy pervades it. The colours are of a subdued and subtly harmonised splendour. Beatrice is clothed in a green dress, with purple and gold. A crimson dove, with outspread wings, lays upon her lap the grey poppy of death. The personified figure of Love is also in crimson, emblematic of the fire of love. The boding glance between him and Dante recalls the converse between them as related with quaint formality in the Vita Nuova.

It is by paintings such as this and by the early drawings that Rossetti shares with William Blake a high place apart; the two poet-designers who have loved and interpreted the spirit of Alighieri.

In France much less attention has been given by modern artists to the illustrating of the Commedia than in Italy, England and Germany.

A few isolated paintings and the amazing designs for wood-cuts by one gifted, ill-regulated artist are all that need be mentioned in this paper.

Ary Scheffer (1795—1858) joined the ranks of those who painted the dolorous subject of Paolo and Francesca. It is full of pensive and mournful beauty,—an elegy bordering on sentimentality.

> "This loving pair, hanging on each others necks in infinite resignation and speechless pain has even to-day a decided effect on the spectator; and the contrast shown by the painter between the two figures, hovering obliquely through the picture, and the poets standing upright and at rest, is a very fine artistic stroke."*

Paul Delacroix (1799—1863) painted his "Dante's Bark" at a fortunate time to secure the attention and applause of his countrymen. It at once enjoyed great popularity, became a battle-cry in the cause of Romanticism, and holds its place in all histories of painting as a great stroke in revolt against the cold classicism of the time. It represents with vigour and verve the boat containing Virgil and Dante as they are rowed towards the city of Dis. The figures are seen in strong muscular action and excitement, with dramatic force; the air is murky; flames flare against the darkness; the raging souls fume in a welter of water; in the distance is the city with its threatening furies.

Exaggeration is pardonable in this powerful picture, especially when we remember the circumstances in which it was produced.

The best known artist, in connection with Dante, is Gustave Doré. He was an unusual phenomenon, and it is interesting to study a little his designs in illustration of the Commedia. Those of the Inferno were published in 1861, those of the Purgatorio and the Paradiso in 1868. Since then, in France, England, and even Italy, they have been the most popular of illustrations to the poem.

Doré died at fifty, and yet it is stated that he produced fifty thousand designs, not to speak of many large paintings and a little sculpture. He declared that as a

* Volkmann.

result of this inexhaustible fertility he earned by his pencil £280,000 between 1850 and 1870.

What did he make *artistically* of this prodigious output? How does his work stand to-day? He enjoyed popularity, but he made the judicious grieve. He was a brilliant improvisator, and swarming multitudes started into life at the tip of his pencil; he produced them with astonishing facility, but it was a fatal facility which prevented him from piercing below the surface of things. His gifts were many: invention, fancy, rapid improvisation; power to evoke the gloomy, the fantastic, the terrible; a ready apprehension of effects of luminosity and darkness, of space, of tumultuous crowds. The comic gift he had, too, as his illustrations to Balzac show; brilliant technique in illustrative designs, allied to astounding ease and fecundity.

His energy and industry were tireless. He turned from one formidable task to another: The Wandering Jew, The Contes Drolatiques, the Bible, Don Quixote, the Commedia, Paradise Lost, and so forth; they were not formidable to him. He tackled them all with gusto, and seldom indeed were there signs of flagging.

With these gifts and powers, worked at high pressure, with enthusiasm and abounding vitality, he failed in the higher qualities of his art, especially in his Dante illustrations. The reasons are not obscure. By nature he was as far as the poles asunder from the great Florentine whose imaginings he set out to illustrate. There was no depth in him; no high seriousness; no tenderness; no truly poetic quality. Dante was remote from him, high, inaccessible. He attempted the grand and achieved the grandiose. In place of the strict measure and truth of the poet, he rioted in exaggeration and pushed all to enormity, deformation and the grotesque. He exaggerated movement, concealing his absence of truth to nature. He falsified proportions and failed to relate the parts to the whole, as in some of his designs he

elongated, shortened, distorted physiognomies. He was an instinctive caricaturist, a lover of the gross and fantastic, a devotee of the superficial. All is on the surface, the inwardness of things he never touches. He seldom feels a sincere emotion. We long for plain sincerity; for a breath of fresh air; for he turned his back on nature and was preoccupied with books, to the neglect of reality.

He loved violent contrasts and pseudo-Rembrandt effects: vast landscapes with tiny figures, and *vice versa*; profound darkness and dazzling light; gloomy forests with a streak of light; ice glittering in the night. The effect is generally theatrical, but with considerable command of the picturesque and romantic, and all done with verve and energy. He was an artist by manual ability, not by depth of thought and feeling. He forced his effects. Take, for instance, his illustration to Inferno XIII, in which he turns his trees into the shapes of men, an idea quite false to Dante.

Quilter has an interesting sentence upon him:—

> "One of his most notable characteristics was the absence in his art of all quality of gentleness, an absence which may be considered absolute, for when he strives to be gentle, he only succeeds in being weak, and his tenderness is either ludicrous or childish.
>
> Of humour which is not fun, but grim and rather savage in its intention, he has a great store, and at the point where comedy touches burlesque he is also powerful; but of fun, such as it is understood in England, he shows no trace. His laughter is either coarse, with Rabelais, or mocking, with Voltaire. His laughter indeed has little human good fellowship."

And, speaking of his easily evoked crowds, he reminds us how

> "He stabs, or slashes, and drowns them, with little ceremony and no remorse.
>
> He revelled in the horrible and conceptions of Dante's, which appear to most readers almost unbearable, even in words, were elaborated by him into designs, in which no detail of their horror was omitted."

Sometimes he obtained a macabre effect, in the Inferno, but he was generally melodramatic. He found it easy to astonish, amuse, and impress the cursory readers. He excited their admiration and they turned over the pages of lofty poetry, eager to enjoy the sensationalism of the illustrator.

A discerning critic could plainly see that he had no spiritual affinity with Dante; that there was no tragic force in him; that he cried from the house-tops and never whispered a message to the heart; that he was artificial and mannered in his effects.

In short, he suffers by comparison with any of the greater Dante illustrators. He lacks the grace and delicacy of Botticelli, the fire and spirituality of Blake. (He was the antipodes of Blake.) He has nothing of the glow and intensity of Rossetti, or of the severe purity of Flaxman.

It is interesting to contrast the violence and exaggeration and the heaped-up details of Doré, with the restraint and simplicity by which Flaxman attained unity of design.

I must reserve for another time a sketch of Dante's more recent illustrators.

After Blake the romantic revolt against classicism spread widely in Europe, and is clearly evident in the numerous designs illustrating the Divine Comedy, made by Italian, French, German and British artists.

In Italy Genelli and Pinelli head a long list of names. In France Rodin stands out, splendid in power, in feeling, in high purpose and in achievement, though he did not live to accomplish his great plan to recreate in marble the chief figures of the Commedia. Modern Germany has produced some striking Dante illustrations, especially by J. A. Koch, Carstens, Cornelius, Führich, Emler, Stürler, Overbeck, Feuerbach, Veit, Rethel, Schuler, Böcklin, Otto Greiner.

In this country we have had Watts, Holiday, Crane, Solomon and Traquair.

Very rarely have these paintings (perhaps only Watts' Paolo and Francesca) approached in imaginative quality and depth of feeling, the work of Botticelli, Blake and Rossetti.

These stand out beyond comparison. All three were poets by nature, two of them also by achievement in literary form. And if Michel Angelo's drawings had survived, he also would have been reckoned among the poet-painters who had illustrated the Commedia.

The more recent designers have produced good and varied work, but they have seldom approached these men of genius in striving to give fresh form and body to the themes of Dante. They, like nearly all their predecessors, despite varied and brilliant talents, have fallen far short of the height and depth of Italy's greatest son.

BEAUTY.

By L. Conrad Hartley.

WRITING in argumentative way, I would convince myself of something, solve any equation that may be framed in the course of these hurried considerations, and thus wrest a yard of hard-won territory from the vast area of my unknown. Most thinking men have in mind the trilogy: truth, beauty and goodness. The three may be regarded, from one point of view, as forming an equilateral pyramid, with its inaccessible apex defended by its three uncompromising sides, and its base firmly rooted in cosmos. Character, built upon a true conception of these three abstractions, and made manifest in terms of living, would render a man impregnable. Such a life is beyond us, but that is no reason why we should shrink from a study of the ideal.

I will not here discuss how far, or how truly, beauty may be truth, as stated by the Platonists, or as claimed by the poets. Probably, finally, in the supreme sense, you would admit that beauty and truth are one. Nor need I remind you that, broadly speaking, beauty may be said to be of two kinds—intellectual and material; the former, of course, including moral beauty. In speech, behaviour, acts and writing, intellectual beauty is made manifest, while material beauty is expressed in colour, form and sound. Now, at the outset, though we have in mind abstract truth, beauty and goodness, we must dismiss any absolute conception of those things. Though I may find it difficult to separate an abstract beauty from its manifestation, I trust I may yet take you to that point where the distinction will be appreciated.

First, we move to a consideration of truth. Dismissing

all sense of absolute truth, there is, after all, a time when man's conception of anything, however it come about, is, for the time being, regarded by him as absolute; that is, his mind is content with, and stayed upon, such conception; and he is quite willing, if called, to stake all upon it, even life itself, which we mortals are accustomed to regard as man's greatest possession. So we arrive at a kind of truth that, for working purposes, for life's needs, is used by man as an absolute. Thus, your judgment, well-considered or somewhat careless, or instinctive, which last is a crystallized judgment precipitated from experience, must coincide with, or endorse, your conception of any truth, or it is worthless to you. A thing is only true when you can lean fearlessly upon it, and find it stands the strain.

To such conceptions of truth our daily acts are referred, and we regard them as real and trustworthy. Such truths are not tangible or measurable, and man probably could not define them except in very vague terms. By mere living we acquire our truths in many forms. It is a daily finding, but not sought for: it is arrived at, discovered by experiment, by life itself; and in this empirical way we all live, and can live in no other way. Reduced to its simplest terms, it is reflected in the proverb, a burnt child dreads the fire. Thus I come to the conclusion that reason, one of man's great possessions, his wilful setting or addressing of himself towards a thing, may endorse that thing as a manifest truth for him. To such truths he turns for assistance as faithfully as the needle seeks the magnetic pole. Without such experiences, such convictions, he is a poorer thing, far poorer, than the reed shaken by the wind, and life can be nothing to him but an agony of poverty. So much for what I take to be our conceived truths.

But, in the second place, what about goodness? Is it not true to say that we make things, abstract or material, into good things in so far as we use them in such a way

as conduces to happiness, in the true sense of the word, for others or ourselves? Here, again, our conception of things true, our confidence in them, whereby we acquire the wisdom to use, in a loving way, the experiences we have undergone, is responsible for the good to be derived. So, however loosely truth and goodness may be linked, they are inseparable. It is as though, in a Siamese way, the two stars, truth and goodness, are joined, and the light from them, this fusion of their joint powers, is as a searching and purifying agent, and is an augur of and and a sponsor for the things that we regard as the most beautiful. So, not by faith, and not by report, but by experience, we gain and make ours such moral and intellectual beauty as the mind can perceive. Thus, though wide or narrow be the horizon that man determines for himself, according to his aspirations, perception and growth, we arrive, in a very potent sense, at some conception of the beautiful, and recognize certain things as desirable, that is, worthy of our desire in the best sense of that word. Thus, in an abstract way, and not altogether in an unreasonable way, have I, so I trust, reached that point where moral and intellectual beauty are conceivable and perceivable, but not as absolutes. Beauty is Protean, kaleidoscopic, and answers to our many emotional, hopeful and poignant moods. Now, I should never have gone along this particular road, had I not hoped that, at the end of our venture, we should find beauty in some less elusive and more intimate form. Therefore, let us attempt to get nearer beauty by considering its manifestation; for, if we cannot touch beauty, we may find ourselves so close to it that we may look it in the face and not be blinded. Man is very daring, or he could not live on this planet.

Now, moral and intellectual beauty being dismissed, I would attempt to get near to material beauty. Therefore:

(*a*) I premise an abstract beauty.

(*b*) I premise an abstract beauty made manifest in the material, in varying degree, and of many kinds.

(*c*) I premise that absolute beauty is beyond man's conception, though we have signs of a transcendent beauty through the constant or variant manifestations of beauty.

(*d*) I premise that there is an actual beauty, resident in any manifestation of beauty, and this actual beauty is related to a supreme beauty beyond man's ken, a supreme beauty, comprehensive, inconceivable, to which all conceivable and recognizable beauties are referred as parts.

Can I sustain these premises as I proceed with my argument? Let us go into the world of art, where things may be touched, seen and heard, and dwell on material beauty, where music, painting, statuary and architecture may invite us to pass judgment upon things beautiful. I think we may take for granted that beauty presides over the arts, or chaos would result. To assist me, I ask you to bring to mind some beautiful picture that impressed you; now I can deal with you. Has that picture, which you believed to be beautiful, which you reflected upon with greater or less emotion, and questioned as to its real power and worth: has that picture, I repeat, any beauty of itself, a beauty apart from your conception? Is that picture expressive of a beauty such as you think is a part of a beauty beyond man's comprehension? Is there anything in that picture in such close alliance with ideal beauty, which, after all, is perfection, as to express itself with force enough to bring you under its spell, so that you are impelled to make obeisance to a manifestation of an actual beauty transcending man's thought? Has actual beauty found expression through the work of the artist, and worked in some wonderful way upon you so that you feel its power? That is the question, put in four-fold form. Now, while a man is willing

to admit that his mind answers to anything perceived, he is easily satisfied, accepts the axiom, *like calls to like,* and all is explained. I accept the axiom; it works in ethics, science, and in the human things. So man, while responding to an appeal made to the mind, says the question resolves itself into a matter of taste, and naught more need be said. The whole thing is so simple, so clear to anybody: I know what I like, says he. In this way man disposes, so he thinks, of the seemingly obvious. I accept the axiom, *like calls to like,* but do you realise how far it stretches its arm. So "deep calls unto deep"; yes, at what? "at noise of thy waterspouts." In like manner, in things recognised as beautiful "deep calls unto deep": at what? I wish you to keep your picture in mind; my question may be answered later. No! say you, there is nothing there that I do not find in myself. Well, I reply, I wish to quicken your imagination, for I am only pretending to be logical, and am as a child playing with its toys: so I merely suggest that if beauty, actual beauty, is in that picture, and you are sublimated into a heaven of devotional study of what you see, then, indeed, have you recognized something resident therein, and you are the richer for it. Life is different to a man who has for the first time seen any manifestation of a beauty that he had hitherto believed to be impossible, or, certainly, inexpressible. But I fear I am going too quickly; let us get back to ordinary life. Are we not, each of us, continually, in our daily life, summoned to regard each thing as beautiful or not beautiful? I speak in a widely comparative sense: all things are brought before the æsthetic sense for judgment. We are constantly challenged by, and passing judgment upon, in the manner indicated above, men, things, thoughts, actions, sounds and scenes, and daily, time after time—are we not?—deciding as to their relative containing, and, consequently, discharging power in terms of beauty. Now, I ask you to think of your passages and encounters, and to

believe with me that this ever-employed faculty of yours, this power of discrimination as to what pleases you, has something of the divine in it; to believe with me, that though used with a greater or less degree of mental effort or focussing, this faculty is a necessary part of your equipment for life's work; and to believe with me that this faculty, which is continually busied upon the making of comparisons in terms of the beautiful, or setting down values in such terms, is not, to use a mechanical term, set or trued in that way for nothing. The higher a man rises the more finely adjusted becomes the scale. You may be inclined to look at this from a purely æsthetic point of view, and say that you are merely exercising your taste, and passing judgment upon the things that appeal to your senses of hearing and seeing. There is something to be said for your position, for there is an æsthetic beauty that varies according to a man's standard or taste, so I will rest there with you while we look around. But, could it not be proved that there is a tendency for man's taste to improve, and that he makes ascent from plane to plane? If this tendency, at what instance? Surely it is only by reason of the acknowledgment of this ascending scale in the manifestations of beauty that man is able to frame such a conception of the beautiful as will convince him that, for working purposes, any precise expression of the beautiful can, for the time being, be depended upon. As, in the case of our true things, we must rely upon the one till we find another more trustworthy; so, in the world of art, conception gives way to conception: half-gods go when gods arrive.

So far, so good; but I must be very careful, for I wonder whether I am right in separating æsthetic beauty from the illusive beauty brought into being by man's imagination; and, further, it may turn out that æsthetic becomes more and more refined and discriminating at the bidding of an inherent beauty resident in the manifestation, for æsthetic may be an ambassador for a beauty

beyond man's comprehension, a beauty never fully expressed or conceived, but always alive, that is, working, in being, in variant quantities in very many kinds of things. Well, you are quite sure in your mind as to whether you like this picture, statue or music: and your verdict is always implicit when things come before you, though you may say nothing. If you did speak, you would say the picture is beautiful to you, but you cannot say that it has any beauty of itself by reason of its being. Perhaps, in this connexion, you might fling at me the gibe that one man's meat is another man's poison, and other trite sayings that are true as far as they go; and you might tell me the Aztec or Chinese ideal of beauty differs from yours in many ways and forms; but then I should content myself by simply saying that in no case, and to no man, could black be white, and leave you to think for a while.

I think man has, in making any comparison in terms of the beautiful, some standard of beauty in that particular kind; for instance, you, in thinking of that picture, had some standard. Such a standard may not be defined in set terms, but it is essential, incontestable, and before it must other things be placed in opposition, and to it they must be referred. The standard is not absolute, but of its kind it is the highest conception of beauty that a man can hold at a given time. I hint at a conception of beauty that is becoming grander and more glorious and more refined, and advances in this way as it moves towards an ideal beauty that is ever beyond man's comprehension. If you are to be without any standard you may find that ugliness is beauty and vice is virtue. I think that beauty, in its manifestations, should be as inevitably recognizable and as impossibly convertible as honour or charity. I do not like to think that beauty in the end, and on the way to the end, is purely a matter of taste; so I am now to make an appeal to your emotions. I suggest that from the past you recall and

capture living actual beauty that you have seen in one or more of its myriad manifestations. I take you to that picture again. Are you going to dismiss what you now feel as mere mental vibrations excited by memory's cold fingers? Is the vision as cold and uninspiring as a scene under the moonlight? I do not expect you to be so emotionally quickened as in the year long past, but assuredly you are moved towards the old mood; you feel something, and, in a sense, you live those blessed moments again, though less intensely. But, being a reasoning creature, you say the feelings are not based on anything real and actual, but are built on mere illusions, phantoms of your brain, mere imaginings, vain things, though they have some effect upon you. You are still against me and say that the beauty of that picture, though it may be difficult or obvious of sight, according to the inseeing power of the eye beholding it, is merely opposed to your æsthetic sense, and there is only so much beauty as corresponds with your judgment; and you may even go further, and say that the beauty seen by you is not the beauty seen by myself. As for illusory beauties brought into being by your imagination, well, you cannot regard them seriously, and there the matter ends. Reason, with stubborn logic, resists the pleadings of the spirit, and hoodwinks, when possible, the man whose quest is any ideal. Beauty has no being as such, has no reality or actuality, and only exists in you, according to your taste, or by reason of your imputations that are due to the illusory offices of your wild imagination. Well, are you reasonable in speaking thus? Are you right in thus measuring your emotions and sensations? Are you fair in thus arrogating to yourself all control in this way? I do not wish to detract from your manly virtue. You are, I know, ever ready to say how far, and in what way, the beauty of anything has affected you; and you are quite certain that a perfect equation obtains, for instance, between that picture and yourself.

So it does; I agree with you. The correspondence between you and the picture is truly intimate, balanced and equated. I would take you on your own ground. You admit that there was in time past the emotional hurricane or the raptured vision. Now, the perfectly balanced relation between yourself and the picture had to be maintained. If the beauty in that picture has so quickened your perception and insight as to add to your side of the equation, what then? If you could only keep your balance by accepting the gift that beauty generously threw on to your side, what then? Equipoise is the law of the universe. Is it possible, after all, that beauty may be more than æsthetic and more than any imputation or illusion? Now, suppose a thing, for a time, should be beautiful apart from your eyes and mind, have a beauty you cannot appreciate. But suppose, dismissing all other things from your mind, you dwell upon that thing, and surrender to its spell. Suppose that then, suddenly, you seized upon that beauty to which you had hitherto been blind, what next? You are startled, and wonder: can this be I? You question yourself: has your imagination been playing pranks? You know æsthetic is not responsible for this new vision; so you are inclined to throw the blame upon the imagination, that faculty of self-deception. Is that fair? Why deny the actual beauty that has satisfied your inmost self? When you feel the warmth of the sun do you impute that warmth to the sun, or do you actually admit its generosity in throwing off its heat in your direction? But you are still inclined to say that the beauty is within you, however wild has been your imagination. I am not the one to deny power to the imaginative faculty, for it gives the impulse to the arts, and, indeed, to all progress; it is a very ready handmaiden. The imagination is wonderfully powerful, and is so because it is the agent provocateur of the creative spirit that presides over and permeates all things. But for man's exercising of this faculty there

would be naught worth seeing or hearing. Thereby he has the power to see through, to see beyond, to idealize his experiences of all kinds. Let me remind you that Shelley was wise when he pointed out that man is pre-eminently an imaginative being. I suggest that this faculty of make-believe, that man uses as seriously as a child at play, is a divine endowment that enables him to get into close touch with the creative spirit.

At present we are fixed in this wise. We have given that picture a great power, granted a beauty beyond the mere external beauty of colour or line—a beauty also that is beyond æsthetic, so we are moving onwards. Further, we have given that picture a seeming or illusory power at the instance or bidding of the viewer's imagination; and this is a power that still lives. Though it is years since you saw that picture, and your inner self was quickened by its beauty, you are, even now, as you listen to me, recalling its beauty. Still are smouldering the fires of that earlier emotion, and you are still under the wizardry of that experience. So far, I trust, I have not imputed to you anything but what is reasonable. I do not crave your pity in that I evidently put great trust in illusion; nor do I ask for any extenuation of my crime in that I am seeking an ideal, or what I choose to call an actual, beauty; that is, a beauty that is active and recognizable as such because its manifestations are so wonderful. Now, while I pay rich tribute to illusion, I cannot give honour to it except in this respect, that it is an accessory. I hold that beauty, as contrasted with illusion, howsoever magnificent, is, after all, a reality, and a potent, overwhelming and unescapable thing. I am keeping to the arts, and I am arguing from the so-called æsthetic judgment upon a picture. In art the thing created by man in alliance with the creative spirit, whose essence is perfection, and consequently capable of endowing things with the signature of an inconceivable and incomprehensible beauty, is creative by reason of its

intrinsic beauty; the thing created can create. In nature and in art we are continually spoken to by the beautiful. Beauty is never quiescent, it is never passive. Can I convince you that beauty is a thing of itself? I claim that by seeing that picture and perhaps dwelling upon its meaning and message, you are to find a hitherto undiscovered part of yourself, that something that you were not aware you possessed is to respond inevitably to the actual beauty there resident, and partial though that recognition may be, it is ever afterwards to be an aid, an additional defence to you.

Now, I think we agreed as to the use, the continued use, of the æsthetic sense, however finely or grossly developed; and I think we agreed as to the imputed or illusory beauty that was conceived at the bidding of the imagination. You, endowed with power by these two auxiliaries, are, I think, the more likely to be provoked into a recognition or knowledge of the actual beauty in that picture: it is calling to you like some fair vision with arms stretched towards you. That beauty is a living, active thing, and once you come in contact with it you are no longer resigned to any veneered æsthetic or any fatuous illusion. Look at that picture again! It caused your inmost being to vibrate with joy; all that was sincere, hopeful and aspirant in you seemed to be pressed into that wonderful moment. Am I unreasonable in asking you to do honour to actual beauty? The imagination is a glass or lens through which you see through the æsthetic into the resident beauty. I know how precious are the treasures discernible by means of the imagination. But perhaps you still claim that there is no beauty save what you take to that picture, though you may admit that some hitherto unknown recesses of self have been sacked. Is there any way by which you and I may find a common point of view? Can we effect a compromise? for such a thing is natural, nay, it is an universal. Even if compromise be unsatisfactory no

harm will be done: we shall be at ease, honour will be satisfied, and our rapiers can be laid down.

So, to the end that we find agreement let us accept as a criterion of any work of art its expressiveness. I hear you say: its expressiveness of what? Well, its power, through its various and aggregated auxiliaries and agents, to express the majesty of thought—I still have that picture in mind—the passionate emotions, and the intense aspirations of the artist. He, by expressing himself through the medium of the painting, is impressing his individuality upon you; but it is his supreme self that he is trying to bring before you, himself in his moments of vision, when beauty has held him, and he, being above himself, has the creative force behind his sight, mind, and brush. Such beauty, as has been seen by the artist in those transcendent moments, he would pass on to you. What he has seen with the physical eye and with the mind's eye must be made manifest to you, if he can bring about such an end. You regard that picture critically, from the æsthetic point of view, and you endow it with some of your own imaginative conceits. But I consider that something of the utmost importance is likely to happen. Two forces are at work upon you; there is a dual manifestation of beauty. You have beauty of colour, of line, of arrangement of details, and your æsthetic sense is pleased by the things that are contributing to a beautiful definition of what the artist has seen; and you have the beauty of idea to inspire you; while to this last you bring inevitably such assistance as your imagination can give; thus a double demand is made upon you, and you are invited to rejoice in the keen or intense expressiveness of a picture that is a genuine creative work, the result of emotional transport. On the other hand, I hold that you, in your eagerness to see and obtain all that can possibly be resident in the artist's work, are in a mood not only receptive, but emotional, and if the truth were told by you it would

probably be to the effect that you needed more and more of the beautiful things of this world, for they were becoming essential to your happiness, yea, even to your existence. Something is likely to happen, and something does come about in such case. You cannot say whence comes the gain to you, or be sure as to how it is brought about. You cannot say how far external beauty of line and colour have worked upon you, or to what extent your imagination has helped you; but you do know that emotion has filled your raptured being, and that your spiritual insight into things has been sharpened and quickened; and this thing is almost too wonderful for you. You are surprised, driven to rely upon something called from the deeps of self—upon something hitherto not tested, and not tested because not known before. You are re-born. There has been some instant recognition, fusion, signal—use any word you like—and you have been carried, perforce, over the line that you had so far believed to be the boundary or frontier of your known world of receptivity, insight or understanding, that you thought you had measured to a nicety. That transport is due to an actual beauty that you have seen for the first time. So, while a thing has an æsthetic or external beauty that you appreciate, and has an imputed beauty because of the play of your imagination and intellect upon the symbols there expressive of the artist's power—the artist who, after all, has only the same gift of self-expression with which you are endowed—you are also under the spell of an actual beauty that has transcended your precious conception of the beautiful, and enables you to retain for future use an ideal to which you had hitherto been blind. This enhanced conception or ideal of beauty is, I maintain, for all time to be a recognizable thing, and will be implicitly before you whenever that faculty of comparison is called to do its duty; but of course this ideal is relative and variant, according to time and person; yet at the same time it will henceforth, until

displaced by something higher and better, be a thing to be trusted and used as an absolute. Perhaps it is that this step up to the higher plane of beauty is made when the æsthetic ideal of the individual beholder is fully satisfied, and when the wildest dreams of his imagination are fulfilled. The fusion of those two agents may result in such a creation as the fusion of the rays of light from truth and goodness.

I earlier said that we are continually, both implicitly and explicitly, making comparisons and passing judgment upon things in terms of the beautiful. Now, to me, the very fact that man compares things in that way, with that measure, without many times being able to say why he uses such a scale, seems to me to prove that actual beauty is made manifest in many ways and in varying degrees, and that the soul, or spirit, or some subconsciousness of man, if you prefer that last term, is inevitably attracted to such things as express beauty in sufficient degree to interest it. At times a man's prospect may be as fully charged with beauty as the spring-time is with song.

Here, parenthetically, a few notes. It must not be overlooked that the emotion of the looker or viewer may take away from or add to the obviously expressed power of that picture. Further, in one sense, almost all art is romantic, for its language is rarely direct, and symbols are used by the artist to bring before us his individuality, his emotions, and his inner experiences; and I think that the quickening of the viewer's imagination is in itself an aid to the perception of the beautiful. And further still, the more intense the emotional expression and impression the more is reduced, comparatively, the æsthetic value of the work; so one may argue, and with right, that though taste, or æsthetic, is a man's first aid to the conception of the beautiful, it has, in the end, to take an inferior position. Finally, by way of parenthesis, a man, before a great work of art, may revolt from all

sensuous contact with it, for it offends his ideal of beauty, morality or truth; or he may measure its beauty by its vibratory effect upon himself to a pleasurable extent; or a man may approach a picture as a child and lay himself bare to the influence of actual beauty. Perhaps we can find agreement here: that the beauty of any work of art is, after all, in its expressive power, though the mind imputes much of that power, and the highest and deepest forms of expression come about through the illusion wrought by the imagination of the beholder; and, further, the beauty of that work of art becomes real, of actual and vital value to you, because, having given full rein to your emotions and imagination, you accept that illusion to its utmost power, and trusting to it as you would to any conception of truth that you have tested and found reliable, the visionary is made actual, the ideal becomes the real, and you, quite content, give your consent to a kind of actuality that you had never fully acknowledged: cold reason is no longer supreme, and the mind is stayed on something transcending reason.

Now, it seems to me that beauty, inherent beauty, is the cause of this change in your outlook; you are under the influence of searching, living, inexorable beauty, that ultimately, as in the transports of the highest love, may take you to the brink of the abyss. So, I contend, you are immediately drawn to that picture, and its beauty has gripped you. The work of the creative artist has the power of re-creation, and at the right time, having immersed you in the stimulating atmosphere of reflection to the point of bewilderment, snatches you up—you, the receptive, questful beholder—into a recognition of a manifestation of a beauty that hitherto had not been revealed to you. Thus you advance by almost imperceptible steps. Daily, nay hourly, perhaps, under certain conditions, through the manifestations of the beautiful, come these glimpses of the unsuspected facets of truth, and the inner self that is ever on the look-out in sane

and so-called insane moments to come into contact with the Unseen, the Great Prompter, the God of All Being, absorbs these impressions eagerly and naturally. Thus deep has answered deep, not at a great noise and disturbance, as is nature's way at times, but at the whispered bidding of the insatiable and ever alert soul of man that is linked to the Universal Spirit, whose ambassador is beauty in all forms and degrees. If it were not for these moments of recognition of hitherto unrevealed beauty and truth, there could be no advance, and man would have remained a wild, untutored, savage being. This bears with it the reflection that neglect of the arts, wherein so much beauty is made manifest, entails degradation for a nation, as for an individual. In this great and wonderful polity of life there is a perpetual ferment as beauty works among us, and our debt to artists of all kinds is enormous in that, as they have enshrined beauty in their creations and placed their works in our midst, we have the opportunity to respond to beauty's call, even from the uttermost fibres of our being and in the most delicate as well as the strongest of nervous emotions. I maintain that by the obeisance to beauty we gain inspiration and add to our stature. Let me repeat: beauty, to my mind, is a thing of itself, resident in its manifestation, and though most truly perceived on a plane above a tangible actuality, is not beyond us. I regard beauty as distinct from those things that are the manifestations of it, as my spirit is distinct from my body. Beauty worketh where it listeth; it moveth abroad; it maketh itself felt quite apart from man's taste or dictum. Beauty, to me, *is*, is not problematical, but actually *is*, and, as a force, is generous and life-giving, and, in all things that bear witness to it, should be made welcome by man. Lies could not be true, were all men to utter them, and, in like manner, beauty can never be ugliness, though all men be physically, mentally, emotionally blind.

"DE GUSTIBUS."

By A. C. Wilson, B.Sc.

THE two Latin words at the head of this paper are merely put there to give it a learned appearance; the well-known tag, "De gustibus non disputandum" is more generally employed in connection with taste other than purely physical, whereas my subject is the gross and material occupation of eating and drinking.

Considering the large place in our lives which is devoted to feeding it is not perhaps surprising to find that almost every novelist is in the habit of describing meals, and a meal is certainly a very convenient setting, especially as a background for conversation. In the development of the modern novel, however, a significant change is to be seen in this way, that, whereas the older novelists described in great detail the actual viands consumed, latterly one finds that the conversation and the setting of the feast are the things which are described in detail, the food itself is very often taken for granted. This, of course, is part of a general development from the tedious story which described at enormous length and with wearisome detail a host of very ordinary everyday incidents up to the artistic modern study in which incidents are not so much the story itself as the vehicle for ideas or the illustration of a spiritual meaning.

The old books of our childhood, such as "Sandford and Merton" and "The Fairchild Family," are examples of elaborate description, with wealth of detail of totally uninteresting happenings; such books naturally describe meals very fully, and "The Fairchild Family" in particular contains a surprising amount of good eating and drinking. One phrase has stuck in the writer's

memory all these years; one's recollection is that almost every other chapter finished with the statement, "They each had a baked apple and went to bed."

This subject of eating and drinking, of course, immediately suggests Dickens, and his novels certainly contain an immense number of references to nourishment of the liquid and solid kinds. "Pickwick," of course, is full of drinking and gorging from one end to the other, and generally Dickens' meals are of a very stodgy kind characteristic of the period. The life of Dickens' time must read to the present generation—if they read him—like a wonderful fairy tale. We have become so drilled and tamed, surrounded by so many restrictions and regulations that we can hardly follow his references, as, for example, when old Krook, the Lord Chancellor, went off by spontaneous combustion, throwing the whole neighbourhood into such a state of excitement that the "Sols Arms" never closed its doors all night. Can we picture a world in which there are no restrictions as to hours for closing public houses?

Dickens was a great lover of the old-fashioned eating houses in London; one still sees the kind of place, or did not many years ago. The seats were arranged something like pens, only back to back, dividing the room into boxes holding four or six persons. Probably in Dickens' time such eating houses sold beer and spirits. But after the advent of licensing laws they always had a man or a boy whose job it was to fetch beer for customers from the "public" next door or across the way.

It was in just such a place as this, no doubt, that Mr. Guppy entertained Mr. Jobling to dinner. You will remember that Jobling was down on his luck and had been on remarkably short commons when Mr. Guppy, to suit his own ends, finds him a lodging and a job, and celebrates the event by standing a dinner. This dinner rescues Jobling from a condition of semi-starvation, and it might well do, as he put away two plates of veal

and ham—"and don't you forget the stuffing, Polly"—French beans, summer cabbage, marrow pudding, Cheshire cheese, two pint pots of half-and-half, and a small rum; after which Mr. Jobling puts his legs on the seat, and remarks, "I am grown up now, Guppy; I have arrived at maturity."

We do not know what the index figure was at that date, but we can get a pretty good idea of the cost of living from Smallweed's reckoning up, which ran as follows:—

> Four veals and ham is 3/-, and four potatoes is 3/4, and one summer cabbage is 3/6, and three marrows is 4/6, and six breads is 5/-, and three Cheshires is 5/3, and four pints of half-and-half is 6/3, and four small rums is 8/3, and three Pollys is 8/6. Eight and six in half a sovereign, Polly, and eighteenpence out.

It is a thoroughly loveable trait of Dickens that he always remembers to give the virtuous and oppressed a real good feed, if it is only once in their lives. This is precisely as we would have it; virtue may be its own reward, and very often there appears to be no other, but we are all glad when the deserving get something tangible to be going on with, even if it is only a good dinner. Poor Tom Pinch, for example, was horribly skimped at Pecksniff's in the matter of butter and sugar, and never seemed to get legs of mutton in any decent proportion to potatoes and garden stuff, but Dickens sees to it that he has a right good feast, and makes John Westlock stand him a dinner at the inn at Salisbury. At this dinner—

> no one ever dreamed such soup as was put upon the table, or such fish, or such side dishes, or such a top and bottom; or such a course of birds and sweets, or, in short, anything approaching the reality of that entertainment at ten and six a head exclusive of wines. As to *them* the man who can dream such iced champagne, such claret, port or sherry had better go to bed and stop there.

It is a far cry from Dickens' London eating houses and country inns to the domestic intimacy of dinner with

Miss Matty in "Cranford." Even Mrs. Gaskell, however, recognises the value of a good dinner, and makes Martha remark:—

> Many a one has been comforted in their sorrow by seeing a good dish come upon the table.

This dinner at Miss Matty's occurred at a critical point in her fortunes and was the occasion on which Martha prepared the lion pudding, being a wonderful representation of a lion *couchant* with currant eyes. Martha had prepared this dish at her own expense as a reply to Miss Matty's hint that in the altered state of her fortunes she ought not to allow herself the luxury of a pudding. Miss Matty is so affected that she says she would like to put it under a glass case, and in one of her delightful little flashes of humour adds that she has seen uglier things under glass cases.

You will doubtless recollect that a day or two after this dinner Mary's father comes to lunch, and Miss Matty is rather perplexed between her desire of honouring her guest with a dainty meal and her conviction that she had no right, now that all her money was gone, to indulge this desire. In the end the lunch—a hot, savoury mutton chop, and a little of the cold lion sliced and fried—is brought in. This, of course, refers to the lion pudding, but in the cheap reprints of "Cranford" the proof-reader has altered the spelling to loin, which looks perhaps more intelligible on the face of it, but misses the whole point of the reference.

It is not usual in polite society, when inviting one's friends to dinner, to specify the nature of the viands which will be provided. There are, however, precedents for such a course, and there is a good deal to recommend it. In these days, when hospitality tends to become so elborate and when private entertainment competes so fiercely with hotel life, it would not seem at all extraordinary for a hostess to enclose with her invitation a copy of the menu.

One classical instance will occur to everyone who has read "Pickwick." I refer to the invitation extended by the footmen sojourning at Bath to Sam Weller to a "friendly swarry consisting of a boiled leg of mutton with the usual trimmings." Sam's comment was that he never heard a boiled leg of mutton called a swarry before, and he wondered what they would call a roast one. There is also an instance of this practice in "Ingoldsby" which possibly is not so well known. It occurs in "The House Warming," where Sir Christopher Hatton, having obtained a town house, gives a house warming to his important acquaintances and couches the invitation in the following terms:—

From our poor place on Holborn Hill (late Ely House),
Lord Keeper and Dame Alice Hatton request
Lord So and So's (name, style or title exprest)
Good company on the next eve of St. John,
Viz., Friday week, June 24th, as their guest.
To partake of pot-luck, and taste a fine buck.

N.B. Venison on table exactly at 3.
Quadrilles in the afternoon. R.S.V.P.

Of course one does not include in this category those cases in which one invites a friend to share a chop, using the term in a purely metaphorical sense. There is an example of this in "Joseph Vance," where, as the result of Lossie's pertinaceous enquiries, the fact emerged that the chop had actually materialised in the form of grouse and Chateau Lafitte. De Morgan, by the way, is not greatly addicted to describing meals, although there is a very delightful family breakfast-table scene at the Heath's in "Alice for Short," where Charley is vainly endeavouring to tell his mother about Alice, and hopelessly fails to get a hearing amidst the babel of conversation.

Not the least important of those things by which man is to be distinguished from the brutes is the habit which

the civilised world has cultivated of treating meals as social functions. To eat in company is an obvious convenience which is common to all animals, but when he is able to do so man gives his attention not only to food, but to the surroundings under which he feeds, to the selection of the right kind of company, and to the use of clean and beautifully shaped implements. To eat merely in order to fill one's belly is surely a mark of a low standard of culture, and those who are condemned so to regard meals miss one of the greatest pleasures offered to us.

This is an aspect of eating and drinking which was somewhat missed by Dickens whose meals tended rather to be mere gorges. Richard Whiteing has drawn the contrast between a meal which is simply assuaging appetite and one which is a beautiful social function in his No. 5 John Street.

In this most disturbing tale you will remember that a man, ordinarily accustomed to live the life of polite society, tries what it is like to earn 18/- a week and live upon it in London. One of his most distressing experiences is to get his meals in a hurry and in the cheapest possible way. "Penury's worst hardship," is his conclusion, "is the style in which its diet is served." To bring home the contrast I must quote Richard Whiteing's own vivid descriptions :—

> At eight we troop out to breakfast and are absorbed by innumerable small dirty coffee houses . . . Oh! the horror of them—stiff-backed benches, each the party wall of a hutch; tables stained with liquid food; an atmosphere of grilled herring and rancid bacon; a babel of orders—"Pint o' kawfee and slice. Pint and rasher. Look alive with that there tea." By rushing through the meal without looking to right or left we may win ten minutes for a smoke. 'Tis an unlovely life this life of the poor—destitute of beauty far more than of mere bread and butter. I think of those breakfasts at —— : the sunlit room, the soft garden landscape beyond, as though wrought in mezzotint, the table another landscape, within, in sheen of damask, glimmer and glitter of articles of service, and meadowland

of morning flowers; the people to match, Honoria as fresh as Aphrodite; all of us cleaned up for the business with morning devotions and with morning tub, our talk playing lightly over the surface of things as we turn over the new leaf of life and hope for the new day.

If we were asked to find a description of a right good gorge, I fancy not many of us would go first to Galsworthy, but in his short story, "The Stoic," he has given us a dinner which, with its atmosphere and in its result clearly entitles it to a place in a catalogue of feasts. Old Sylvanus Heythorp, 80 years of age, of such enormous bulk that when he is once seated it requires the assistance of two people to get him up again, has come to the end of his tether and enjoys one more dinner even if it should be his last act on this stage. He has always been a "bon viveur," and in business matters a man of iron nerve, but he finds himself at long last with bankruptcy staring him in the face and exposure of a very doubtful business transaction imminent. The very roof under which he lives is his daughter's—that holy woman, as he calls her. "What had those holy folk to give you compared with the comfort of a good dinner." To-night he will go the whole gamut. With the dinner there was but one fault, that he had to eat in solitary state; "he would have liked to see light falling on a woman's shoulders once again and a pair of bright eyes." The dinner—oysters and champagne; soup St. Germain, with a touch of the old sherry; filet de sole; sweetbread, and a second glass of champagne; cutlets soubees; he finished the three cutlets and all the sauce and spinach; pity, he could have managed a snipe; the rum soufflee is now before him, and, true to his principles, he finishes the bottle before touching the sweet; the soufflee delicious, flipped down with the old sherry; the savoury, cheese ramequin and a glass of port; before his coffee and cigar he will finish the bottle of port, to-night he will do justice to the wine, not smoking till it is finished. Dreamily, he

thought life wears you out—wears you out, and he filled his glass again. After an altercation with his servant, and again with the holy woman, the bottle of old brandy is opened, and slowly the old man drinks his coffee and the liqueur of old brandy, and, watching the cigar smoke wreathing blue in the orange glow, he smiled. The last night of his independence. "The old man slept; not until Meller came at his usual hour of half-past twelve was it known that he would never wake."

One has barely touched on the fringe of the subject, but in a short communication there is no time to do more; one would have liked to recall Gilead P. Beck's great dinner to Art and Literature; Mr. Kipps and Ann sitting over their tea and the "toce all buttery"; Mr. Polly's wedding feast; George Osborne's damn bad dinner and damn dear at Brussels; and a host of other meals in which we have joined. However, a paper on feasting without mention of Christmas dinner was impossible, so, by way of conclusion, we will recall Washington Irving's sketch of "The Christmas Dinner" in The Sketch Book, which is of special interest to the Manchester Literary Club, if only because we find there the authentic version of the boar's head carol exactly as we sing it at our Christmas Supper. According to this authority, Christmas dinner includes, as well as turkey and plum pudding, "ancient sirloin, peacock pie, pie of carp's tongue and pheasants drenched with ambergris; the carcases of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to make sauce for a single peacock." Those, however, were spacious days compared with those lean years, and we have to be satisfied with less sumptuous fare at Christmas than our ancestors considered necessary.

W. B. YEATS.

By William Bagshaw.

IN the literary dealings between England and Ireland no injustice has been done to either side. England has given the English language to Ireland, the "tongue of Great Eliza," and Ireland has repaid by keeping that language racy and vigorous in speech and producing works in poetry and prose which have enriched the common heritage.

Looking back on one's boyhood reading an Irish author shares with Scott and Dickens the chief place. From Charles Lever's novels one learnt to know and like Ireland; and his characters, Charles O'Malley, Mickey Free, Tom Burke, etc., are as vivid as Copperfield, Sam Weller and Ivanhoe.

Later other Irishmen delighted us—Swift, Goldsmith, Wilde and Shaw, but none has displaced the happy memories of Lever's creations.

Amongst the Irish writers of to-day William Butler Yeats and George Russell (A.E.) are representative of a side of the Irish character which is most alien to the hard-headed Saxon,—what he would call the unpractical side. They are the modern voices of the dreaming Gael; and with a band of kindred writers they have given a new knowledge of Ireland and of her people and native culture.

Though born in Dublin, Yeats is really a native of Donegal, and in his "Reverie over Childhood and Youth" he describes his life among the careless, easy-going, but independent, folk of Rosses Point. He was a dreamy boy, imaginatively unhappy, but he rode his pony, boated with the fishermen, and listened to the

servants' tales of Fenians, ghosts and fairies; and it was his principal friend, a stable-boy, who introduced him to poetry. The stable-boy had a book of Orange rhymes which they read together in the hayloft.

When he was about nine years old his parents removed to London, and he attended a suburban school at Hammersmith. He disliked London and longed for a sod of earth from Sligo to hold in his hand, just as in later years he was "to hear lake water lapping as he stood on the pavements grey." Six or seven years later the family returned to Ireland and lived at Howth. Under his father's influence Yeats joined an art class in Dublin, and in time he became acquainted with many well-known Irishmen in the literary and artistic coteries of that city—Doewden, Russell, Dr. Hyde, Katherine Tynan, Professor Bury and many others. He appears gradually to have given up painting for literature. His idea was to bring Catholic and Protestant Ireland together by means of a national literature that should make Ireland beatiful in the memory.

Afterwards he lived for a time in London and Paris, and it was in the latter city that he first met J. M. Synge and persuaded him to return to Ireland and write Irish plays instead of classical tragedies after the French model.

The Irish dramatic movement began in May 1899, and took a definite shape in 1901 with the founding of the Irish Literary Theatre by Mr. Yeats, Lady Gregory and Mr. Edward Martyn. During the three years of its existence plays were produced by native authors in Gaelic and English, and were performed by Irish actors with occasional assistance from Benson's Company. The Irish Literary Theatre was followed by the National Theatre Society, which was put on its feet by the generosity of Miss Horniman, who built the present Abbey Theatre, and gave the Society use of it free of charge. Mr. Yeats was an active worker from the first;

he not only wrote plays, but he published a little paper entitled "Samhain" to defend the movement from many bitter attacks and to explain the principles on which they worked and the objects they had in view. In many of these most interesting articles Mr. Yeats deals with the general question of the modern theatre and its relation to literature, morals and the public. In the present condition of the theatre his views may seem to have only an academic interest. The drama appears to be dead, killed by commercialism. But this state of things cannot last. A resurrection is certain. And signs are not wanting that the new drama will appear transfigured when it does rise. There is a wealth of unknown ability amongst the people, and the present conditions will bring it out. Human nature is always equal to the tasks set by itself.

There is no box-office criterion about his views on the drama. He has the lofty ideals of the poet and the seer. "The theatre," he says, "must be a place of intellectual excitement where the mind goes to be liberated, as in Greece, England and France in certain moments of their history, and as it is in Scandinavia to-day." Truth and beauty must be the object and justification of the plays.

Mr. Yeats quotes a relative who said, "It is natural for an Irishman to write plays; he has an inborn love of dialogue as lively, gallant and passionate as in the days of Great Eliza. In these days an Englishman's dialogue is that of an amateur, that is to say, it is never spontaneous, I mean in real life. Compare it with an Irishman's—above all a poor Irishman's—reckless abandonment and naturalness. Petty commerce and Puritanism have brought to the front the wrong type of Englishman, the lively, joyous yet tenacious man has transferred himself to Ireland."

But this natural gift for language, according to Mr. Yeats, needs discipline, and in the "Samhain" he advises Irish authors to study the severe works of French

and Scandinavian literature in preference to the luxuriant works of Shakespeare. But, above all, they must go back in everything to the spoken word; and for style he advocates the English idiom of the Irish thinking people of the west. Among the people, he says, will be found that difference between dead and living words, personality; and he quotes Zola's remark that some of the greatest pages in French literature are not even right in their grammar, they are great because they have personality. "But when we go back to the people's speech let us see," he says, "that it is either the idiom of those who have rejected, or of those who have never learned the base idioms of the newspapers."

To Mr. Yeats drama is the art of beautiful speech, and the dramatist should be in love with words and he "should know that delicate movement of living speech that is the chief garment of life." On the stage speech must be more important than gesture. Especially in poetical drama and in prose drama remote from real life. And after gesture both the form and colour of scenery and costume must be simplified. These ideas he has put into practice in his own plays and theatre. To enter the theatre and watch a performance of one of his tragedies is to contemplate what he calls "those infinite energies of the soul" displaying themselves through the medium of poetical language and beautiful stage pictures.

Mr. Yeats unhesitatingly demands full freedom in the theatre, and happily for Ireland the censor has no power there. Plays stand or fall by public opinion and not by the judgment of one man. In a free country of civilised men that is the only censorship the dramatic art requires. In expounding and defending his own theatre Mr. Yeats ventures on a criticism of our modern writers, which is both illuminating and provocative. Shaw, Galsworthy and Granville Barker, he says, are by their sincerity alone united with all that is greatest in art. But their work, along with that of Ibsen, gives him only an

imperfect pleasure because they have not a vivid and beautiful language. I doubt whether Mr. Yeats has read Ibsen in the original, and without doing so it is impossible to criticise Ibsen on the score of his language. The case of Shaw and Galsworthy is different. Do they fail because of their poverty of speech? "All language," says Mr. Yeats, "but that of the poets and the poor is already bedridden, and great works cannot be written in our colourless modern speech." Mr. Yeats and his school have gone to the folk speech and to the idealised and heightened speech of the poets. He argues that Hamlet could tell but little of himself in two hours if he used our daily speech. To show us, as it were, the soul, to make known the thoughts, and to give the impression of reality it is necessary, in his own words, "to magnify expression to heighten words." In short, he proclaims the poetical drama to be supreme for truth as well as beauty. Thus we find his love of poetry and imaginative drama carrying him too far in his criticism of our greatest modern dramatists. The writers he criticises would not be able to accomplish the work they have set out to do if they adopted the methods and the style of Mr. Yeats. It suggests the simile of an army going out to modern warfare arrayed in magnificent mail and armed with lance and sword against the ugly but deadly machines of the twentieth century battles. If that beauty which Mr. Yeats wishes to see enthroned in our modern theatre is to gain admittance it will be aided by the stern and relentless fighting of the Galsworthys and Shaws with modern weapons, and Shaw and Galsworthy have a work to do in the theatre not a whit less important than that of Mr. Yeats. He is striving to revive the ancient glories of his native culture and to save the treasures of Ireland's graceful speech. And beautifully he fights. But you cannot reform our prison system and attack "the pleasures of the voluptuary and the profits of the sweater" with blank verse.

It requires the artistic reality of Galsworthy and the whip of Shaw's satire, whose lashes make such amusing gyrations that it is an intellectual delight to watch the castigation.

Plays like "Justice" and "Widowers' Houses" are written with a definite ethical purpose. They are, as Mr. Yeats says, "the medicine of great cities," and though Shaw gilds his pills with wit and Galsworthy makes the dose palatable by sympathy and sincerity, none the less they are intended to work. In the plays of Shaw and in the novels of Galsworthy language will be found which is vivid and beautiful. Both writers are susceptible to beauty, but the creation of beautiful drama is not their main object. They have sterner work to do. In their later work both link up with Yeats. Galsworthy is always stressing the importance of beauty as an influence for good, and Shaw is turning away from science and becoming almost mystical in his utterance. One of his characters has summed up the two schools in a sentence. Says Peter Keegan :—

> Every dream is a prophecy, every jest is an earnest in the womb of time.

Mr Yeats has proved that a contemporary poet can hold a twentieth century audience enthralled by tragedies written in blank verse. Plays in which the characters and incidents are taken from the legends of his native country are made the embodiment of those great passions which he says are the "essence of tragedy." In the Irish legends the characters are heroes and kings and queens; but in the stories from the folk-lore which Mr. Yeats has also used for his plays they are priests, peasants and faeries. As a poet Mr. Yeats prefers these subjects to the comedy and tragedy of modern Irish life; and he thinks that a knowledge of her ancient legends will make Ireland again a holy land. The titles of his plays taste sweet in the mouth to the lover of poetry.

"The Shadowy Waters," "The King's Threshold," "The Land of Heart's Desire," "On Baile's Strand," "Deirdre," and "The Countess Cathleen." Plot and development of character are entirely absent, for, according to Mr. Yeats, character drawing is not necessary in tragedy. The personages of his plays are in the hands of "fate and chance and change," and they move irrevocably to their mournful ends. In their form his tragedies are akin to the Greek and to match the poetical qualities of his blank verse we must go to the Elizabethans. Indeed to find comparisons and contrasts with the work of Mr. Yeats it is necessary to go to the highest among our poets.

Perhaps the quality of his blank verse is best described by that somewhat hackneyed word "Celtic." It is a quality peculiar to all his poetry, though it shows itself most in his shorter poems. It pervades all his plays and gives them dim splendours, weird beauties. In some of the plays the verse is delicate rather than stately, moving musically, decked (but not gorgeously) with imagery. It is verse very easy to read and might almost be called straightforward. By the use of simple images and familiar words he gets an effect of shimmering beauty or tragic intensity. It is neither rhetorical nor obscure. The metre is the ordinary ten syllable blank verse, though he experiments with other metres in the poems. The two following quotations from "The Shadowy Waters" are illustrative of his style :—

> All would be well
> Could we but give us wholly to our dreams,
> And get into their world that to the sense
> Is shadow, and not linger wretchedly
> Among substantial things; for it is dreams
> That lift us to the flowing, changing world
> That the heart longs for. What is love itself,
> Even though it be the lightest of light love,
> But dreams that hurry from beyond the world

To make low laughter more than meat and drink,
Though it but set us sighing. Fellow wanderer
Could we but mix ourselves into a dream,
Not in its image on the mirror.

And the Queen Dectora speaking to her lover :—

O flower of the branch, O bird among the leaves,
O silver fish that my two hands have taken
Out of the running stream, O, morning star,
Trembling in the blue heavens like a white fawn
Upon the misty border of the wood,
Bend lower, that I may cover you with my hair,
For we will gaze upon this world no longer.

"On Baile's Strand" is, in my opinion, the most powerful of his plays. In the characters the blood speaks. They have not the remote, strange beauty of the chief personages in "The Shadowy Waters." Cuchulain, the hero, is a sort of Irish Achilles, resembling the Greek in his courage and in his untimely death. When he speaks the blank verse rings out boldly, sonorously. Here is his refusal to take the oath to King Conchubar and his children :—

And I must be obedient in all things;
Give up my will to yours; go where you please;
Come when you call; sit at the council board
Among the unshapely bodies of old men.
I whose mere name has kept this country safe,
I that in early days have driven out
Maeve of Cruachan and the northern pirates,
The hundred kings of Sorcha, and the kings
Out of the Garden in the East of the World.
Must I, that held you on the throne when all
Had pulled you from it, swear obedience
As if I were some cattle-raising king?
Are my shins speckled with the heat of the fire,
Or have my hands no skill but to make figures
Upon the ashes with a stick? Am I
So slack and idle that I need a whip
Before I serve you?

And when the king taunts him with being miserable because he has no children he replies with the boast, in which with fine generosity he includes his taunter :—

> The most of men feel that,
> But you and I leave names upon the harp.

Leave names upon the harp! There is no finer poetical tribute to the fame-giving power of poetry. And the reader of his dramas is constantly rewarded with similar lines of striking, imaginative beauty. I have culled a few from "The Countess Cathleen" :—

> Dear heart, make a soft cradle of old tales,
> And songs and music : wherefore should you sadden
> For wrongs you cannot hinder.

And another :—

> The dead are happy, the dust is in their ears.

And this description of a poet :—

> A man of songs
> Alone in the hushed passion of romance,

And this resounding prophecy :—

> Men shall yet hear
> The archangels rolling Satan's empty skull
> Over the mountain tops.

Mr. Yeats is especially successful in the creation of minor characters in his dramas. Sometimes, as in "Deirdre," where they are musicians, they serve the purpose of a chorus; sometimes, as in "Baile's Strands," they have a symbolical value. In the latter play the fool and the blind man are symbols of the folly and blindness of Cuchulain in slaying, unwittingly, his only son. Their speech, whether in verse or prose, is of surprising vigour.

"The Shadowy Waters" opens with two seamen grumbling at the length of the voyage :—

FIRST SAILOR. We have not come upon a shore or ship
These dozen weeks.
SECOND SAILOR. And I had thought to make a good round
Sum upon this cruise.
FIRST SAILOR. I am so lecherous with abstinence
I'd give the profit of nine voyages
For that red Moll that had but the one eye.
SECOND SAILOR. And all the ale ran out at the new moon;
And now that time puts water in my blood
The ale cup is my father and my mother.

The dialogue between the fool and the blind man is in strong racy prose :—

FOOL. And what a good cook you are! You take the fowl out of my hands after I have stolen it, and you put it into the big pot at the fire there, and I can go out and run races with the witches at the edge of the waves and get an appetitie, and when I've got it, there's the hen waiting inside for me, done to the turn.
BLIND MAN (who is feeling with his stick). Done to the turn.
FOOL. I want my dinner.
BLIND MAN. Hush, hush! it is not done yet.
FOOL. You said it was done to a turn.
BLIND MAN. Did I now? Well it might be done, and not done. The wings might be white, but the legs might be red. The flesh might stick hard to the bones and not come away in the teeth. But believe me, Fool, it will be well done before you put your teeth in it.
FOOL. My teeth are growing long with the hunger.

That last line is marvellously suggestive.

Two cripples in the play entitled "The King's Threshold" denounce the king for his bad treatment of the poet. Their language should commend itself to every member of this Club :—

FIRST CRIPPLE. Fine talk, fine talk, what else does the king do,
He fatten hogs and drives the poet away!
SECOND CRIPPLE. He starves the song maker!

FIRST CRIPPLE. He fattens geese.
I'll curse him till I drop,
The curse of the poor be upon him,
The curse of the widows upon him,
The curse of the children upon him,
The curse of the bishops upon him,
Until he be as rotten as an old mushroom!
SECOND CRIPPLE. The curse of wrinkles be upon him!
Wrinkles where his eyes are,
Wrinkles where his nose is,
Wrinkles where his mouth is,
And a little old devil looking out of every wrinkle!

These are homely but powerful lines; they have a quaint humorous fierceness which strikes one as peculiar to the lower classes of his countrymen. Contrasted with the beauty of his blank verse they enable us to form an idea of the variety of the poet's creative powers.

In his poetry Mr. Yeats is a visionary and a symbolist, and the same characteristics are often found in his prose writings. He is the master of a simple, unaffected prose style, admirably suited to the telling of quaint tales and legends; but it has also a brooding air, it conveys the feeling of ecstatic meditation, and the plodding Saxon reader is often given mystical suggestions in place of definite descriptions. It is this quality which makes his a personal style. As literary craftsmanship it is impeccable and will compare with the styles of Bernard Shaw and George Moore, though it has not the breezy rush of the one, nor the casual ease of the other.

He has published a collection of essays on literary and kindred subjects under the title of "Ideas of Good and Evil." It shows incidentally the importance Mr. Yeats attaches to these subjects that he should present them under a title which is generally claimed by the moralist and the preacher. The essays are of various dates, they are as much self-revelation as criticism, and, like all his writings, they fulfil his own requirements for a good style, they have personality and sincerity.

In a short essay on William Morris, entitled "The Happiest of the Poets," Mr. Yeats says: "William Morris seems to me to be the one perfectly happy and fortunate poet of modern times." To some this may be a surprising remark. Morris, the idle singer of an empty day, a voice crying in the wilderness whom few would heed. A poet and a craftsman whose work, great and influential as it was, had not sufficient power to turn the tide which runs so strongly towards material ugliness and cheapness. To Mr. Yeats the serene beauty of Morris's creations gives that sense of happiness and abundant energy which is absent from his own writings. It is the attraction of opposites, and there is something almost pathetic in the way the Celtic poet dwells on the qualities which distinguish Morris. "It was his work," he says, "to make us who had been taught to sympathise with the unhappy till we had grown morbid, to sympathise with men and women who turned everything into happiness because they had in them something of the abundance of the beechen boughs or of the bursting wheat-ear." Mr. Yeats dwells with pleasure on the men described by Morris as sorrowing "but a little while over unhappy love," the men of Burg Dale, "who wrought with their hands and wearied themselves, who rested and feasted and made merry, men with broad brows and golden beards and mild eyes and tranquil speech."

Himself a poet of the inmost essences of things, Mr. Yeats admires and appreciates the beauty and happiness which he says is "always half of the body," and though his lot is to voyage over the "Shadowy Waters" he looks, not without longing, to those fortunate ones who rest beside the "Well" under the shade of the "Green Tree."

That fine characteristic of the Celtic nature which Merdih describes as "the Cymric and Celtic respect of character which puts aside the person's environment to face the soul" is very marked in the writings of Mr.

Yeats. It is a dominant note of his book "The Celtic Twilight" in which he sets down faithfully and minutely the ancient legends and fairy tales told him by the peasantry. In the cottages of the West of Ireland Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory found a still living and beautiful speech in which the memory kept alive the folk-lore and traditions of the great days of Ireland.

Mr. Yeats disclaims any desire to theorize on the strange beliefs of his countrymen (one must call them beliefs and not superstitions after studying his writings), but he does theorize so far as to say that "the water, the water of the sea, and of lakes and of mist and rain has all but made the Irish after its image," and also that the poverty of the country folk, the fact that they have nothing to lose and so do not fear, causes them to make beautiful stories and beliefs. Childish and absurd as these Irish peasants may appear to the modern town-dweller, their simple faiths and fears have charm. And we must not hastily despise them. Who are we that we should judge? Was the cry vanity of vanities only satiety or was it late found wisdom? Even here in wealthy Lancashire we do the ideal lip-service. In the public park of our neighbouring borough is a statue with the inscription, "My riches consist not in the extent of my possessions, but in the fewness of my wants." Is that "writ sarcastic"? or is it intended as an ideal for the burghers of Salford?

J. M. Synge, who had wandered over Europe with his fiddle, and, like Goldsmith, had mixed with the poor of many countries, says: "The people of the Arran Islands have a peace and dignity from which we are shut for ever. Their life is the most primitive left in Europe, it has neither the nullity of the rich nor the squalor of the poor." The beauty of fancy, the strength of passion, the rich sense of humour found in these tales are proofs that life is intrinsically rich, however poor its material trappings.

Mr. Yeats tells us that according to a legend inherited most likely from the Danish pirates who invaded the Irish coasts, thick skulls are the sign of a poet and worthy of honour, the possessor of a thick skull is looked upon as a fortunate individual. Mr. Yeats admits the "Irish have still a habit of testing each other for this particular good quality." One day a man was tried in Sligo for breaking a skull in a row, and made the defence not unknown in Ireland, that some heads are so thin you cannot be responsible for them. Having turned with a look of passionate contempt towards the solicitor who was prosecuting and cried: "That little fellow's skull if ye were to hit it would go like an egg-shell," he beamed upon the judge and said in a wheedling voice, "But a man might wallop away at your lordship's for a fortnight."

In one of the most beautiful and touching tales in this book of good things Mr. Yeats tells of a Protestant young lady, prettily dressed in blue and white, who, wandering on the mountain side, met a troop of village children. He says: "When they first saw her, they threw themselves face down in a bed of rushes. But she held out her arms and a little one threw herself into them with a cry, 'Ah, you are the Virgin out o' the picture.' 'No,' said another, coming near also, 'she is a sky faery, for she has the colour of the sky.' 'No,' said a third, 'she is the faery out of the fox-glove grown big. The other children, however, would have it she wore the Virgin's colours. The lady tried to explain without avail. She afterwards met one of the children, who said she would believe her an ordinary lady if she had two skirts, for ladies always had two skirts. The two skirts were shown and the child went away crestfallen."

As one journeys under the guidance of Mr. Yeats through this land of Celtic twilight one finds onself accepting these tales and legends as a matter of course. The charm of his style, the magical beauty of his

comments take away all desire to apply what the French call the acid of analysis. It seems quite natural that he should remonstrate with Scotsmen for having, as he says, "soured the disposition of *their* ghosts and faeries." He gives the Scots credit for still believing in these people, but he says: "In Scotland you are too theological, too gloomy; you have made even the devil religious. In Scotland you have denounced the faeries from the pulpit. For their gay and graceful doings you must go to Ireland; for their deeds of terror to Scotland. You have soured the naturally excellent disposition of ghosts and goblins. You will make no terms with the spirits of fire and earth and air and water. You have made the darkness your enemy. We—we exchange civilities with the world beyond." This is a serious charge, and it behoves Scotsmen to look into the matter.

"Live in contact with dreams and you will get something of their charm, live in contact with facts and you will get something of their brutality," says one of Bernard Shaw's characters; and the truth of this is illustrated in Mr. Yeats' book "The Celtic Twilight." It tells of a people poor in this world's goods but rich in imagination, living as it were close to the unseen; of a country where even in the workhouse the old people, cold and wretched, forgot their misery when they begin to talk of the faeries; Mr. Yeats told us some time ago in Manchester that it had been his dream to bring the imagination of the country back into the life of the town. Whether he succeed or not he has in this book captured enough to make it a possession of our literature for ever.

But Mr. Yeats has not given the whole of his attention to the country-side. He has not forgotten the minstrels of the Dublin streets, those quaint rascals who appear sometimes in the pages of Charles Lever. In a little sketch entitled "The Last Gleeman" he tells of Michael Moran, a blind singer, who was a great favourite with the Dublin crowds in the early part of the nineteenth

century. Mr. Yeats has rescued some of his verses from oblivion. The following is a parody of a poem called "Moses":—

> In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile,
> King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style.
> She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land,
> To dry her pelt she ran along the strand.
> A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw
> A smiling babby in a wad o' straw.
> She tuk it up, and said with accents mild,
> "Tare-and-agers, girls, which av yez own the child?"

In the literary criticism which abounds in his various books we come across autobiographical passages which enable us to form an idea of his literary development. He is a writer of many moods, and it is no easy matter consecutively to follow so gossamer-like a personality. In the words of Browning—

> Just when I seemed about to learn!
> Where is the thread now? Off again!
> The old trick! Only I discern—
> Infinite passion, and the pain
> Of finite hearts that yearn.

When he first began to write he tells us that he desired "to describe outward things as vividly as possible." But he lost this desire suddenly and turned to spiritual things, and he thinks the future course of poetry lies in the same direction, that is to say, it will be symbolic. At times when writing his poems he falls into a trance or waking dream, and he affirms the purpose of rhythm is "to prolong the moment of contemplation the moment when we are both asleep and awake." On the difficult subject of symbolism Mr. Yeats writes in language that is subtle and suggestive rather than clear and intelligible. This arises from the nature of the subject which does not allow of precise definition, its aspects are so fugitive, its qualities so tenuous they must be felt rather than

comprehended. Mr. Yeats and A. E. are the greatest of our symbolist poets, and what he has to say on symbolism has the value of all criticism which comes from a poet and creative artist. Symbolism is found in the works of most of the great poets.

In France we have the poets divided into the Romantics, the Parnassians and the Symbolists, and it was a French symbolist who was seen in the streets of Paris leading a lobster by a blue ribbon, "because," he said, "it does not bark and knows the secrets of the sea." According to Mr. Yeats there are two kinds of symbols. "Symbols that evoke emotions alone, and symbols that evoke ideas, or ideas mingled with emotions," and he distinguishes between symbols, metaphors and allegories. Words themselves are only symbols, and it is contended by some symbolists that words have a perfume difficult to perceive owing to the infirmity of our imaginative sense; colours are often described by the symbolist in terms of sound; and we all know the blind man's notion, that red was like the sound of a trumpet. A French symbolist, writing of cathedral windows, described their colours in these unusual terms:—

> The hue and cry of reds, the limped security of white, the reiterated hallelujahs of yellows, the virginal glory of blues, all the quivering hearth-glow of painted glass.

Behind the diversity of forms, or running through them, is one spirit according to the symbolist, and he writes of colours in terms of sound, of sound in terms of perfumes, to evoke in the reader associations and emotions. Baudelaire's lines, admirably translated by Professor Herford, proclaim this doctrine:—

> As prolonged echoes wandering on and on,
> At last in one far tenebrous depth unite,
> Impalpable as darkness and as light,
> Scents, sounds and colours meet in unison.

It is this spirit which the symbolist tries to liberate by his choice of words and images. He claims that by the rightly chosen word the spirit is extracted from matter, takes form, and perhaps assumes immortality.

That other symbolist poet, A. E., in his poem entitled "Unity," says:—

> One thing in all things have I seen:
> One thought has haunted earth and air,
> Clangour and silence both have been
> Its palace chambers. Everywhere
>
> I saw the mystic vision flow
> And live in men and woods and streams,
> Until I could no longer know
> The dream of life from my own dreams.
>
> At last, at last, the meaning caught—
> The spirit wears its diadem.
> It shakes its wondrous plumes of thought
> And trails the stars along with them.

As a specimen of perfect symbolical poetry Mr. Yeats gives these lines by Burns:—

> "The white moon is setting behind the white wave,
> And Time is setting with me, O!"

"Take from them," he says, "the whiteness of the moon and of the wave, whose relation to the setting of time is too subtle for the intellect, and you take from them their beauty. But, when all are together, moon and wave and whiteness and setting time, and the last melancholy cry, they evoke an emotion which cannot be evoked by any other arrangement of colours and sounds and forms."

Symbolism in poetry has been compared to impressionism in painting. If you examine an impressionist picture too closely it is nothing; if you analyse a symbolical poem it appears to have no logical sequence. But the educated eye can see the picture rightly and the

reader with poetic sensibility can feel the beauty of the poem. Symbolism is in line with modern thought in its reaction from the material and scientific certainty of the last century. "Materialism only isolated the great mystery of consciousness by clearing away several petty mysteries which we had confounded with it," says Bernard Shaw. It may be that as knowledge advances the long dispute between materialist and idealist will be reconciled, and in the words of a modern thinker it will be proved that "mind is matter that knows its own mind." This much is certain that what Professor Herford calls "the creative intuition which culminates in poetry" is as true a guide to reality as the tabulated facts of science.

Poets can be divided into two kinds—the intellectual and the visionary. The intellectual poet gives us work of clear cut, definite beauty. It stands, splendid, in the full light of day and achieves beauty by the sheer magnificence of style, as in the poems of Milton and the sonnets of Heredia. How different the visionary poet. He, like the mystic, looks within, he feels flowing through himself—

> The music tide of universal soul
> Hears in his heart the beating pulse of heaven,

he apprehends something behind phenomena, something that cannot be described in the clear language of the intellectual poet. The beauty of such poetry is emotional, elusive even. It tries to utter the unutterable; it fails, but it fails gloriously. The visionary poet may be compared to a man trying to remember a particular word. The word comes to the tip of the tongue and then slips back again. But something has hovered there and we feel it when reading the poem.

The poems, ballads, lyrics and descriptive pieces of Mr. Yeats have been collected under various inviting titles—"The Wind Among the Reeds," "The Rose,"

"In the Seven Woods," and "Crossways." The main source of his inspiration is the folk-lore and the wild beauty of his native country; and the influence of Blake and Rossetti is also marked. The poems of an erotic nature have many lines that remind us of Rossetti:—

> O hiding hair and dewy eyes,
> Passion-dimmed eyes and long heavy hair, etc.;

but the influences of other poets does not last long. Mr. Yeats is soon liberated, and he gives us his own personal vision in exquisite, fantastic verbal music. His most characteristic poems arise from his visions; dreams move him more than reality, and the result is that his poetry has a misty beauty, wavering, indefinite. He is the poet of the "clair-obscur," he writes of disembodied powers, and it is no wonder that at times he becomes unintelligible. Intellectual clearness is not his object; indeed he writes almost unconsciously, and he tells us that some of his poems are like Blake's, "their authors are in eternity."

He has written poetry of another kind, ballads, narrative and political pieces, but his characteristic, his Yeatsian style is visionary and symbolic. In one of his last poems he cries:—

> I am worn out with dreams,
> A weather-worn marble triton
> Among the streams;

and in that exquisite symbolical poem "Into the Twilight" he has given perfect expression to an eternally recurring mood. It is one of the great poems of our literature and might stand as a manifesto of the symbolist school.

The latest poems are not as beautiful as his early work. There is more obscurity, more philosophising and touches of bitterness and dissatisfaction. Time has

worked its changes and the events of the last few years have affected him :—

> Too long a sacrifice
> Can make a stone of the heart,

he says in one poem ; in another, disdainfully,

> There is not a fool can call me friend,
> And I may dine at journey's end
> With Landor and with Donne.

These later poems prove that his reputation as a poet will rest on his early work. Perhaps those poets may be considered fortunate who have died young, for it is almost impossible for a poet to improve wth age. What effect would Time's chilling finger have had on Shelley, Keats, Rupert Brooke? It is a useless but interesting question. Even the supreme master, Shakespeare could only give us fuller harmonies not more lovely melodies.

There is much in the work of Mr. Yeats that I have not been able to deal with in the limits of this paper. I have dwelt chiefly on the symbolic part because it is the most important. Though his work is Irish work his culture is fed by the great literatures of the world, and with Lady Gregory he has made the department of folk-lore his own. Like many dreamers and visionaries, Saint Teresa for instance, he is capable of active work. His part in founding the Irish theatre and his alert defence of its aims prove this. His discovery and direction of J. M. Synge have placed literature in his debt. He is out of sympathy with modernity and turns from it with disdain. In his youth he made a bizarre excursion into the occult, and in one of his last books he is still preoccupied with it. Pre-natal states, dream memories, and the mathematical nature of mind movements are interesting subjects philosophically; but they do not sing in poetry. He cannot equal Thomas Hardy in making philosophy and metaphysics lyrical. He is not one of the great poets;

he says he writes for a few careful readers, and evidently he looks for no wide popularity, but to the sensitive reader with a feeling for beauty and a capacity for emotion his work will give high pleasure. And to his countrymen it will appeal because it often mirrors their agony. Lord Morley says this scientific and documentary age produces prose which is unemotional. The generalisation is too wide, but it serves to emphasize the unique character of Mr. Yeats' contribution to our literature. His is emotional and spiritual work, and in an age so greatly preoccupied by material things it reminds us that

> We and the labouring world are passing by,
> Amid men's souls that waver and give place,
> Like the pale waters in their wintry race,
> Under the passing stars, foam of the sky.

Poet, dramatist and folk-lore historian, there are many paths to the heart of his mystery. We shall reach it soonest if we journey by Irish roads where "the honey-pale moon lies low on the sleepy hill," past lonely lakes and through dim woods where he has seen his visions and told his dreams. There dwells his muse, her form shadowy, her voice mournful; but both form and voice instinct with the beauty that is eternal.

"WINDOWS."

By F. Hartley.

AT the mention of the subject of "Windows" one's thoughts instinctively turn to our churches and cathedrals where

> "Storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light,"

have brought peace and content to many a troubled spirit by their revealing suggestiveness and beauty.

Here we have the window in its most exalted mood, yet it is modest to a degree, for it has no outward show of pomp and vanity. Viewed from the outside, it is a dark indistinct affair, giving no hint of its real magnificence. Only when we are admitted to the intimacy of the interior are we permitted a glimpse of its glories. Moreover, only on certain conditions does the beholder see the rich beauty of colour and outline. When the light of the sun is withdrawn, the window is sombre and inscrutable, veiled in mystery, but when the clear sunshine comes streaming through, the spirit sometimes looks with awe upon a picture of entrancing and mystical grandeur.

But the window in its more homely aspect plays a not insignificant part in our lives. I call to mind another window, quite a humble plebian affair, but which nevertheless in my youthful days was the centre of much interest and attention. It was the window of the village sweet shop, behind which were displayed all the attractive delicacies which tempted the halfpennies out of our pockets.

Contrasted with an up-to-date chocolate and candy

store, the display was very modest, but one that could not be ignored. Long strips of a red and white leathery substance, commonly called "Yankey Pankey," sticks of liquorice, locusts, a few bottles of acid drops and lime juice tablets (very old stock and not to be purchased except in case of emergency), a tin of treacle toffee, and a box of changing balls, so called because though red to start with, they changed in turn to all the colours of the rainbow as you sucked them off one by one. Additional interest was sometimes lent to an investment in this particular brand of merchandise, from the circumstance that when you had licked a colour off your ball you could change with a chum who had performed a similar office with his.

"I'll swop you a colour" was a familiar offer.

It always seemed to me that this window had seen better days and was making a gallant struggle against adversity. At one time it must have been treated unkindly, for a large crack stretched right across one of the panes, and from carelessness or lack of funds had never been repaired. To preserve its life, however, even at the cost of respectability, a number of little yellow gelatine losenges, taken from the stock, had been stuck across the crack; and being very adhesive, helped to carry on until brighter and more prosperous times.

But our acquaintance with windows reaches back to the very earliest days of childhood. We recall the times when we were kept indoors by the rain and snow; rebellious prisoners whose lot was only made endurable by the fact that the friendly window assured us that the outside world was still there, as with noses flattened against the glass, we saw it in a new and wonderful light.

Is there anything more lovely and comforting than to gaze from the cosy shelter of your room upon the world without, wrapped in driving sleet and snow, and to realise that there is nothing between you and this whirling tumult, but a wafer-like almost invisible substance.

A material that might have been spun by fairies, so delicate it is and dainty. Defying the elements in their strength and fury; and yet so fragile that a child can shatter it at a blow. And is there any comparable medium for interpreting to us the musical cadence of wind and rain. As you sit by the cheery fire, or snuggle between the downy sheets, the drumming on the window pane calls up visions of the travail of the unfortunate ones who are compelled to be abroad, and is the inspiration of many an unuttered prayer of thankfulness and content.

I sometimes think that should I ever build a house it would have to include one room which commanded a view of wide stretching valley or moorland. A room with a generous expanse of window, through which to see Nature in her varying moods, and more particularly to see and *hear* her when she is at her wildest, thus emphasizing by contrast my own security and sense of mastery. And would not a sensible man, building his house, pay loving attention to its windows. I believe there are men to be found who will take great pains with the *doors* of their houses, insisting that they shall be of noble shape and imposing appearance, but utterly neglecting its windows, and he who neglects his windows starves that which is the soul and inspiration of the home.

Doors are useful, through them come bread, meat, and drink; but through the window come sunshine, light and life itself. Through the window comes love. Ovid tells us

> "That the lover should be admitted by the windows, even when the door is quite accessible and really more convenient."

"By their windows ye shall know them," might be safely said of housewives. The ever-closed window indicates the closed and stunted mind, and many a woman has lost her reputation among her neighbours through inattention to her windows and their draperies.

On the other hand, she can make a very pleasing picture of her window by the effective use of curtains and flowers, a picture which raises a room out of the commonplace, irresistibly attracting and pleasing all who enter.

It always seems to me that the manufacture of the wonderful thing out of which windows are made partakes of the magical. The magician dips his long pipe into the molten mass, takes up a small portion, and with his living breath fashions and moulds it to his will. The glowing, pliable substance can be shaped, turned and cut, but having been allowed to cool, is transformed into the protecting, comforting thing we know so well. We are apt to accept without question or thanks many of our daily privileges and blessings, and are forgetful of the time when man, if he shut out the rain, also shut out the light. What a glorious thing it must have been when this material became cheap enough to be put into the windows of even the poorest dwellings, and took the place of the oiled paper, the stretched animal bladders, and the solid wooden shutters.

The extraordinary gladness with which the early singers greeted the return of spring may have had its inspiration in these window coverings. The coming of warmer days meant the flinging open wide of the windows, and an escape from the wretchedness of darkened rooms, lighted only by the feeble glimmer of burning pine splinters.

It is the windows that introduce to us the wonderful treasures of the world. They are at once the museum and storehouse of the marvellous things which this bountiful earth provides, or her sons and daughters create by their skill and craftsmanship. Fruits from the east, in all their strange and inviting beauty, tapestries, carpets, silks and laces, gems and precious stones, the soothing weed in its many alluring forms, and sober but satisfying colours, candies and sweets, raiment to comfort or adorn the body.

"Come and behold," cry the windows, "we will reveal all things unto you, for men in all lands toil and sweat to gratify our desires. We admit no barrier of race or colour. White, black, brown or yellow, we take from each according to his power, and his willingness to serve. In all quarters of the earth they dig and plant and weave; and across desert, ocean and fertile plain the treasures come crowding for your delight."

As we stroll along the gaily-lighted streets we gaze round-eyed at these wonders. Overcoated and mufflered against the biting wind, we see on the other side of this gossamer-like substance daintily gowned ladies displaying these wonders to intending purchasers. It is like a peep into fairyland. Here we have the window in its most cheerful mood. Clean, brightly polished, innocent of blind or curtain, its broad expanse challenges our interest, and acts as a tonic to jaded spirits.

How different when, shuttered and darkened, its message is one of sorrow and trouble. May be we are concerned and anxious about some loved one, and as we return from office or workshop we glance with apprehension at the windows to see whether the drawn blind announces that the messenger of death has called in our absence.

Musing upon these things, our thoughts not unnaturally turn to that little window in Thrums, that square foot of glass, where Jess sat in her chair and looked down the brae:—

> "With Hendry or Leeby to lean upon, and her hand clutching her staff, she took twice a day when she was strong, the journey between her bed and the window where stood her chair."

Not to sit there dosing and idly dreaming,

> "For all the sewing was done by her, she often baked on a table pushed close to the window, and by leaning forward she could stir the porridge."

Just a tiny little window, quite humble and modest, yet it

served as a medium between a brave pure soul and the outer world.

There is a beauty of symbolism about the window which appeals to the heart and imagination. We read in the scriptures : " The same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of the heavens were opened." Surely a phrase visioning an event of transcendent omnipotence. Shakespeare speaks of " the window of the heart," and uses the word with appealing appropriateness when the eyes close in their last long sleep. Of Juliet he says,

> "Thy eyes windows fall, like death, when he shuts up the day of life."

And of Cleopatra,

> "Now boast thee death ; in thy possession lies a lass unparrallel'd—Downy windows, close ; and golden Phoebus never be beheld of eyes again so loyal."

Hilaire Belloc is finely contemptuous of him who ridicules windows.

> "After the sun, he says, which they serve, I know of nothing so beneficient as windows. Fie upon the ungrateful man that has no window God in his house, and thinks himself too great a philosopher to bow down to windows! May he live in a place without windows for awhile, to teach him the value of windows. As for me I will keep up the high worship of windows till I come to the windowless grave."

What a delight it was in our youthful days to escape sometimes from the world, and, with book under arm, steal away to the garret or hay loft. The ideal mode of entrance was by ladder and trap door, and the window, of course, was in the roof : side windows were taboo, they were too ordinary, but the skylight gave a sense of seclusion and remoteness. There, stretched at full length, chin propped on elbows, the printed page was the enchanted doorway into the realm of romance and adventure. Such sounds as reached us were muffled and indistinct, and it was with a detached and specula-

tive interest that we occasionally tried to interpret their meaning. But for the most part all was still, the secrecy was absolute, and what more could a boy want than books to read, and a garret to read them in. All boys love a garret but only the poet retains and carries this appreciation through life. It has been said :—

> "Your garret is the true kingdom of the poet, neighbouring the stars ; side windows tether him to earth, but the skylight looks to the heavens."

That is the reason, no doubt, why so many poets live in garrets.

Would you know whether a nation is happy and contented, look at her windows. They are the barometer, unfailingly recording the rise and fall of her well-being. There may be days of distress and anxiety, new ideas and systems may threaten and challenge the old, revolution may be in the air, but the people may sleep serenely in bed o' nights and walk fearlessly abroad by day, knowing that a sane and safe path will be found out of their troubles, so long as the windows are free from wanton destruction by the mob.

The sound of falling glass has often heralded the overthrow of kings and the downfall of mighty empires. Wise is the Government, and happy the country, where the windows are treated with honour and respect, and never through distress or anger, are the hands of the people raised against them.

COLERIDGE.

By Rev. William C. Hall, M.A.

SAMUEL Taylor Coleridge was born on October 21, 1772; he died on July 25, 1834. He was the last of the thirteen children of the two marriages of the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, and Master of the local Grammar School. This good man is said to have been an amiable, simple-hearted, and eccentric scholar, sound in Greek and Latin, and profound in Hebrew, and in the measure of his learning exceedingly ignorant of the world. "His mixture of amiable simplicity and not unamiable pedantry," says Mr. Traill, "was illustrated in his practice of diversifying his sermons to his village flock with Hebrew quotations, which he always commended to their attention as 'the immediate language of the Holy Ghost'—a practice which exposed his successor, himself a learned man, to the complaint of his rustic parishioners, that for all his erudition no 'immediate language of the Holy Ghost' was ever to be heard from *him*." For his own and other schoolboys, "boys just initiated," as he wrote, he compiled "A Critical Latin Grammar," in which he proposed, among other innovations, to substitute for the names of the cases, nominative to ablative, "for which antiquity pleads in opposition to reason," prior, possessive, attributive, posterior, interjective, and quale-quare-quidditive. His wife, the second, was, comparatively, an uneducated woman, and unemotional, an admirable wife, mother, and housekeeper, disinclined to see her daughters become like "your harpsichord ladies," and determined to make her sons gentlemen. It is regrettable that we have so little information of this estimable woman, although it

would seem that her motherly influence was least upon Samuel Taylor. The father's was, so far as he was concerned, the determining personality: for, discovering in him propensities like his own, he gave him his particular care and companionship with the intention of preparing him for the Church. "The image of my father, my revered, kind, learned, simple-hearted father, is a religion to me," Coleridge said. Apart from their outburst of affection, the veneration of a man who was ever warm-hearted, the spontaneous adjectives are interesting to us: they mark the character of a benevolent father who gave to his son the deep, if not strong, qualities of his mind, with all the gentleness of his heart and the weakness of his will. That drop in the Coleridgean blood which had in it perverse and irresponsible microbes was transmitted and nourished; and it was to descend, vital and active as a sowing of Cadmus, to genial, warm-hearted, irresolute, careless and care-encumbered, and most loveable Hartley Coleridge. Genius at its highest will have no communion with disorder. The greatest minds, with all their plasticity of thought, are rigid in system; they are not eccentric, but concentric. Coleridge is far up the heights, but not at the summits, and he is where he is in our literature for what came out of disorder through the prompting of another, a more orderly mind; but he would have been nowhere without that mind of his own which, less at command than Wordsworth's, was, let one of the most intolerant admirers of Wordsworth say, more capacious and impressionable, subtler, quicker, and nimbler,—such, I think, through its early cultivation by an erudite and eccentric father.

His father died in 1781, and on July 18, 1782, Coleridge, under 10, entered Christ's Hospital. Here he attracted the paternal interest of the headmaster and carried off the best honours of the school, and here he won the friendship of Charles Lamb, two and a half years his junior,—

gentle Elia, that unique personality, probably the best friend of every man he knew. Lamb's description of Coleridge in his essay, "Christ's Hospital, Five and Thirty Years Ago," is well known, but I cannot leave it untranscribed:—

> Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in the Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy*!"

In no other passage so brief did Lamb, concisest of writers, say so much; in that he wrote a biography.

Of his schooldays Coleridge wrote a good analytical account in *Biographia Literaria*. In this retrospect there is much that throws light upon his later life, particularly his absorption in metaphysics. This requires a treatise to itself.

The first performances of poets are often of special interest. In "Genevieve," written when Coleridge was 14, there is that which discloses the moralist and logician, the man before he became a poet.

> Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve!
> In Beauty's light you glide along:
> Your eye is like the star of eve,
> And sweet your voice as seraph's song.
> Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
> This heart with passion soft to glow:
> Within your soul a voice there lives!
> It bids you hear the tale of woe.
> When sinking low the suffer wan
> Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
> Fair, as the bosom of the swan

> That rises graceful o'er the wave,
> I've seen your breast with pity heave,
> And *therefore* love I you, sweet Genevieve!

He loves the girl, perhaps his school "nurse's" daughter, and he will carry her beautiful name forward to one of his best poems, "Love," not for her maidenly charms but for her heavenly dower of pity. "Therefore,"—he italicises the word—"love I you, sweet Genevieve!"

But it was as he entered on his seventeenth year that Coleridge felt deep poetic stirrings. That these were from the sonnets of W. L. Bowles is neither for the praise of these sonnets as such, nor a matter for derision; it is sufficient, and it is interesting, to know that Coleridge, whose poetic powers were to be brought to their highest expression by his discussions of poetic theory with Wordsworth, was inspired by an author who gained popularity by writing simply, in honest disregard of the current manners that Wordsworth and Coleridge together were destined to suppress. In the first version of a sonnet to Bowles he wrote:—

> My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles! for those soft strains,
> That, on the still air floating, tremblingly
> Wak'd in me Fancy, Love and Sympathy.

That is a tribute genuinely grateful and, I think, accurately descriptive of emotions quietly roused; and I set it against those who, critical of Bowles's performances, perhaps justly, have been niggardly and morally mean in withholding from him a little credit to which he is patently entitled.

Coleridge left Christ's Hospital on September 7, 1791, and went into residence on an exhibition at Jesus College, Cambridge, the following month. In his first year he gained the Browne gold medal for a Greek ode on the Slave Trade, and was second in competition for the Craven Scholarship. But he was alienated from regular studies by his conversion to heterodox political and

religious opinions. His Cambridge career, educationally erratic, was enlivened—as his course at Christ's Hospital had been— by comical escapades, the chief of which was his sudden enlisting as Silas Tomkyn Comberbach in the 15th Light Dragoons,—under what provocation cannot be satisfactorily determined. He was discharged after four months, and, admonished by his College authorities, returned into residence. He quitted Cambridge in December, 1794, without a degree. There is a story of a wine party told by him which is too good to leave unrepeated. Three or four gentlemen were most deplorably drunk. On the way home two fell into the gutter, and one who was being assisted generously stuttered out a request that his friend might be saved as he himself could swim.

In June, 1794, Coleridge visited Oxford and made the acquaintance of Robert Southey. From this meeting resulted Pantisocracy, the scheme of the two and their friends whereby twelve gentlemen of good education and liberal principles were to embark with twelve ladies for the banks of the Susquehanna, there to found an ideal commonwealth. But all that came of the scheme was the marriage of Coleridge to Sarah Fricker, an unfortunate alliance which makes for both parties large demands upon our sympathy. This took place at St. Mary Redcliffe Church, Bristol, on October 4, 1795.

In 1796 "Poems on Various Subjects" were published. The include the "Monody on Chatterton," later remodelled, and, as in the case of every emendation by Coleridge, improved; "Songs of the Pixies," written three years earlier, containing delicate fancies—

> Through the mystic ringlets of the vale
> We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank;
> Or, silent-sandal'd, pay our defter court,
> Circling the Spirit of the Western Gale,
> Where, wearied with his flower-caressing sport,
> Supine he slumbers on a violet bank;—

"Sonnets on Eminent Characters," themselves not characterized by eminence—Coleridge utterly failed with the sonnet; "Religious Musings," and "The Eolian Harp,"—this last written in the freshness of marital joy, with happy lines and the true lift of Coleridge's imagination—

> The stilly murmur of the distant sea
> Tells us of silence. And that simplest lute,
> Placed lengthways in the clasping casement, hark!
> How by the desultory breeze caressed,
> Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
> It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
> Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
> Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
> Over delicious surges sink and rise,
> Such a soft floating witching of sound
> As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
> Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land . . . .
> And what if all of animated nature
> Be but organic harps diversely framed,
> That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
> Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
> At once the Soul of each, and God of all!

Impelled by the ardour of his advanced opinions and, no doubt, the necessity of supporting a home, Coleridge floated "The Watchman," that "all might know the truth and the truth might make us free," on the most reasonable terms. It was to be published every eighth day in order to avoid the stamp-tax. He toured the North, preaching Unitarianism, a brand of his own, by the way, and gathered nearly a thousand subscribers, half of whom he lost through lively indiscretions in the second number. In *Biographia Literaria* he gives a diverting account of his proceeding. He tells how the first attack of his campaign was directed on a rigid Calvinist and tallow chandler of Birmingham, unkempt, one of the thorough-bred, a true lover of liberty, who had

proved that Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast of the Apocalypse.

> I commenced an harangue of half an hour to Phileleutheros, the tallow-chandler, varying my notes, through the whole gamut of eloquence, from the ratiocinative to the declamatory, and in the latter from the pathetic to the indignant. I argued, I described, I promised, I prophesied; and beginning wih the captivity of nations I ended with the near approach of the millenium . . . . My taper man of lights listened with perseverant and praiseworthy patience . . . . "And what, sir," he said, "might the cost be?" "Only four-pence,"—(O! how I felt the anti-climax, the abysmal bathos of that four-pence!)—"only four-pence, sir, each number to be published on every eighth day." "That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year. And how much did you say there was to be for the money?" "Thirty-two pages, sir, large octavo, closely printed." "Thirty and two pages? Bless me! Why except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, sir, all the year round. I am as great a one, as any man in Brummagem, sir! for liberty and truth and all them sort of things, but as to this,—no offence, I hope, sir,—I must beg to be excused."

"The Watchman," heavily freighted with journalistic indiscretions, came to grief on its tenth journey.

Early in 1797 Coleridge settled at Nether Stowey, Somerset. He took with him, as paying guest, Charles Lloyd, the son of an eminent Birmingham banker, who had "abandoned himself to an indolent and causeless melancholy" and conceived an "ardent desire to domesticate himself permanently with a man whose conversation was to him as a revelation from heaven." All one can say for this arrangement, before the generosity of the Wedgwoods came to his aid, is that it helped Coleridge over a short but very critical time of financial strain.

"The years 1797 and 1798 are generally and justly regarded as the blossoming-time of Coleridge's poetical genius," Mr. Traill writes, and adds that "it would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that they were even more

than this, and that within the brief period covered by them is included not only the development of the poet's powers to their full maturity but the untimely beginnings of their decline." In June, 1797, Coleridge met Wordsworth at Racedown in Dorset. This meeting was the beginning of a friendship, personal and literary, out of which came "Lyrical Ballads" and the theories they are supposed to represent and confirm, which are so fully expounded in Wordsworth's Preface and in *Biographia Literaria*: two treatises of supreme literary value. On the personal side of this friendship Coleridge was the attraction, Wordsworth on the literary; the debt to literature in the permanent making of Wordsworth and the temporary flaming of Coleridge's exquisite creativeness is for equal division. We will not discuss the work that lifted English verse from pedantry, pompous artificiality, and insipidity and set it on firm feet to walk this earth and to climb the heights of clear imagination; and I will content myself with saying that thereby a regular mind, after a shaking and pain we are only now beginning to realise, found the law of its being, and a mind less regular on its surface, but subliminally more momentous, found light, not the "wizard twilight" of which William Watson speaks, nor any eeriness of morn or eve, but the gold of the full day, the warmth, the glow, the lustre, and the clean power.

To the first volume of "Lyrical Ballads," Coleridge contributed "The Foster-Mother's Tale," "The Nightingale," "Love," and "The Ancient Mariner"; to the second, for which "Christabel" was intended, he contributed nothing.

I have sometimes thought that the most beautiful line on the nightingale, and perhaps the fullest of imagery in our literature, is that of Keats in "Endymion," who sees, as he hears the bird,

> How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood;

but is it not run hard by the line with which Coleridge closes a passage in his poem?—

> And she hath watched
> Many a nightingale perch giddily
> On blosmy twig still swinging from the breeze,
> And to that motion tune his wanton song,
> Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

To Coleridge the nightingale is not a melancholy bird:

> 'Tis the merry Nightingale
> That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
> With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
> As he were fearful that an April night
> Would be too short for him to utter forth
> His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
> Of all its music.

Turning to "The Ancient Mariner," I anticipate the charge of inadequate reference. I plead that I have read many expositions and criticisms of the poem, but that none has been complete and all have left a thousand things to say. Its story?—Well, even Coleridge's own marginal prose cannot tell it. Its theme?—Mrs. Barbauld once told Coleridge that it lacked a moral, and he replied that in his own judgment the poem had too much, and that the only, or chief fault, if he might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination; and we may add that far from lacking a moral, it included, and fixed at its heart, moral teaching that was courageously novel and even venturesome: the equal love of man and bird and beast was hardly popular doctrine in Coleridge's day; and I am not sure that we have yet got beyond the sentiment to the instinctive practice of the universally humane faith these words express:—

> He prayeth best, who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.

The scheme of it?—It is dramatic:—

> It is an ancient Mariner,
> And he stoppeth one of three . . . .
>
> He holds him with his skinny hand,
> "There was a ship," quoth he.
> "Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
> Eftsoons his hand dropt he.
>
> He holds him with his glittering eye—
> The Wedding-Guest stood still,
> And listens like a three years' child:
> The Mariner hath his will.

Then the scene is thrown open, and in the narrative of one actor, moving through speech that sounds like the soliloquy of an afflicted conscience,—a confession to God rather than to mortal,—we learn of the ship and the driving storm, the fields of ice, the albatross winging through the fog, and the cursed deed—"I shot the albatross"; the becalming, and the rotting sea, green and blue and white, alive with slimy things; the phantom ship with Death and Death-in-life dicing for the mariner's soul, whilst his crew drop dead on deck, their souls flying past him like the whizz of his crossbow and leaving him alone:—

> Alone, alone, all, all alone,
> Alone on a wide, wide sea!
> And never a soul took pity on
> My soul in agony—

the curse in the eyes of the dead man, under the moving moon, contrasted with the sight of happy living things, beyond the shadow of the ship, beautiful; the sleep that slid into his soul, and the waking, wet, but so light from sleep:—

> Almost
> I thought that I had died in sleep,
> And was a blessed ghost—

the strange sounds and sights of the upper air, and the ship moving with its stirring dead, who rise to work the ropes—

> The body of my brother's son
> Stood by me, knee to knee:
> The body and I pulled at one rope,
> But he said nought to me,—

the voices of the spirits that informed the corpses, mingling in the air, and heard, now singly, now together, like the song of birds—for the utterances of man and bird are of the same life—

> Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
> I heard the sky-lark sing;
> Sometimes all little birds that are,
> How they seemed to fill the sea and air
> With their sweet jargoning!
>
> And now 'twas like all instruments,
> Now like a lovely flute;
> And now it is an angel's song,
> That makes the heavens be mute.
>
> It ceased; yet still the sails made on
> A pleasant noise till noon,
> A noise like of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune,—

the continued voyage without a breeze, then the bound of the ship, and the swooning of the mariner; the demonic voices, one, as soft as honey-dew, declaring penance done and penance yet to to; the expiration of the curse; the swift, soft drift of the ship home through haunted moonlight; the coming of the pilot and his boy with the hermit; the sudden sinking of the ship; the rescue of the mariner, and the spinning of the boat upon the whirl where the ship sank; the landing, and the agony that at uncertain hours compels the mariner to

tell the story of his voyage to the man who must hear him.

All this narrative is set together like a mosaic whose pieces glitter under sharp glancing lights; to say that its construction is superb is to use an adjective of a hundred that would be inadequate.

But "The Ancient Mariner" is more than a recital; it is a symphony. I have read it to a group of working men and to a fairly large mixed public audience, to study its effect as word-music upon them and myself, and have seen and felt how like a varying chant it can sweep over the emotions and stab and soothe sense and nerve,—here there is a single word, placed absolutely aptly, that is like a note lifted through an orchestra, and here vibrating sequacious phrase. As after the performance of some master of the violin, technically perfect, subtly executant, and instinct with the innermost spirit of his theme, that haunts us which was of the very fibre of his strings, so we hear when the mariner's tale is told the murmuring undertones and the reverberating melodies of his Rime.

In plunging into "Lyrical Ballads," necessarily ignoring such facts as the obligation of Coleridge to Wordsworth for suggestions towards "The Ancient Mariner," which, indeed, may be wisely ignored, I have leapt over two uncompleted poems which may be regarded as the greatest fragments of our literature.

In April, 1798, Coleridge, after a rupture with Lloyd, retired to "a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton." For his depression and indisposition an anodyne was prescribed—this may have been his first dose of opium—under the effects of which he slept profoundly for about three hours. He had been reading of Kubla Khan in "Purchas's Pilgrimage (he meant "Purchas his Pilgrims"); and he tells us that he is most vividly confident that in his sleep, at least of the external senses, he could not have composed less than

from two to three hundred lines, "if that indeed can be called composition in which the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock and detained by him above an hour," with the result that practically all he had seen and heard in the vision was scattered to the winds. Francis Thompson wrote:—

> If there were a day of judgment against the preventers of poetry, heavy would be the account of that unnamed visitor who interrupted Coleridge in the transcriptions of his dream-music, and lost to the world for ever the remainder of "Kubla Khan." In the other world, we trust, this wretched individual will be condemned eternally to go out of ear-shot when the angels prelude on their harps; together with all those who by choice enter concert-rooms during the divinest passage of a symphony.

I would put with them itinerants who call when a man is preparing his paper for the Manchester Literary Club: for I was called out of my study twice during the composition of this very page. But I want to be merciful. I think too much has been made of this interruption. "Kubla Khan," one of the most interesting products of subconscious cerebration, was not a momentary inspiration; and Coleridge's statement of its inception is only a partial explanation, as many readers must have judged. A valuable letter by Mr. Howard Parsons in the *Times Literary Supplement* of March 9 shows how before reading the account of Kubla Khan's summer palace, Coleridge had read the description of Aloadine's pleasure palace in "Purchas his Pilgrims," to which his poem is more correspondent. But Mr. Ernest Hartley

Coleridge has shown that the imagery of the poem was suggested not only by Purchas but also by Bartram's "Travels in North and South Carolina" and Maurice's "History of Hindostan." Further, an anonymous writer in the *Nation and Athenæum* of January 28 makes this highly interesting contribution :—

> I have not seen any printed allusion to a tolerably evident resonance in "Kubla Khan"—if it is not counted impiety to scrutinize that sibylline leaf with minuteness. But consider Collins's ode "The Passions." The scenery is not worlds remote from that of Coleridge's vision. "That deep romantic chasm" is of Collins's predilections. Collins has :—
>
> Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
> Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay.

Do I not hear that again in Coleridge's—

> Through wood and dale the sacred river ran?

"The mingled measure" occurs in "Kubla," a few lines lower. Collins's "But O! how altered," etc., and Coleridge's "But oh! that deep romantic chasm," at least heighten the chance that "The Passions" was an influence in the mind of Coleridge, besides "Histories of Hindostan" and "Travels in Carolina."

Could Coleridge have recalled more of "Kubla Khan" if he had willed? If he had willed! That is a baffling question, in regard to his mentality, and in view of the history of "Christabel."

The First Part of "Christabel" was written in 1797, the Second in 1800. It was intended for the second volume of "Lyrical Ballads," and Coleridge thought of extending it to two more parts; but these plans were frustrated by Wordworth's decision to countermand its printing, and by Coleridge's inability to summon the spirit that had come and gone in "Kubla Khan." Hartley Coleridge always declared that his father could not have finished the poem, and Lamb regretted even the

writing of the Second Part, excepting the wonderful lines on broken friendship :—

> Alas! they had been friends in youth;
> But whispering tongues can poison truth;
> And constancy lives in realms above;
> And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
> And to be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain.
> And thus it chanced, as I divine,
> With Roland and Sir Leoline.
> Each spake words of high disdain
> And insult to his heart's best brother:
> They parted—ne'er to meet again!
> But never either found another
> To free the hollow heart from paining—
> They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
> Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
> A dreary sea now flows between.
> But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
> Shall wholly do away, I ween,
> The marks of that which once hath been.

What of the First Part? Here Coleridge achieved the unprecedented feat of "witchery in daylight." But, as I have read it, I have been most enthralled not by the magic of its narrative and its tragic movement, but by its liquid purity of sound and the honey-drops of its beating accents :—

> There she sees a damsel bright,
> Drest in a silken robe of white,
> That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
> The neck that made that white robe wan,
> Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
> Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
> And wildly glittered here and there
> The gems entangled in her hair.
> I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
> A lady so richly clad as she—
> Beautiful exceedingly!

And Coleridge turned to metaphysics! By residence in Germany, where philosophy was stirring like poetry in

England, he equipped himself for speculation as no other of his time. That he had genius for it is attested; he was the one man in England who could hope to rival, and perhaps to excel, the best minds of Germany. It may be for regret, but it is idle to complain that he did not write classics of philosophy.

Here, for want of a better connection, I will say all I need on Coleridge's prose. I am amazed at the bulk of it, having regard to all that has been said about his indolence. But Coleridge's was not an indolent mind, and, as much of his journalistic work evidences, it could be most orderly. It was one of the most rapid and most surely comprehending minds this world has seen. A slower, less informed, and less cogitating mind might have produced more, in a better style, and yet less of permanent value might have remained to us. As literary criticism *Biographia Literaria* and the Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare, as we have them, stand supreme. In the mass of our reading, unless our memories are photographic and our recollections as tidy as a vacuum cleaner, not so much is at our immediate call; no more relatively than in Coleridge's prose works is of enduring use. In its bulk it preserves a respectable contribution to literature of the highest order. On that like "Aids to Reflection," designed, I think, to disturb the infallibility of not a few of my vocation, judgments and tastes will differ.

Coleridge's residence in Germany, besides establishing him as a metaphysician, sent him to the translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein," perhaps the best translation of dramatic literature we have in English. It is a drama and a poem in itself. In spite of his protestations of the weariness in which he laboured over it, we know how persistently and eagerly he produced it. Scott said that Coleridge had made "Wallenstein" far finer than he found it. Let it be remembered that it makes up nearly three hundred pages of ordinary octavo printing, and for

a period Coleridge will be acquitted of the charge of indolence.

"Osorio," an original blank-verse drama in five acts, was transformed in 1812 into "Remorse" for acting at Drury Lane. It was greatly improved, added scenes certainly facilitating its movement, but it cannot be said to have great dramatic value. It contains, however, much true dramatic poetry and dialogue and, outside its action, some little of the reflectiveness we associate with Shakespeare:—

> Remorse is as the heart in which it grows:
> If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
> Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
> It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
> Weeps only tears of poison.

Of "Zapolya," in humble imitation of "The Winter's Tale," it need only be said that it became immediately popular as a Christmas tale, and so got the reading and the judgment for which Coleridge pleaded.

I pass over the domestic troubles and the estrangements of friendship that cruelly harrowed Coleridge's sensitive heart, and will say nothing of the physical weaknesses and ailments and the depressions that led him to opium. But on this drug habit a word must be said. It began early, and was certainly formed before he was thirty. It developed until he was forty-two, when he put himself under the care of Mr. Gillman. We are told how he would drink laudanum by the pint. But this is not the place for moral censure. It would be the place for determining to what extent the habit impaired Coleridge's mind. How did it further weaken a will congenitally weak? How far, temporarily easing bodily distresses, did it paralyse the brain against, not mental work, but literary production? How far did it break up Coleridge's sense of moral independence, a slight faculty from the start? The only honest answer to these questions is that there is no answer. The amazing fact

is that Coleridge's fine mind was so strong after the narcotic swillings and sensuous drenchings of so many years. But that mind was less dependent upon the body than the average, perhaps so by reason of a will that made so little connection. Illness never dulled it. Coleridge said :—

> Illness never in the smallest degree affects my intellectual powers. I can *think* with all my ordinary vigour in the midst of pain; but I am beset with the most wretched and unmanning reluctance and shrinking from action. I could not upon such occasion take the pen in hand to write down my thoughts for all the wide world.

Outside the effects of illness, he gives an ampler explanation of his indisposition. Speaking of Hamlet he says :

> Hamlet's character is the prevalence of the abstracting and generalising habit over the practical. He does not want courage, skill, will (*i.e.* desire), or opportunity; but every incident sets him thinking; and it is curious, and at the same time strictly natural that Hamlet, who all the play seems reason itself, should be impelled at last, by mere accident to effect his object. I have a smack of Hamlet myself, if I may say so.

Take another passage from " Table Talk " :—

> I am by the law of my nature a reasoner. A person who should suppose I meant by that word, an arguer, would not only not understand me, but would understand the contrary of my meaning. I can take no interest whatever in hearing or saying anything merely as a fact—merely as having happened. It must refer to something within me before I can regard it with any curiosity or care. My mind is always energic—I don't mean energetic; I require in everything, what, for lack of another word, I may call *propriety*,—that is, a reason, why the thing *is* at all, and why it is *there* or *then* rather than elsewhere or at another time.

So, the explanation Coleridge's so-called indolence is to be found not in morbid pathology, but in psychology.

I dare not now intrude upon your patience with more than the briefest references to poems written under depression, particularly those which grieve over unused and wasted powers, and to poems written with the joy of

happy promptings. Among the former there is the ode "Dejection," with its most pathetic lines :—

> There was a time when, though my path was rough,
> This joy within me dallied with distress,
> And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
> Whence Fancy made one dreams of happiness :
> For Hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
> And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine
> But now afflictions bow me down to earth :
> Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
> But oh! each visitation
> Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
> My shaping spirit of Imagination.
> For not to think of what I needs must feel,
> But to be still and patient, all I can;
> And haply by abstruse research to steal
> From my own nature all the natural man—
> This was my sole resource, my only plan :
> Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
> And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

And there is "To a Gentleman." the noble and generous address to Wordsworth after hearing the "Prelude," which is recuperative of much of the best in Coleridge's genius, and has that sad passage :—

> Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
> And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
> And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
> And all which patient toil had reared, and all,
> Commune with *thee* had opened out—but flowers
> Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
> In the same coffin, for the self-same grave.

Among the latter there is "Frost at Midnight," with its resplendent close, addressed to his child :—

> Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
> Whether the summer clothe the general earth
> With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
> Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
> Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch

Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in he trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

What of Coleridge's talk? Was ever a man more eloquent? None was more fluent. "Did you ever hear me preach, Lamb?" and Elia replied, "D-d-did I ever hear you do anything else?" There is a story of how Coleridge once, like his Ancient Mariner, took Lamb by the button of his coat, which Lamb, aware of what was in store for him, cut off, and departed; he returned three hours later, and found Coleridge still discoursing, with the button in his hand,—a tall story, but, after all, the sort of invention that better than a precise chronicle conveys the idea of a long oration. But after our laughter, which is bestowed upon all things that can be big with wind, we read of the wit, the pithiness, the humour, the extensive knowledge, the high philosophy, the reasoning based on subtle observation, the imagination soaring to magnificence, of Coleridge's discourses, and of their delivery in clear, melodious tones, with mastery and dignity.

Finally, it may be true to say of Coleridge's work that "it stands erected upon a rock too often enshrounded by the mists of its encircling sea." Happy are the men of whose labour even a little stands so; happy, if amid the multitudinous waves of life there is some little house that guides by its light a few mariners on the main, shining over the waters of time. But not for the few, but for all who will, there is in Coleridge the light of song, the radiance of poetry, that the ages can neither quench nor dim, and that can pale and die only when our speech mingles with the dust of forgotten things.

PHILOSOPHY: THE NEED FOR RE-STATEMENT.

By Laurence Clay.

SURELY it is not unnatural for thinking men to-day to be looking with some degree of certitude, for the great advance in modern science to be followed by an advance of surpassing importance in re-statement of metaphysics and philosophy consequent upon recent scientific and intellectual achievement. Philosophy may do, nay doubtless is doing, much to bring itself into line with the increase of knowledge which theoretical and applied science has recently afforded with such startling rapidity, but, for the ordinary thinking man, is there not a need for his being not only possessed of a greater awareness of, and acuity towards recent scientific conquests but also of their portentous effect on current philosophy once these are assimilated by it? He is apprehensive that the interests of his life are at hazard. Philosophers, as a class, no doubt, with all knowledge and speculation as their province, re-act to the "prod and stir" of modern times, but it seems that their response is, for the need of these times, too eclectic and too detached, except for schoolmen.

Men, generally, are expectant, and, as a recent writer said, "the present popular interest in science may mean an attempt to satisfy a real spiritual hunger." Men to-day are seeking to know where they are, and what life means and connotes, philosophically and scientifically, as well as ethically, more than ever before. It is as if man was apprehending the absolute, the final, and were intensely wondering. Yet it seems to be a vain effort

to-day to "see life steadily and to see it whole." Its mutations are too radical and ceaseless, its most important intimacies, nay its very psychical foundations seem to be menaced, so that the tentacles of man's apprehension, ever restless, threaten to become inefficient where so little is steadfast. Life, which at one time was a great adventure at least to the stout-hearted, has become less débonnaire; less of the adventure and more of the struggle-of-the-fittest to survive than ever and for a greater number, as witness the movement for birth control, the control of marriage, and in other restrictions of liberty.

In the psychic realm men are becoming increasingly conscious of the necessity for a re-statement of all the more important aspects of life in terms of a living and flexible philosophy; flexible because it must not deem truth, as apprehended, to be ultimate and for all time, or wear that aspect. It must be a living philosophy, or it will not shed the errors due to human fallibility and ignorance, nor take eager cognisance of either new fact or new and ineluctable aspects of truth. And this must be no esoteric philosophy, expressed in remote terms fit only for the initiated, but a philosophy the expression of the best intellectual seeing of the day; humanistic, interested in all the influences that affect life physically and spiritually, and withal as immediate and intimate as may reasonably be. This, expressed in terms simpler than those of formal and scholastic metaphysics, would do much to remove "the complete mental and emotional confusion *vis-a-vis* the Universe," of which the writer referred to, makes mention.

Religion itself, it seems to me, cannot cover, in the nature of it, the whole ground. It is, of course, a principle which concerns itself with, and has the "open sesame" to all departments of life, and acts in relation to life as a whole.

But, even if the religious principle itself be erected into

a system of philosophy, formally, it would still be restricted by revelation, by dogma and doctrine, marred by human preferences and prejudices, and subject even more than philosophy itself to the noumenal; *i.e.*, intuition and feeling in a large measure outside phenomenal attributes. Philosophy must, thus far, take precedence in any all-embracing synthesis of life and its phenomena, in that its bounds are wider in the sphere of human thought and itself includes the religious principle in its embrace.

Both have much in common, each influences the other, but religion, of the very highest and of first importance, is special; philosophy is in a sense more general. Man may feel the necessity of both, but he comes more readily susceptible to the necessity for a philosophy of life; indeed, he often frames one intuitively and subconsciously for himself, and at other times and under special incentive, becomes alive to the claims of the other, the more circumscribed but the more important element in his spiritual career.

To-day, when practically nothing is sacred from the attacks of change, from the questioning, the divine unrest of thought, from the revelations of inexorable import, arising out of the quests of speculation, of science and research, we yet seek to keep our hold upon the ardour and upon a sufficing understanding of life, even if our grip upon this or upon that of its apprehensions must be loosened in favour of a new synthesis, a changed outlook, or of a philosophy which can never be ultimate, but which, like life itself, must prove its vitality, its validity and pretensions, by growth.

There is so much that is new and undreamt, even by the poets, that is coming into view—much still vague and elementary, but unique and engaging—that our philosophies must make room for with an ever-new orientation. This is so not only in the realm of science but also in the realm of the mind and spirit. The

wonders of life increase beyond satiety, its mystery, its mysteries, evolve and provoke yet other quests in realms new and strange, so that their allurements shall even yet make life a greater adventure still and its rewards less final or conclusive.

We, too, may decide what guidance we have, and appraise its value, in instinct, in the ever-wakeful subliminal self, and as has been finely said, in "those shudderings, reluctancies and eagernesses of the heart."

Some men's intuitions are more trustworthy and far more immediate than their most calculated and reasoned, though possibly less sure judgments. Even pure reason has its limits and must voluntarily lay down its grammar and rules of logic before it can operate. It is a limited though potential light in a dark cave.

The philosophy for which one calls then, must be an eager and catholic one, with enough emotion in it to make it human, recognising it is for human guidance and sustenance; embracing all the paths of knowledge, reaching towards the possibilities of thought and speculation, and not taboo even such an interest as legitimate spiritistic phenomena.

Of course, this does not all come the way of the average man, but even such a person can never anticipate more than a modicum of his points of contact in the thought and experience of his double nature, or still less in speculation and enquiry the outcome of need, of ambition, of intellectual unrest and that insufficiently realised mental and moral need of an understanding of life and its problems which tantalises many such men. None knows the limits of any man, not even the man himself, nor are they ever final.

There is room for (though I do not urge its necessity), an inclusive synthesis of life, taking cognisance of the main features of available knowledge and the trend of speculative thought. Such a synthesis, the effort of one mind, was made with no inconsiderable success I believe,

by Thomas Aquinas, and, though the task would be immeasurably greater in these modern times, it has been attempted by Herbert Spencer and in historical parallel by H. G. Wells. In Spencer's case it has been said that "nothing that his philosophy could contain was left unstated." But what I do call for, in preference, is that trained and cultured thinkers here and there, singly here, in groups there, should gradually evolve what Lord Haldane just fell short of seeking when he said: "What we want is true international mind—the mind which shall be the common mind of all the nations working together for the accomplishment of great purposes, which are also good purposes." I suggest the creation of an international and cosmic mind embracing, as far as may be, the facts of knowledge and positive and speculative thought, the outcome of the self-expression of innumerable eclectic and choice spirits, nobly inspired, in writing or speech and in any civilised tongue, the issue of which shall come to be a community of mind, in part maybe, unwritten, like our common law, but just as factual and operative. Man will apprehend it, infallibly and in the spiritual part of him.

If the proper study of man *is* man (and the injunction "know thyself" is all but identical) therein lies the necessity, theoretically applicable to all, to seek to acquire and be guided to, some true philosophy of life, the seed-bed of his religious spirit, a philosophy by which to match himself, and, as inevitably, his fellows. As H. G. Wells said, many years ago now, "it is the last achievement of the intelligence to get all of one's life into one coherent scheme."

Emphasis has of late been increasingly given to qualities acceptably spoken of as "values," which, being translated into common parlance, may be given as referring to that which is most worth while in any of life's progressive interests. Men are studying the "values" of life in a more or less philosophical way, but

with an eagerness and open-mindedness far ahead of even recent decades. Men are re-thinking, probing new conceptions; ideas which used to find expression with some degree of finality, are subjected rigorously to the test, acid or otherwise, of new light, fresh and venturous outlook, and more fearless speculation. The spirit of modernity is such that it is of real importance that ancient boundaries of thought, crumbling with the ravage that time has brought, should be reviewed and repaired. Intellectual license has implicit parallel dangers to license in the sociological or political spheres. We need to capture the spirit of the age in the bonds of a living philosophy, one exquisitely alert to the expansion of the world of thought and knowledge and the influences, dissolvent and creative, which time, the Press, and the world's clash of thought necessitate. These elements, while perhaps constituting an illusive *Zeitgeist,* never fixative and not necessarily veridical and pre-emptive, are yet, to the discerning, often the very captions of life, writ large.

My claim is that this new orientation, this call, peculiar to to-day for re-thinking, this quite expectant demand for re-statement, is, in essence, clamant of the need for a new philosophy, a fresh appraisement of the values of life, whether such values be mental, moral or spiritual; that this is eloquent of the spirit of man, and as we shall see, the outcome of the need born of elemental changes in matters scientific, religious, educational, artistic, etc., indeed in the whole *milieu* of man's ego. Philosophy is one of the most fundamental and abiding instincts of human nature, this itch of thought, this proneness to estimation and judgment. Every man is, in some measure—however meagre that measure may be—a philosopher, the reason being that philosophy envisages questions inescapable and troublous, and man attempts to *place* them in the sum of things intellectually conceived and morally appraised. As questions leap to the mind of

every sane ego, unbidden in the nature of things, man is consequently a philosopher, since, with more or less willingness and courage, he must face them.

Let me ask you to consider the power and necessity for such a philosophic comprehensive outlook as illustrated in some of the chief interests in life, such as religion, science, education, art and drama.

To take religion first, non-controversially and merely in the relation of philosophy to it. If religion has manifested any important weakness in the susceptibility of all human conceptions to defect, one of them is this lack of philosophic form, not as its inspiration, but its handmaid. Men, on the one hand, have had no philosophy in which religion finds its due and proper place, and on the other hand, the professed exponents of religion, have, speaking generally and not dogmatically, failed to advantage aims by allying and infusing their teaching with a profound and serene philosophy. Men have been conjured to "only believe" (though belief is not a matter of volition) when they have not had any conception of the place, or possibility, or even the need of belief in the divine, or, for that matter, the mundane scheme of things. Surely the tenets of Christianity, or even of Buddhism, including claims as to revelation, can pass the touchstone of a philosophy whose foundation is the pursuit of truth to its confines. Would not any religion, so commended, be more truly effective? Men often, passively at least, reject the claims of religion, because they do not realise their place in their outlook on life, in their scheme of things. Truly, of such schemes they are often innocent, and the dogmatic claims voiced from the pulpit, commendable and important in themselves, as they may be, are not so commended, their hearers themselves lacking a wholesome philosophy of life, conscious or sub-conscious, in which to place it. One of the notable things in respect to religion is this, that though a man may, and many do, so to speak, compartment it and keep it for occasions

merely, it cannot be so treated if it is to be an outstanding force in human life. Other things impinge upon it, make their challenge to it, by demand, by adjudgment, by comparison, and in these and other ways inevitably affect its life and expression, and these factors favour not walls of partition. The philosophy of religion may have a duty here to take cognisance of all such matters with a certain austerity and just independence, and if they may be animated by truth and right, make room for their full effect. Was that not so with regard to the theory of evolution? A theory that was vital enough to destroy errors both as to fact and doctrine and to revolutionise much that was theretofore held sacred, even sacrosanct.

Philosophy in her capacity as handmaid to the Church may encompass with a greater celerity and from a more detached outlook than the Church itself, the possibility of branches of the Christian Church peculiar to varying localities such as may be inferred from the phrases "The Chinese Christian Church," "The East Indian Christian Church," churches, the members of which being nationalists, may have their own contributions of thought and feeling to bring to a community intrinsically and creedally Christian in other respects, a contribution which, if peculiar to that church alone, may yet be a really helpful and legitimate one. Bishop Gore recommends the Church to take such risks.

Further, it may well be, as Dr. Carr, Professor of Philosophy at the London University, recently suggested, "that the religious importance of the acceptance of the Einstein theory is enormous." (I interpolate, here is evidence of the need of a medium between science and religion). He goes on to say: "It is going to produce a revolution in religious thought." In what way does not concern us in this connection, other revolutions seem to deeply agitate just now that sphere of human thought and belief, but we only need here to note the fact that things being so, we needs must see if we can find its place in

the new philosophy for which the very fact of its existence appeals. For, as Dr. Carr also said, "the old idea of a material or mechanical stratum as a necessary postulate of thought, is wiped out. Thought is now seen not exactly to come first, but to be the fundamental reality of the Universe. If you (continues he) are going to get (a dubious phrase for a professor of philosophy) a concrete basis for the reality of the Universe, you cannot separate the mind of those who are observing from that which they observe." I do not know how he arrives at these conclusions, but I may say that this last postulation is in direct contradiction to an even greater professor, William James, who deems and dubs it "a psychologist's fallacy." Be that as it may, these things (and as clearly and quite as emphatically the continuous study of psychology itself) call for a cautious but ever open-minded outlook and a fresh philosophic statement of the spiritual contacts of religion itself.

Whether the idea of a material or mechanical stratum is a necessary postulate of thought (or, in other words, whether we shall always need our physical brainstuff or not), conceptions will always be a necessity as the crown of life, and their absence unthinkable in terms of life, and that, of course, Dr. Carr does not anticipate, but merely their emancipation from materia.

To clench this necessity that I am urging, I will quote a sentence from a speech delivered by Dean Inge since my remarks were first penned. Quoted barely, his words were: "What he felt was that the time was ripe for a new Christian philosophy, something which should take up those very able and subtle speculations of the mediæval schoolmen and bring them up to date, taking into account and giving full weight to recent discoveries."

It is curious that the gloomy, but most able, Dean should look to the past of speculative thought for a media for current discovery.

Let us turn to science, of which philosophy has been

declared the mother. Though science deals primarily with the factual and demonstrable, it has also an important theoretical and speculative function, amenable to the laws of thought and reason and to speculative and hypothetical data.

Dr. Carr, already quoted, also said that he " sees great hope for the future in this strong tendency to harmonise philosophy and physical science. Materialism, as a world-view (in his opinion) " is left in the air." It would seem that the necessity for this effort of harmony is somewhat exiguous, and, too, it is significant that public men of eminence are calling in this way for a re-thinking and re-statement of matters of the first importance to men's minds.

Science has conquered many important fresh provinces of recent decades since the epoch-marking publication of " The Origin of Species." It seems that even the very atoms have yielded mysteries and the secrets of some of them—the thing itself a mere nothing, but nevertheless enshrining, and still enshrining some of the most profound mysteries, possibly the greatest of all, life itself—great and infinite as it is, hid in the atom of a mote!

Certes philosophy must take some account of it, and no doubt does, but is it not still needing harmonising, and that can only be achieved by thought and a fresh expression, not of an aspect, but of the place of the mighty atom in philosophy as a whole and all that that connotes.

It may reasonably be argued that philosophy has not been allowed its full value and effect as a nexus between science and the applications of the dicta of science to the many sociological problems and practices of the day. These obligations are not implemented in the way they should be. What are their relations to our treatment of criminals and lunatics? Surely if men generally were thinking of the necessity for adequate consideration we

should not go on in mere penalising or restrictive treatment. Science can point the way to remedial as well as better punitive measures. Have not, too, the many finance problems, home and foreign, that have been the legacy of the great War troubled us more, and even more adversely than would have been the case if the implications of science had been given due weight and expression by a well-ordered thought. Thought there has been; business men have perforce been bringing to their mental anvil these finance problems, and have discovered to us surprisingly wide and even generous outlook and sane solutions that must have been born of a wider philosophy than merely selfish consideration.

But science has its own peculiar sphere for thought philosophic. It has many still unsolved problems, not all solvable by physical experiment. Some will of necessity have to be thought out on philosophic lines, lines of study and order, the seeking of that unity of all things visible and invisible, sought here as harmony, hunted there by speculation and hypothesis, reasoned after to satisfy some divinely implanted hunger for an understanding of life.

One of the most interesting attempts at a philosophic re-statement has been made by Mr. Bertram Russell in his book, "Analysis of Mind," wherein, in effect, he seeks to assert and prove intellectually the ultimate identity of (putting it at its baldest) the material and the spiritual. There is in all this speculative philosophy a searching after profoundly elusive truth, proverbially at the very bottom of the well, and it may be that the great advances in scientific knowledge of recent years shall, indeed, be inevitably paralleled by advances in the realm of philosophic and metaphysical thought.

Thus, Mr. Russell says: "I contend that the ultimate constituents of matter are not atoms nor electrons, but sensations as regards extent and duration." And again: "I purpose to argue that thoughts, beliefs, desires, pains

and emotions are all built up out of sensations and images"; and further on says: "Sensations are what is common to the mental and physical worlds—they may be defined as the intersection of mind and matter"; and in his summary he says: "Physics and psychology are not distinguished by their material. Mind and matter alike are logical constructions," allowing, however, that "physical causal laws, strictly speaking, can only be stated in terms of matter."

This kind of super-transcendentalism seems to be common to both Mr. Russell and Dr. Carr. I suppose it is a case of great minds leaping together. But its effect on modern thought, as Dr. Carr points out, must be most momentous as implicit in it is, seemingly, the negation of "a separate transcendent God," since "relativity" (of which this philosophy is an outcome, or an expression) "can only be interpreted in terms of an immanent God." We only note the fact and its significance in the most recent thought, it is outside our province to attempt to consider it here. One cannot, however, but reflect that were identity of mind and matter proved, philosophically the problem of ultimate origins still remains.

One must even take account of Professor Eddington's almost anarchial suggestion that we may possibly come to cognise an "irrational Universe" which would leave no place for that philosophical serenity, the birthright of ordered thought. Hence philosophy must stand outside science and scientific theory, and interpret them in terms of life and thought, in its capacity as arbiter.

If the materialism of science, speaking philosophically or metaphysically, is becoming a thing of the past, and matter itself coming to be apprehended as itself spirit, if that is to be the new scientific gospel, let philosophers on due consideration say so. It will have its reaction on all the realms of the human mind. Further, has Einstein destroyed the straight line; is Newton's theory of gravitation crippled; Euclid made dubious; the secret of the

Brownian curve revealed? What of the problem the scientists of to-day are having to face; namely, how far are they bound to give or refuse their aid to the demand that science shall be made to lend itself to the devising of means for the wholesale destruction of human life and placing that knowledge at the disposal of military or civil authorities. There is a difference of opinion on this question, even among intellectuals, as, for instance, the condemnation of the use of poison gas by members of the British Association at a recent meeting, and since then its prohibition, by agreement, at Washington, while some, in view of other methods of destruction, claim its validity on the ground of its comparative humanity. Humanity forsooth,—we read of a gas which is capable of searching the very depths and wiping out a whole community by a mere breath on the bare skin and of a bombardment by deadly germs. If annihilation wholesale is a humanity, let us leave it to the decision of the Deity. It is primarily a problem for the moralist and philosopher and is bound up with that of the problem of war itself.

Let the philosopher and the moralist consider these and other problems that trouble the minds of men and the activities of the scientist and manifest the same open-mindedness to truth and the claims of equity and right, as is demanded of the theologian.

In the realm of science, no less than in other spheres, there is so much discovery, change, daring speculation and statement bold in conception and utterance that there is call for repeated consideration and synthesis of not only their subjects but their influence on matters foreign to their immediate concern, as, for instance, when Professor Pearson avers that "there is no knowledge but scientific knowledge, obtained by scientific method and amenable to scientific tests." Is it so?

We need an attempted community of mind among men of all schools of thought, a symposium of the new

evaluations consequent upon recent scientific discovery and research, the resulting influences of which impinge upon many aspects of life.

One can refer more briefly, in respect of education, to the necessity for a new philosophical outlook.

He would be a bold and optimistic person who would allege that there is anything like a common understanding in intellectual or even education circles as to the best methods of primary, secondary or university education. There are many questions still moot and unsettled mainly for lack of a sound philosophy penetrating the subject with insight and insisting on conclusions with courage. Had that been available surely we should not have had the astounding judgment recently pronounced by the Court of King's Bench, and now under revision, viz., that children educated at the cost of the State and taken to a certain place to see a play of Shakespeare as part of the school curriculum that place was "not a place of educational value." I know not what legal technicality issued in such a judgment, but can easily believe that the judge who pronounced it would bite his tongue at the necessity.

Nor have we yet come to any settled opinion as to whether the so-called lower classes, the workers, are being educated too much or too little. Then there is the vexed question of the classical languages, not yet dead. Now that the Departmental Committee of the Board of Education have pronounced unmistakably in favour of "the need for adequate recognition of the place of English in an Englishman's education, and that "English must form the essential basis of a liberal education for all English people," we have there a real contribution towards a settlement of this question, by compromise of course, and I think a very wise one, and the Committee's pronouncement will prove of great value in other ways.

But we also have Mr. Wells with his usual incisiveness,

claiming that education is not the prerogative of the individual so much as of the human race, and only in the interests of the race. That is a wider outlook, the education of the individual is, of course, implicit therein, and if, for instance, the human race is to be educated out of the idea of the arbitrament of war, he must be educated into that of the common brotherhood of man, and there must be educational effort common to all civilised people and a common philosophic consideration of the problem, to induce that international mind likely to make the effort possible to the exclusion of partisan tendencies, and prejudiced presentation in national histories, such as has undoubtedly hitherto obtained in more than one country. Was it not amusing how readily we found out, after the outbreak of the War, how, after all, we really were not of the same cousinly (cozenly) relationship to the Germans as we had been so uniformly taught. Codlin, not Short, was really our relative.

Other questions remain, perplexing many, such as the value of examinations, as to which Tagore has uttered courageous and wise words; such also as to the co-education of the sexes; how best to secure the habit and power of thought, of concentration; how to develop insight and imagination; and not least and not nearly vividly enough recognised as a necessity the inculcation of a salutary, and rightfully indispensable, sense of humour.

Some radical views on these subjects have been voiced by Professor Einstein and quite recently become available for English readers in a book entitled "Einstein the Searcher," by A. Moszkowski. The chapter is a philosophical contribution to the theory of education such as I have been claiming as needful. It is provocative and stimulative, for it calls into question some of our educational fundamentals. It deprecates the emphasis usually given to memory to the great detriment of powers of reflection and sustained thought; dethrones examinations as merely mnemonic feats and of infinitely small value

as mental equipment, it shows how our present methods are too greatly concerned with abstractions to the incalculable loss of the pupils' interest born of experiment and intellectual adventure. To my mind these views, while perhaps raising some new incidental difficulties, dispose of some of the more important existing ones. There is, of course, room and necessity for a most carefully thought out philosophy and method of education in our national interests.

The natural sequence to the scholastic sphere is that of the world of business, and here too the need of a new outlook is calling aloud, and already, here and there, we see evidence of it. Ruskin's "Unto this Last," as is well known, raised such a storm of opposition that Thackeray, his editor, had to decline further proffered contributions on the subject for "Cornhill Magazine." Let us not forget that the book was first given as lectures here in Manchester, so that perhaps I may even dare to say here that the pendulum is—no, it is not swinging round, but is inclined so to swing in the direction Ruskin advocated, which direction may be put in a brevity "co-operation not competition." A more modern re-statement of the problem and an ethical or at least rational attempt at its solution, one which took account of post-war aspirations and conditions would—were it intrinsically faithful and true—prove to be the solvent of much present difficulty and sore feeling. Reason is the only antidote to unreason in the end. Certain it is that present-day sociology or industrial contention is not without its hopeful signs. Capital has a wider outlook, far ahead of even ten years ago, a more generous recognition of the claims of labour to share the benefactions of trade and to work under more humane and considerate conditions.

Then there was a nearer approach to a sweet reasonableness in the manifesto of the general council of the Trades Union Congress of last December than was, I think, generally anticipated or realised, notwithstanding

the undercurrent of menace should they come to deem themselves befooled.

Surely, too, of some significance to-day is the growing influence of that Association of American origin the Rotary Clubs of both hemispheres. They have for their motto—that is, the motto of a business organisation—"Service, not Self," and its foundation includes an ethical code of no mean order and one of growing power. The clubs exist up and down the United States and Great Britain, and their influence so far as it is salutary and helpful, varies with the personnel of the individual clubs, and in some cases the ethical and philanthropic takes a precedence of the commercial. Its influence as a movement is of growing importance outside even business circles. Possibly, some day, the Church may seek its alliance as they have much in common in active good.

Then, too, I would refer to a Conference held in London in May 1921, under the presidency of Lord Robert Cecil. It was to inaugurate a Christian Order of Commerce, and the six principles that were adopted at that meeting are significant and may be quoted. They were stated from the Christian point of view, and were as follows:—

1. "Governing motive of all industry and commerce should be service of the community."
2. "Receipt of an income lays on the individual the duty of rendering service in accordance with his capacity."
3 "Competition should be subordinated to the service of the community."
4. "Industry should create and develop human fellowship."
5. "Value of all natural resources which owe their worth to the labour of all should be held and utilised for the benefit of all."
6. "Human labour cannot be regarded as a commodity."

Now, I know there are men in the London district to-day who are honestly trying (that is, they are honest to their principles) to conduct their own businesses in that spirit, perhaps not "au pied de la lettre," but in the main on these lines, and making them more and more practicable. It is a beginning, or perhaps a development of the beginning made years ago by the Rotary Club. Surely here is a need of a philosophical statement, expanding these principles, pointing to that to which they lead, and warning, in need, the interested of its dangers, if any. Our business here, however, is not to consider these principles, but to consider whether, in view of these and kindred facts, there is not, in relation to home industries and to international obligations of a business character, a need for a fresh orientation, a reconsideration of the principles which govern this most important side of our national welfare.

Could we not get back to something comparable with the industrial life of the 14th century, of course on a larger and modern scale? It was organised: workmen in guilds, masters in trade companies; it was free and men had pleasure in the labours of their hands; masters in their directing and in that homely aspect of the "house" which even lingers in name, if in nothing else, to our own day.

Now, let us turn to the sphere of the drama and of art.

What are we to say to the dictum of the London County Council, that "acting is not a high art"? Is that the reason we are fast turning our theatres into cinema palaces? Do we need, seemingly, an authoritative English academy of letters and philosophy to which even judges and aldermen might have recourse when in perplexity as to places of educational value or the level, high or low, of acting as an art?

Depressing as one may well find this modern insistence upon the film in preference to the play, if we look at it philosophically we may come to see that questions of

price, comfort and liberty (in which the theatre is distinctly inferior to the cinema house) have more to do with it than intellectual " laissez faire " or unimaginativeness. Nevertheless, the easing of any intellectual strenuousness has probably secured some preference to the film, people are often intellectually inert, very often so after a monotonous and wearying day's work, and they need to be keyed up to something more worth while than that which too readily satisfies them at present.

Where is the voice of wisdom, itself always philosophic, that, by its radiant insistence of truth, challenges the thought and conscience of men and leads them, or should lead them in every great quest; for life, in all its worthy aspects, is a quest and an adventure.

The Church's voice is perhaps too muffled by creed and dogma, ineffective through internal division, philosophy may be more detached and, for present needs, more immediately influential, if it were more vocal and had its own active apostles, not in place of the Church, but in a measure preparatory and always supplementary thereto.

There are two great pulpits in the land which seem never to have come to their own, to their zenith of helpfulness—I mean the Stage and the Novel. Their potentiality for good, as in measure for evil, is illimitable. But neither will ever reach their zenith until dramatists and fiction writers have higher ideals, born not of greater knowledge or even greater creative power, but of greater wisdom. To attain that, a people (out of which the dramatists and novelists come) must be more imbued with a philosophical understanding of life, itself an atmosphere of wisdom, which here and there becomes inspissated in genius and always provides a response. We should not then have so many puzzled by a play like " Heartbreak House " or " a quick curtain " for one like Miss Dane's " Will Shakespeare."

On the other hand, there is the continuing success of

such a play as "Abraham Lincoln," a play in which action is but very moderately excitative.

But if the stage is to follow the public taste as expressed through the box office, if progress is to be achieved, we are driven to one of two courses—either to educate public taste in every way open to us, or to at least partially subsidise histrionic art, or perhaps to educate public taste in any event.

Literature, in the novel, is freer and may be more venturesome, has a wider and more leisurely public, and the written word is in some ways very effective. But, if we judge the value and volume, quantitative and qualitative, of the ever-flowing stream of fiction, how sadly the public needs guidance and help in the values of life. I am not setting out to prove that need, nor to consider it in other aspects, but rather to draw attention to that educative lack which leaves human beings enduring the trials and buffetings of fortune and the drudgery rightfully common in one form or another to all, satisfied with the vapid, the uninspiring and the inane or worse, if dressed up as a tale to tickle a feeble or atrophied imagination. Yet such a book as A. S. M. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes" seems to open vistas of great creative power in the ethical and moral sphere that might alone prove the alleged potentiality of the novel as an influence, educative without necessarily being a negation of that element so many appreciate as expressed in the formula "Art for Art's sake." I know it is objected that it is not the mission of art, in letters or other channels, to be educative and didactic. Perhaps not, but intentionally or not, it cannot escape being both, to some extent, for the highest art is always expressive of beauty of truth, and somehow of goodness also, or it cannot commend its appeal through evil expression, besides which the appreciator of art always brings something of his own personality into the balance, and the more beautiful and satisfying the objective art is, the more undeniable is its appeal to the

moral beauty and worth that is subjective. At least that is my view, and hence my appeal for a wisdom which shall put the jewellery of art into a fit setting in thought.

One allied aspect of life is of daily growing importance. It will be readily realised in the query, "Are we not becoming far too subservient to the creations of mechanical genius?" or "Are we not raising a devil, a mechanical devil we cannot lay?" The mechanism of the film and soon the phonograph ousting with lethal power the histrionic art; the mechanical piano. and again the gramophone, having, though more subtly, a like effect on our potential musicians; vocal and instrumental music to be turned on in our homes like you turn on the light, an intimacy completely shorn of association and companionship; worship will follow this mechanical lead.

Scarcely were these words dry upon the paper, when I read of the serious proposal made in the U.S.A. of gramophone choirs and perambulatory pulpits, to be followed, surely, by mechanical clergy. Where is it all leading to, and what does it portend? Life by tabloid, art by battery and copper wire, souls attuned by magnet to invisible affinities.

Our philosophers and thinkers must look to it ere we lose our birthright, and we bow down and worship a mechanical devil of our own creation.

Other of life's outlooks are doubtless in need of re-thinking and re-statement, solutions of problems, etc., but we have neither time nor need to consider further.

In conclusion, I would repeat that doubtless some comprehensive philosophical work or symposium suitable for an ordinary man's serious contemplation, creating reflex action in an intellectual and moral philosophy of the many-sided aspects of life, would be very inspiring and fructuous; it is perhaps not to be expected, nor is it primarily that for which I call. At least what one does call for and that for which men are (as I think I have shown) looking, is, not a compendium, but a clearer

expression of the meaning, the import, the values, and, too, the mysteries of that realm of knowledge which is factual and the more important realm of knowledge which is spirit and potent.

We need light, guidance, accredited thought about scores of things and ideas of human interest to enable us to place each man in his own scheme of, and attitude to, life in its widest and most embracing reach; downwards to the life, may be, or at least the energies, in inanimate things; and upwards to man, his nature, powers and capacities, physical and psychical; and abroad to the facts and mysteries of the Universe. In such ordered contemplation, such intuition may be, in part, flowering now here, now there, in the minds of the thoughtful, men may to-day become seers as do the poets; some in connection with one aspect of life and truth, factual or philosophic, some in connection with other.

I would echo a sentence from the Hutchinson novel already referred to, "We want a new revelation in terms of the new world's understanding." Yes, and we need it out of the new world's *Zeitgeist,* as an expression of the highest reach yet attained by the human mind, a wide, a deep, a divine philosophy, that shall reveal the best of man to himself and give him "vision."

It may be likened to the summits, or high or low, appearing in every direction above the mists of ignorance and prejudice, and affording the onlooker some idea of the unity of all beneath the mystery in which they seem founded, and despite the variety of height, appearance and location. Many may attain but one summit, yet one summit may give view, clear view, of numberless others and the great orb that dominates and illuminates all. Which same is a parable.

THE CUCKOO'S CALL:

A Villanelle.

By Joseph Hawley.

THE cuckoo called across the mead
One sunny first of May,
"Snow's gone; joy, birds; May's come; she'll lead."

The farmer, busy sowing seed,
Was pleased to turn and say,
"The cuckoo called across the mead."

The choir of birds from winter freed,
Attuned its roundelay,
"Snow's gone; joy, birds; May's come; she'll lead."

And when I paused to take due heed
Of Nature's bright display,
The cuckoo called across the mead.

The vernal sprites in brake and reed
Rejoiced to hear that day,
"Snow's gone; joy, birds; May's come; she'll lead."

So human hearts may often need
That blithesome note and gay
The cuckoo called across the mead,
"Snow's gone; joy, birds; May's come; she'll lead."

AMONG THE HILLS:

A Rondeau.

By Joseph Hawley.

AMONG the hills where Pleasure reigns
And Freedom dances through the lanes,
'Tis good to roam, be charmed from care,
To breathe the heather-scented air,
While joys arise from smiling plains.

A tranquil haunt amid the fair
Delights of heath and wood is where
The mind a soothing calm regains
Among the hills.

When daylight unto evening wanes,
And Sabbath chimes enlink the chains
Of happy thoughts that all may share
As we for homeward must prepare,
The soul a deeper peace attains
Among the hills.

Report and Proceedings

FOR THE SESSION 1921-22

WITH

RULES AND LIST OF MEMBERS

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WALTER BUTTERWORTH, M.A., J.P.
LAURENCE CLAY.
J. E. CRAVEN.
THOMAS DERBY.
Rev. A. W. FOX, M.A.
Sir H. H. HOWORTH, Kt.
B. A. REDFERN.
J. CUMING WALTERS, M.A.

Honorary Treasurer:

THOMAS CHAS. GRUNDY.

Honorary Secretary and Editor:

HERBERT TAYLOR.

Honorary Librarians:

ERNEST McCONNELL.
EDGAR COOKE.

Other Members of Council:

W. BAGSHAW.
H. CADNESS.
W. D. COBLEY.
WALTER EMSLEY.
A. H. M. GOW.
J. H. HOBBINS.
Rev. T. M. PHILLIPS.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB ON THE SIXTIETH SESSION.

The Sixtieth Session under the Presidency of Mr. J. E. Balmer, marks another decade in the life of the Club, and the Club is to be congratulated on the continued vigour and interest which it retains. The session has been marked by the high standard of papers read and the spirited discussions on them. The attendance at the meetings has been excellent, increasing in numbers as the session progressed.

In our appreciation of the value of the service rendered by our President we also desire to express our sympathy with him in the sorrow which overtook him during his year of office, and to record our thanks to Mr. Edgar Attkins, ex-President, who kindly presided at the meetings during the period the President was unable to attend.

The Annual Picnic was held on Saturday, June 18, 1921, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent at Goostrey. The weather was in a gracious mood, the date chosen, by good fortune, fell on the day of the "Crowning of the May Queen" at Goostrey, and the party thoroughly enjoyed being present at this old-time festival. Tea was served in the garden of the "Red Lion." After tea the party enjoyed "the fun of the fair." The company was small, numbering only twenty-eight, but this was accounted for by the difficulties of travel owing to the Coal Strike.

The following is a list of the papers read before the Club :—

1921.

Oct. 10.—"Ford Madox Brown".....Walter Butterworth, M.A.

„ 17.—"Charles Swain and Some Unpublished Letters".....
J. Cuming Walters, M.A.

Oct. 24.—" The Imminent Re-birth of Literature ".....Norman Anglin.
„ 31.—" The Prince of Epigrammatists—Martial ".....
Rev. A. W. Fox, M.A.
Nov. 14.—" Beauty ".....L. Conrad Hartley.
„ 21.—" Some Books and Manchester ".....E. Royce.
„ 28.—" W. B. Yeats ".....W. Bagshaw.
Dec. 5.—" Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as Litterateur and Spiritualist "...
H. Ross Clyne.
„ 12.—" Dante: His Life and Works ".....C. L. Barnes, M.A.
„ 12.—" Dante's Illustrators ".....Walter Butterworth, M.A.

1922.
Jan. 16.—" Popular Education ".....J. R. Dunn.
„ 23.—" The Mystery of Philip Quarll ".....Rev. A. W. Fox, M.A.
„ 30.—" An Introduction to Irish Folk Lore ".....
O. C. de C. Ellis, M.A., Ph.D.
Feb. 13.—" Benedetto Croce on Shakespeare ".....Rev. T. M. Phillips.
„ 20.—" The Siege of Tal-y-Cafn ".....L. Conrad Hartley.
Mar. 6.—" The Arnold Bennett of the Five Towns ".....W. D. Cobley.
„ 13.—" Coleridge ".....Rev. W. C. Hall, M.A.
„ 20.—" Philosophy: The Need of a Re-statement ".....L. Clay.

The short communications were as follows:—

1921.
Oct. 10.—" Business is Business ".....W. D. Cobley.
„ 10.—" Treasure Trove ".....W. D. Cobley.
„ 17.—" John Clare, the Peasant Poet ".....Edgar Attkins.
„ 17.—" In Memory of the Fallen ".....J. Redfearn Williamson.
„ 24.—"The Development of Literary Form"...Rev. W. C. Hall, M.A.
„ 24.—" Dream ".....O. C. de C. Ellis, M.Sc., Ph.D.
„ 31.—" The Locked Door and the Open Window ".....
Rev. T. M. Phillips.
Nov. 7.—" Celebrities I have Discovered ".....F Hartley.
„ 7.—" The Beautifying Touch".....W. G. Crosby.
„ 7.—" To an Editor who is Pressing for an Article from a Seedy Contributor .....J. H. Hobbins.
„ 7.—" Seven Women ".....Norman Anglin
„ 7.—" Some Phases of Modern Psychology ".....J. R. Dunn.
„ 7.—" The Lower Deck ".....O. C. de C. Ellis, M.Sc., Ph.D.
„ 7.—" The Ghost at the Bear ".....W. D. Cobley.
„ 7.—" England ".....J. Windsor Burgess.
„ 7.—" Gott Straffe Anglin ".....W. Bagshaw.

Nov. 14.—"Clouds and Castles in the Air".....Henry Cadness.
„ 21.—"Ladies and the Christmas Supper".....Norman Anglin.
„ 21.—"Old Sunday School Literary and Debating Clubs of Manchester".....A. R. Scott.
„ 28.—"Suggestions for a New System of Scansion of English".....
O. C. de C. Ellis, M.Sc., Ph.D.
Dec. 5.—"The Forsyte Family".....A. C. Wilson, B.Sc.
1922.
Jan. 16.—"Windows".....F. Hartley.
„ 16.—"Among the Hills".....J. Hawley.
„ 23.—"Hedd Wyn".....Rev. D. Marlais Davies, B.A.
„ 30.—"The Mystery of the Eikon Basilike".....
J. Cuming Walters, M.A.
Feb. 6.—"The Teaching of English in England".....
P. W. Webber, A. Holden, J. R. Dunn.
„ 13.—"Adventures in Contentment—David Gray".....Daniel Lea.
„ 13.—"Dreamland".....J. H. Hobbins.
„ 13.—"St. Valentine's Day".....H. Ross Clyne.
„ 20.—"Some Modern Local Book Illustrators".....Henry Cadness.
„ 27.—"With the Fenians in '82".....W. Ingham.
„ 27.—"The Cuckoo's Call".....J. Hawley.
„ 27.—"Octogenarian Critics say Erotic Poetry has had its Day"...
Norman Anglin.
„ 27.—"The Cup of Remembrance".....L. Conrad Hartley.
„ 27.—"The Atonement".....L. Conrad Hartley.
„ 27.—"Our Pleasant Vices".....B. A. Redfern.
„ 27.—"A Wayside Story".....A. E. Bowen.
„ 27.—"The Lure of the Kinema".....E. Griffiths.
„ 27.—"Concerning Alarm Clocks".....J. H. Hobbins.
„ 27.—"A Quiet Holiday with Nature and Wild Life".....
Rev. T. M. Phillips.
„ 27.—"A Review of Reviews".....W H. Brown.
Mar. 6.—"Olive Katherine Parr—Beatrice Chase".....
T. Cann Hughes, M.A.
„ 6.—"A Commonplace Book by J. T. Hackett".....E. Royce.
„ 20.—"Enthusiasms".....T. Longworth Cooper.

The papers and short communications read before the Club, numbering 69, may be classified as follows: Biography and Criticism, 42; Poetry, 13; Original Stories, 10; Humour, 2; History, 2.

The Library now contains 925 volumes, the following

books having been added during the year: "Stencil-craft," presented by the author, Mr. Henry Cadness; and "Fifty Years of Us," presented by the Manchester Press Club.

The Christmas Supper was held on Monday, Dec. 19th.

The Christmas Revels of the Manchester Literary Club at the Grand Hotel seemed this year to go off more merrily than ever. The members and friends assembled at six o'clock, and led by the genial President (Mr. J. E. Balmer), took their places for the traditional supper in which the "Boar's Head" plays so consipcuous a part. The Master of the Revels, Mr. Ryder Boys, having announced in unmistakable tones that the Guisers were at hand, there entered the Usher (Mr. J. Lea Axon), the Jester in his motley (Mr. J. E. Chatfield), the courtiers and minstrels, all in the time-honoured robes and gowns, while the Cook bore aloft the kingly dish sumptuously decorated, and the Usher chanted "Caput apri defero." Then the feast began; the enthusiasm soon became infectious; and when justice had been done to the meats and the sweets, all was in good trim for the welcoming of Father Christmas (Mr. Walter Emsley). His arrival was greeted in appropriate verse breathing of fellowship and goodwill by the President; the hoary visitor replied, and sang his song—"Here's to his Health." Father Christmas then begged the Jester to relate to him who were the members of the Club, with a brief description of their characters, and the delicate task was readily undertaken by Mr. Chatfield, in a series of rippling rhymes (supplied by Mr. J. H. Hobbins), which were received with great delight. Time for Wassail!—and the fine voice of Mr. Axon was heard singing the ancient ballad, the members aiding him lustily with the chorus; and as the echoes died away the choristers of St. Stephen's, Harpurhey, under Mr. F. Holloway, took up the refrain of "The First Nowell," and so the procession slowly made its departure.

The festivities then took a new turn. The Rev. W. C.

Hall was in happy vein in proposing the toast "Our Guests," coupled with the name of the principal guest, the Lord Mayor (Mr. E. D. Simon). Mr. Hall was witty, anecdotal, and lyrical by turns, and his concluding verses —which he admitted had consumed his midnight oil, or rather his candles—were well worthy of the occasion.

Mr. Hall's verses were as follow :—

Gentles, we greet you well and bid you be
Here at our board and of our company,
The while we've anything that's worth your taking;
And what at this our feast we would be making,
Even good fellowship by which men live,
We summon you to share with us and give.
Would you a symbol? See, the wassail steameth
In right good bellied bowl as it beseemeth
This happy season; and *that* signifies
That over this round world our spirits may rise
Together, above the daily cares that fret us,
And far beyond the fears that oft beset us,
To a transcendent realm of peacefulness.
Old truth but in new figure I express;
But if similitude leaves to suggestion
The broader truth no man may lightly question,
Why, then let it be told in brotherhood
How what we are to each is common good.
Guests, you are friends, and we; and he that drinketh
A cup to you, O know you what he thinketh?
That friendship is a great and holy thing.
And with the cup he to his lips doth bring
Good wishes ay, good prayers that good attend you
And life itself through all your days befriend you.
And you, sir, in whose trust and care the name
Of this great city awaits still greater fame—
Ay, such our faith is—you have special greeting:
For guests and hosts, you honouring their meeting,
Wish you a year of health and happiness
In enterprises that compel success.
May civic deeds of greatness fill your days,
And all the people freely speak your praise.

The Lord Mayor had a very warm reception. His lordship admitted he had had some new experiences during the evening—he was not accustomed to wassailing, and had scarcely realised the importance of ancient ceremonial. But he was a convert, thanks to the Club. He related some of the amusing events of his official career as far as it had gone; and then in serious vein discussed for a while "what the Literary Club stood for in the city."

Another surprise awaited the members. This being the Diamond Jubilee of the Club, it had been deemed fitting that there should be a reappearance of its tutelary genius, Dr. Samuel Johnson; and accordingly Mr. Ryder Boys, dressed to the life, and acting the part of the Oracle perfectly, delivered the following oration (prepared by Mr. J. Cuming Walters):—

Sir,—I address myself to you as the accredited head of the gathering assembled in this commodious edifice; and my brief intrusion will not be beyond pardon when I explain that I am none other than he who some two centuries ago presided over similar gatherings of his own. Sir, my name is Johnson—Sam: Johnson, late of Bolt Court, City, and the founder of that Literary Club which you have flattered by so admirable an imitation.

It would be natural were you to put the interrogation why one so long departed from mundane affairs should apparel himself in his ancient habiliments and make this evanescent re-appearance. Sir, such a question is not idle or mistimed; and my answer is, that knowing my name to have been mentioned and my memory recalled on not a few occasions, I made bold to come, feeling my presence would be welcome and a few words pertinent. Indeed, I have special warrant for this trespass, since I learn this is an anniversary ceremonial.

Some three score times has this globular matter on which mankind exists circumambulated about its solar centre, the while rotating diurnally upon its own axis, to the benefit of the human order of beings who would otherwise be chaotically hurled into the abysmal depths to their inevitable annihilation—I say, Sir, some sixty years have revolved, since a dozen, or maybe four and twenty, well-disposed and worthy citizens laid the foundations of this Club for the lovers of literature in Manchester.

That which to the superficial mind may appear as a dubious experiment will present itself to the sagacious mind as an assured triumph; and Time, with invincible

logic and irresistible force, will demonstrate the fatuity of the former's fears and the irrefragability of the latter's faith.

To those who avowed that the Literary Club lacked the quality of durability for a full sixty years, I say that as men they were craven, and as prophets they were false, seeing that beyond all denial the base was laid and the pillars reared in the year 1861, and that the structure is unshaken in the year 1921, which by mathematical calculation beyond the refutation of shallow syllogists is proved to be an exact period of three score years—or sixty, as I have already declared. And he who is disposed to term a fallacy that which is so obvious a verity, would by his disputation but expose himself to the reproach of the judicious, without securing the approbation of the blockheads.

Amid the anfractuosities of the human mind, it would also betoken complete moral obliquity if there were no perception of the permanent advantages to be derived from the Club's Monday meetings. In such an asseveration I do but demand as right what justice cannot withhold as true; and he who would presume to challenge the historic importance and the intellectual value of the Manchester Literary Club would be disseminating mischief without reaping advantage, and could fittingly be handed over to the flagellations of the discerning multitude, who must not be confounded with the indiscriminating mob. But, Sir, surely no argument is required when we reflect that the friendliness of the members is commensurate with their ability, and that their virtue exceeds them both.

That wisdom may be accompanied by cheerfulness should need no enforcement even upon the incipient comprehension of a child; and in these seasonable Revels I behold only that ebullience of spirit which, far from indicating levity of mind, only exemplifies abundance of good nature and uncommon good sense.

Sir, as I turn to depart from these genial lights, this festive scene, to descend to the shades from whence I emerged, I would utter a last commendatory word for this Club which has so long and worthily upheld its tradition. Sir, I wish you an ever-increasing felicity, and an elongation of your renown. That which possesses so much vitality is not likely to wither and decay, and in projecting schemes for future pleasure you insure against an untimely termination of your labours.

In your vocations and your recreations, in your conversations and your cogitations, in your studious researches and your friendly intercourse, you may depend on the silent participation and appreciation of, Sir, your humble, devoted and obedient servant,

SAM : JOHNSON.

Among the miscellaneous proceedings of the evening's entertainment were songs, very choicely rendered by Mr. George Wood, character sketches delightfully limned by Mr. Arthur Haselham, and a witty paper of topical interest read by Mr. William Bagshaw.

Mr. Bagshaw's contribution was entitled "Sermons in Stones, A Christmas Fantasy," in which he represented a conference of the Society of Public Buildings in Manchester, discussing, with the help of the Town Hall as president, whether the Reference Library, the Portico, and other such institutions should be admitted to membership. The Reference Library being called upon to speak, represented its case with a good deal of cogency and wit, and with some side-hits at those who had raised objection to its being regarded as a permanency. "I ask you," it said, "not to judge by appearances, as it is true I am not much to look at outside. But consider what my inside contains. Fellow buildings, I can justly say that I have within me the soul of humanity." Chetham's Library at this point exclaimed: "Very well put, my

little wooden hut," but the Midland Hotel objected on the ground that "If that paltry little shed could claim a right to admission, such a building as the Midland should be admitted as well." Hereupon rose great argument. The Refuge Buildings put in a similar claim, but the Town Hall, speaking from the chair, called out: "Silence! or I'll have your ratings increased"—which proved to be most effectual. The matter having been settled to the satisfaction of the Reference Library, the cases of the Portico, the New Exchange, and others were also considered, and the Town Hall promised to bring the whole matter before the Lord Mayor and the Town Council. The clock face, we are told, "then resumed its normal appearance and silence once more reigned in Albert Square."

The toast of the President was racily proposed by Mr. A. H. M. Gow, and responded to by Mr. Balmer; and a wonderful feast of seasonable frolic, mixed with wit and wisdom, closed with "Auld Lang Syne."

—(*Manchester City News.*)

On Monday, March 27th, the Session closed with a Conversazioné to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the Club. The President, Mr. J. E. Balmer, presided, and there was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen. Mr. B. A. Redfern, the veteran of the Club, spoke of his memories of the past. Mr. Ross-Clyne read original verses on the Diamond Jubilee, and a musical programme was given by Mr. H. Pressy Brooks, Miss Cumming, Miss Cobley, and Miss Armstrong. Mr. Walter Emsley recited some original humorous verses. The gathering was most successful.

MEMBERSHIP AND FINANCE.

The Club has lost 12 members by death or resignation. The number of members now is 165, including life, honorary and corresponding members.

This year the Club have the honour of electing as honorary member Mr. T. C. Horsfall, a distinguished Manchester citizen, a valued member of the Club for many years, who now has been compelled to leave this neighbourhood for reasons of health, and his election as honorary member is to mark our appreciation of his services to the city of Manchester and to the Club in the only way open to us.

The Honorary Treasurer's statement of accounts shows a balance in hand of £90 4s. 10d., against which there are liabilities estimated at £96 10s.

IN MEMORIAM.

We regret to record the loss through death of Mr. J. Redfearn Williamson, President of the Club 1916-17, and Vice-President for many years, and Mr. Robert Peel, a Vice-President for many years, both of whom have rendered valuable service to the Club; and Mr. H. D. Ledward, a distinguished Manchester citizen and old member of the Club.

MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB.

Statement of Account.

The Honorary Treasurer (T. C. Grundy) in account with the Manchester Literary Club for the Session ending 31st March, 1922.

Receipts.

		£ s. d.
To Balance at Manchester and County Bank ..	84 16 3	
,, War Savings Certificate	10 1 6	
		94 17 9
,, Subscriptions received:		
Ordinary Members	£132 6 0	
Corresponding Members	8 8 0	
,, Entrance Fees.....	9 9 0	
Arrears	19 19 0	
		170 2 0
,, History of the Club		0 1 6
,, Picnic to Goostrey		4 16 0
,, Conversazione, 3rd October....		13 12 0
,, Christmas Supper:		
123 Tickets	64 11 6	
Less 5 presented	2 12 6	
		61 19 0
,, Bank Interest		1 13 11
		347 2 2

History of the Club:

Cost, 1911.....	£21 1 0	
Previous Sales.....	12 14 10	
	8 6 2	
Sales 1921-22	0 1 6	
175 in stock....	£8 4 8	
Arrears.....	£31 10 0	

Liabilities.

Sherratt & Hughes..	£55 0 0
Stationery.....	19 0 0
Rent, March to Sept.	22 10 0
	£96 10 0

£347 2 2

Expenditure.

		£ s. d.
By Administration:		
Rent	30 0 0	
Postages	6 1 8	
Fire Insurance (£500)	0 12 6	
Advertising	5 17 9	
		42 11 11
,, Publications:		
Annual volume	110 0 0	
Hon. Sec. and Editor's Honorarium....	20 0 0	
		130 0 0
,, Picnic to Goostrey		4 10 0
,, Conversazione and Gratuities, 3rd October		13 12 0
,, Christmas Supper, (123)	52 5 6	
,, Wassail	1 19 0	
,, Refreshments, Choir Boys	1 4 0	
,, Gratuities to Waiters	2 5 0	
,, Choir Honorarium ..	0 12 0	
,, Hire of Costumes....	3 10 0	
		61 15 6
,, Subscription paid twice	1 1 0	
,, ,, ,, ,,	0 10 6	
		1 11 6
,, Repairing Club Bookcase.....		2 7 6
,, Bank Commission.....		0 8 11
		256 17 4
,, Balance at Manchester and County Bank..	80 3 4	
,, War Savings' Certificate.....	10 1 6	
		90 4 10

£347 2 2

Audited and found correct,

JNO. H. BROCKLEHURST, F. HARTLEY, } *Auditors.*

23rd March, 1922.

T. CHARLES GRUNDY, *Hon. Treasurer.*

RULES.

The objects of the Manchester Literary Club are:—

1. To encourage the pursuit of Literature and Art; to promote research in the several departments of intellectual work; and to further the interests of Authors and Artists in Lancashire.
2. To publish from time to time works illustrating or elucidating the Art, literature, and history of the county.
3. To provide a place of meeting where persons interested in the furtherance of these objects can associate together.

1.

MEMBERSHIP.

Membership of the Club shall be limited to authors, journalists, men of letters, painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, music composers, members of the learned professions and of English and Foreign universities, librarians, and generally persons engaged or specially interested in literary or artistic pursuits.

The Club shall consist of ordinary, corresponding, life, and honorary members. The name, occupation and address of every candidate for ordinary and corresponding membership must be entered on the nomination sheet and signed by a member, who shall state the qualifications of the candidate. It is desirable that the nominee should attend a meeting of the Club before the ballot is taken. Any duly elected member may be subsequently elected by the Council a life member on payment of £10 in addition to the entrance fee. It shall be competent for the Council to submit to the Club for election as a corresponding member any person having the necessary qualification, but being resident at a considerable distance from the City of Manchester. Corresponding members shall be entitled to receive a copy of the "Papers," and to all the privileges of ordinary members when temporarily in Manchester. All nominations shall be posted on the notice board. The ballot shall be taken by the Council (acting as a Ballot Committee) at their next ordinary meeting.

A majority of two-thirds of those present shall be requisite to secure election.

Nominations for honorary membership shall be made by three subscribing members, and entered on the nomination sheet, stating the grounds of the nomination. The voting shall take place in the same manner as for ordinary and corresponding members.

Each new member shall have his election notified to him by the Honorary Secretary, and shall, at the same time, be furnished with a copy of the Rules of the Club. The first subscription shall be due and payable to the Treasurer, together with the entrance fee, on election. If the same be unpaid one month after his election, his name may be struck off the list of members, unless he can justify the delay to the satisfaction of the Council. No new member (other than honorary) shall participate in any of the advantages of the Club until he has paid his entrance fee and subscription.

2.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The subscription for ordinary members shall be one guinea, and for corresponding members half a guinea per annum, payable in advance on the 29th September in each year, and shall be paid to the Treasurer. New members, ordinary or corresponding, shall also pay an entrance fee of one guinea. The Council shall have power to transfer the name of an ordinary member to the list of corresponding members. Libraries may become members of the Club for the purpose of obtaining its publications. Such members shall have none of the privileges of ordinary members, and their subscription shall be 10/6 per session. Members other than Libraries, elected after the termination of the first half of any Session shall pay the entrance fee and a subscription of 10/6. No member whose subscription is unpaid on the 1st of November shall be entitled to vote at any meeting.

Any member may resign on giving one month's notice in writing to the Honorary Secretary before the first Monday in October, otherwise he shall pay his subscription for the following session. The Council shall have power to remove the name of any member whose subscription is at least one year in arrear.

All arrears may be sued for in the name of the President, Treasurer, or Honorary Secretary for the time being, in the Manchester County Court. See 17 and 18 Vic., cap. 112, sec. 25.

3.

MEETINGS.

The ordinary session shall begin on the first Monday in October, and terminate on the last Monday in March, unless the Council deem it desirable to hold further meetings in April. Special meetings may be held during the vacation at the discretion of the Council, or on the requisition of any six members duly presented to the Honorary Secretary. The Club, during the ordinary session, shall meet on each Monday, at 6-30 o'clock in the evening and begin its proceedings by the Secretary reading the minutes of the previous weekly or other meeting; after which the time, until shall be occupied by the reception of short communications and notes and in general conversation. At 7-0 prompt the paper or other business of the evening as set down in the syllabus shall be proceeded with. The subjects under discussion may be adjourned from time to time. Each member shall have the privilege of introducing a friend to the meetings; but no person so introduced shall take part in the proceedings, unless invited to do so by the President, to whom the visitor's name shall be communicated, and shall also be entered in the Visitors' Book, with the name of the member introducing such visitor. The President shall announce to the meeting the names of such visitors as are present.

4.

OFFICERS AND COUNCIL.

The affairs of the Club shall be conducted by a Council, to consist of a President, who shall be elected annually and shall hold that office not more than one year, but shall be eligible for re-election after an interval of one year; Vice-Presidents (whose names shall be submitted by the Council for election at the annual meeting), a Treasurer, a Secretary, two Librarians, and seven members, who shall be elected, by ballot or otherwise, at the last meeting of the session, and who shall hold office until the election of the Council in the following year. A vacancy may be filled up at any ordinary meeting of the Council. The Council shall sit each regular meeting night, at least one hour before the assembling of the Club. The Council shall have power to erase the name of any member from the books of the Club on due cause being shown.

Two Auditors shall be appointed by the Members at the first ordinary meeting in March to audit the Treasurer's accounts. A nomination paper for the election of officers other

than auditors shall be placed on the table of the Club, on each of the last three meetings of the session prior to the annual business meeting.

5.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The duty of the President shall be to preside at the meetings of the Club, and to maintain order. His decision in all questions of precedence among speakers, and on all disputes which may arise during the meeting shall be absolute. In the absence of the President or Vice-Presidents it shall be competent for the members present to elect a chairman.

The Treasurer shall take charge of all moneys belonging to the Club, pay all accounts passed by the Council and signed by the Chairman for the time being, and submit his accounts and books for audit at the last meeting of the session.

The Auditors shall audit the accounts of the year, and, if correct, sign the same, and present them at the last meeting of the session.

The Honorary Librarians shall have charge of all the books, MSS., and scrap-books belonging to the Club. They shall keep a register of all purchases and donations, shall acknowledge the gifts to the Club, and shall present a report on the condition of the library to the yearly business meeting at the end of each session.

The duties of the Honorary Secretary shall be to attend all meetings of the Council and Club, to enter in detail, as far as practicable, the proceedings at each meeting; to conduct the correspondence, file all letters received, convene all meetings, by circular, if necessary, and to edit the publications of the Club. He shall also prepare and present to the Council at the last, meeting of the Session in each year a report of the year's work, and after confirmation by the Council, shall read the same to the members. For his services he shall receive such Honorarium as the Council shall from time to time determine.

6.

SECTIONS.

Sections for the pursuit of special branches of literary or artistic work may at any time be formed by resolution of the Club. The Council shall be empowered to frame bye-laws necessary for the government of any such section, and to arrange for its representation on the Council.

7.

SYLLABUS AND ANNUAL VOLUME.

The syllabus of the session shall be prepared in two sections—one to be issued, if possible, a week before the beginning of the session, namely, in the last week in September, and the other at Christmas. A copy of each shall be forwarded by the Secretary to every member. The report of the year, together with the Papers and Proceedings of the Club, shall be bound up at the end of each session, and a copy forwarded to every member whose subscription has been paid. No liability shall attach to supply back volumes to any member. A list of officers and members, with their full addresses, and the Treasurer's balance sheet shall be appended to the report.

8.

ALTERATION OF RULES.

No new rule, or alteration of these rules, or of the place of meeting, shall be made without a special meeting of the Club being convened for the purpose, of which seven days' notice shall be given.

LIST OF MEMBERS

1921-1922.

Ashworth, Joseph, Walmersley Road, Bury.
Attkins, Edgar, 69, Burton Road, Withington.
Axon, J. Lea, Swiss Mount, Cheadle, Cheshire.
Armitage, W., Hope House, Burnley Lane, Chadderton, Oldham.

Bagshaw, William, 22, Winchester Avenue, Sedgley Park, Kersal, Manchester.
Baguley, Matthew, High Mount, Heaton Moor Road, Heaton Chapel.
Ballinger, John, M.A., National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth.
Balmer, J. E., Hyde Lodge, Clarendon Road, Eccles.
Barker, F. W. E., 26, Lansdowne Road, West Didsbury.
Barnes, C. L., M.A., 2, Botanical Avenue, Old Trafford, Manchester.
Beard, A., 6, Rae Street, Stockport.
Behrens, Gustav., J.P., 36, Princess Street, Manchester.
Bellamy, C. H., M.A., F.R.G.S., 7, Rue de l'Epidème, Tourcoing, Nord, France.
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